A Crime Commissioner Says: The Crooks Get All The Breaks

HOW TO TEACH THREE-YEAR-OLDS TO READ

Singer Connie Francis and A New Story By William Saroyan

POST

The Saturday Evening

Sept. 23, 1961

20¢

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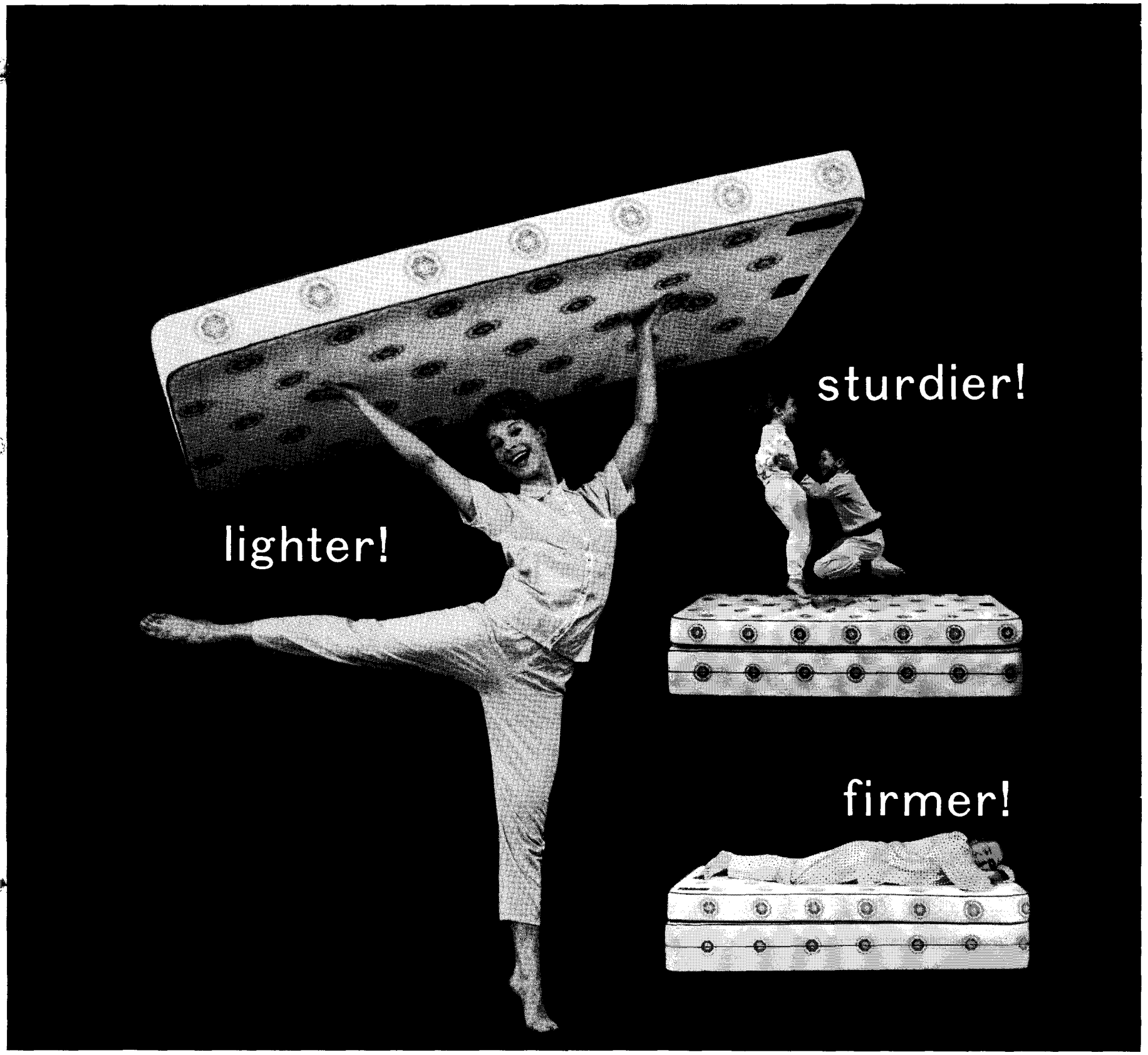

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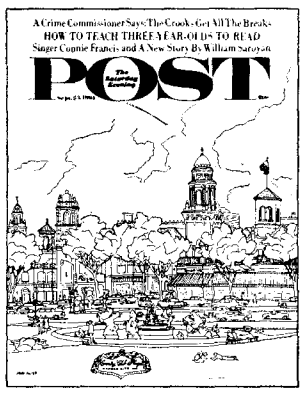
MONTESSORI: A nine-page feature on the revival of a remarkable schooling method, wherein a four-year-old is as familiar with trapezoids as with Teddy bears—and c-a-p is pronounced "kuh-ah-puh."

CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT is this week's target in Speaking Out: The Voice of Dissent. . . . And did you read about the theft of a $392,000 Goya from a London museum last month? In STATUS SYMBOLS FOR SALE, our European correspondent tells the story behind its thumping price tag.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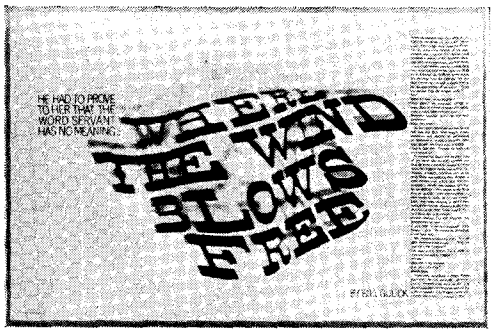
THE COVER

Spanish architecture in Missouri? If such a state of affairs seems peculiar, consider that the unpredictable Show Me state even has a town named Peculiar (pop. 458), some twenty miles south of here, on U.S. 71. Our cover scene is in Kansas City, "the gateway to the Southwest," and you are looking at the intersection where U.S. 50, gateway to the Country Club Plaza shopping center, crosses J. C. Nichols Parkway. This elegant community of shops was conceived and built by Jesse Clyde Nichols (1880–1950), to whom the fountain in the foreground is a memorial. The scene appealed to artist John Falter because the Old World architecture seemed to symbolize our nation's roots—which is not to deny the notion expressed by lyricist Oscar Hammerstein in Oklahoma! that "everything's up-to-date in Kansas City."

P.S. For a native son's views of K.C., see Part II of **Casey Stengel**'s life story. And for another aspect of Missouri, see Bernard Asbell's **The Vanishing Hillbilly.**

ACCENT ON YOUTH: THIS WEEK OUR PEOPLE-ON-THE-WAY-UP DEPARTMENT FEATURES A PRETTY HOUSE-BUILDER NAMED GIGI CARRIER, JANE MARILLEY OF "COURTESY ASSOCIATES," SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD AVIATOR JOE TYMCZYSZYN, NEGRO COMIC DICK GREGORY...AND FOR A PROFILE OF SINGER CONNIE FRANCIS—A YOUNG LADY WHO IS ABOUT AS FAR "UP" AS A TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD CAN BE—SEE "GIRL ON THE GLAMOUR-GO-ROUND."

Gigi Carrier



LET HIM DIE, our first short story by R. C. Phelan, was suggested by a grim Saturday during World War II when the author, then a Navy medic, helped stitch up three attempted suicides in a base hospital. (Today Phelan teaches English at U. of Arkansas.) . . . Other stories in this issue: William Saroyan's fanciful TAKE HER TO VEGAS—and WHERE THE WIND BLOWS FREE, by Bill Gulick, whose Post story, The Shaming of Broken Horn, was judged best Western story of 1960 by the Western Writers of America.

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LETTERS

POT SHOTS AT PETE

Never have I read anything so inane [I CALL ON PETE MARTIN, by Bing Crosby, Aug. 5–12]. It seems unbelievable that you'd devote space in two issues to the rambling conversation of two men patting each other and themselves on the back for accomplishments which hardly seem outstanding. Be assured, only morbid curiosity impelled me to finish reading the articles.

LAURA SIRKUS
East Paterson, N.J.

Interesting, amusing idea having Bing Crosby interview Pete Martin. But to be really fair, how about having Debbie Reynolds also interview Pete?

PADDY CLAMHOUSE
New York, N.Y.

P.S. I have been enjoying Pete's interviews for years and always wondered what he was like. He's charming!

The article . . . quoted Mr. Martin as saying Dick Clark's viewers were mostly "twelve or thirteen years old." How wrong can he be? I am married (24) and the mother of two girls and never miss *American Bandstand*. I bet Mr. Martin watches too!

MARIE GONZALES
Buckeye, Ariz.

We teen-agers who are fans of Dick Clark resent being called comic-book readers who do not get enough fresh

air. We are literate, athletic, and real fans of Dick Clark.

YVONNE FRAZIER
Placerville, Calif.

Congratulations on setting a record for journalistic nihilism. You have touched a new nadir in trivia.

Are people famous because they're interviewed? Or interviewed because they're famous? Or does an interviewer become famous by interviewing famous interviewees? . . . The only thing more inconsequential than Pete Martin interviewing a celebrity is a celebrity interviewing Pete Martin.

JERRY SIMPSON
Bristol, Va.

DO YOU READ US?

The Post—it's wonderful! Who else would give us [ADVENTURES OF THE MIND] HOW TO READ A PAINTING by E. H. Gombrich, dealing with the ambiguous drawings in your July 29 issue, and follow up on August 5 with Jack O'Hara's cartoon on the Beatmiss?

The curvaceous lady in O'Hara's picture [below] is, while standing on the door's threshold: (1) burning the door frame with her cigarette, and (2) miraculously holding the door wide open (a position very difficult to assume).

Her clever feat so astounds the gentleman with the briefcase that he is able to: (1) push his left foot through the wall, and (2) insert his right knee between the door jamb and the door. (This is a feat difficult to accomplish, as my bruised left toe and swollen right knee will attest.)

DALE THOMAS
Placerville, Calif.

"May I speak to the head of the pad?"

CLEAN COPS

HE MAKES COPS COME CLEAN by Peter Wyden [Aug. 12] would make one believe that all cops or policemen are on the make for a fast buck.

This impression is most unfair to the large majority of policemen who are both honest and self-dedicated to protecting an indifferent and ungrateful public. There are crooks among the police, but they are a small minority of the hundreds of thousands of fine men who police our streets and roads, be it Chicago or Two Rock.

THEODORE A. SCOTT
Santa Clara, Calif.

Our police forces in general need cleaning, not only in Chicago, although I do not believe the corruption lies entirely at the door of the police. After a policeman makes an arrest, he rarely gets a conviction. I think the blame lies at the door of the public—juries are easy on criminals, and judges are easier.

AILEEN L. OTTO
Dillard, Oreg.

• *For the Chicago Crime Commission director's viewpoint on this subject see* SPEAKING OUT: THE CROOKS GET ALL THE BREAKS *on page 10.—ED.*

Regardless of the pros and cons of Commissioner Orlando W. Wilson's sweeping reorganization, the greatest long-run reward of his approach will be a rising career incentive everywhere among today's police recruits and those in years to come. For the first time, vigorous and intelligent young men now can regard law-enforcement work in Chicago without cynicism and see in it a future that elevates this kind of

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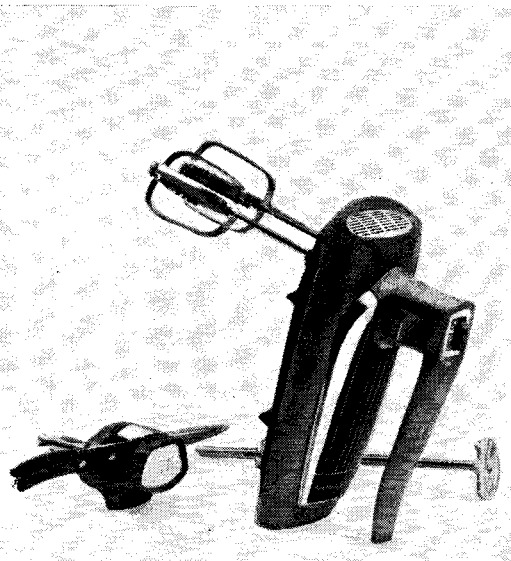
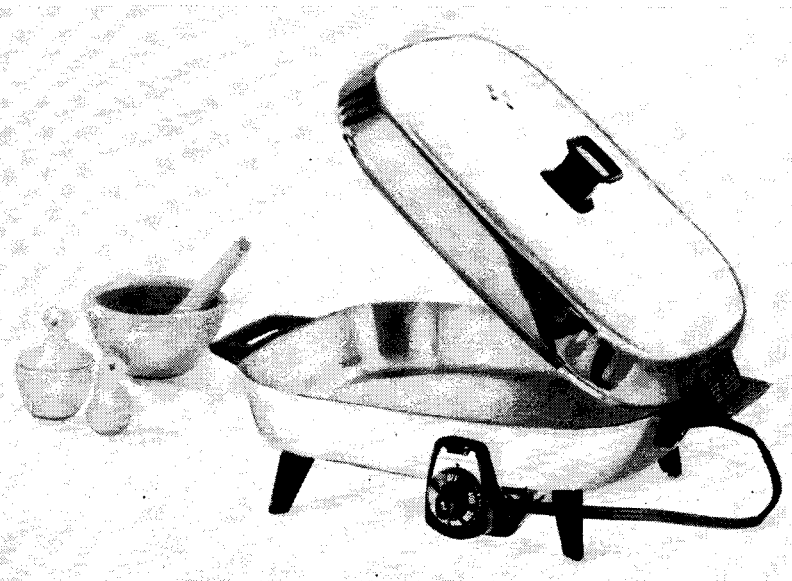
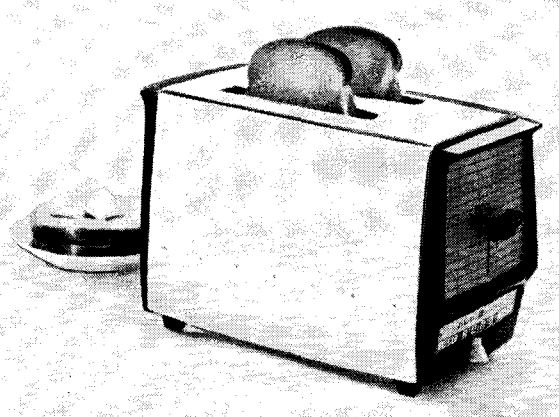


Portable Mixer Sharpens Knives! Beats, whips, has a free drink mixer. Optional accessory sharpens knives. Lightweight, powerful.



New Buffet Skillet! A beautiful server. Removable cover adjusts, all the way up for serving, partway up to control spatter.



Toaster That Makes 9 Toast Shades! Color control from light-light to dark-dark. Toast pops up extra high—no "digging," no burned fingers!

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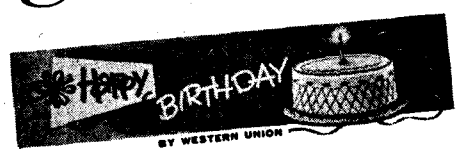
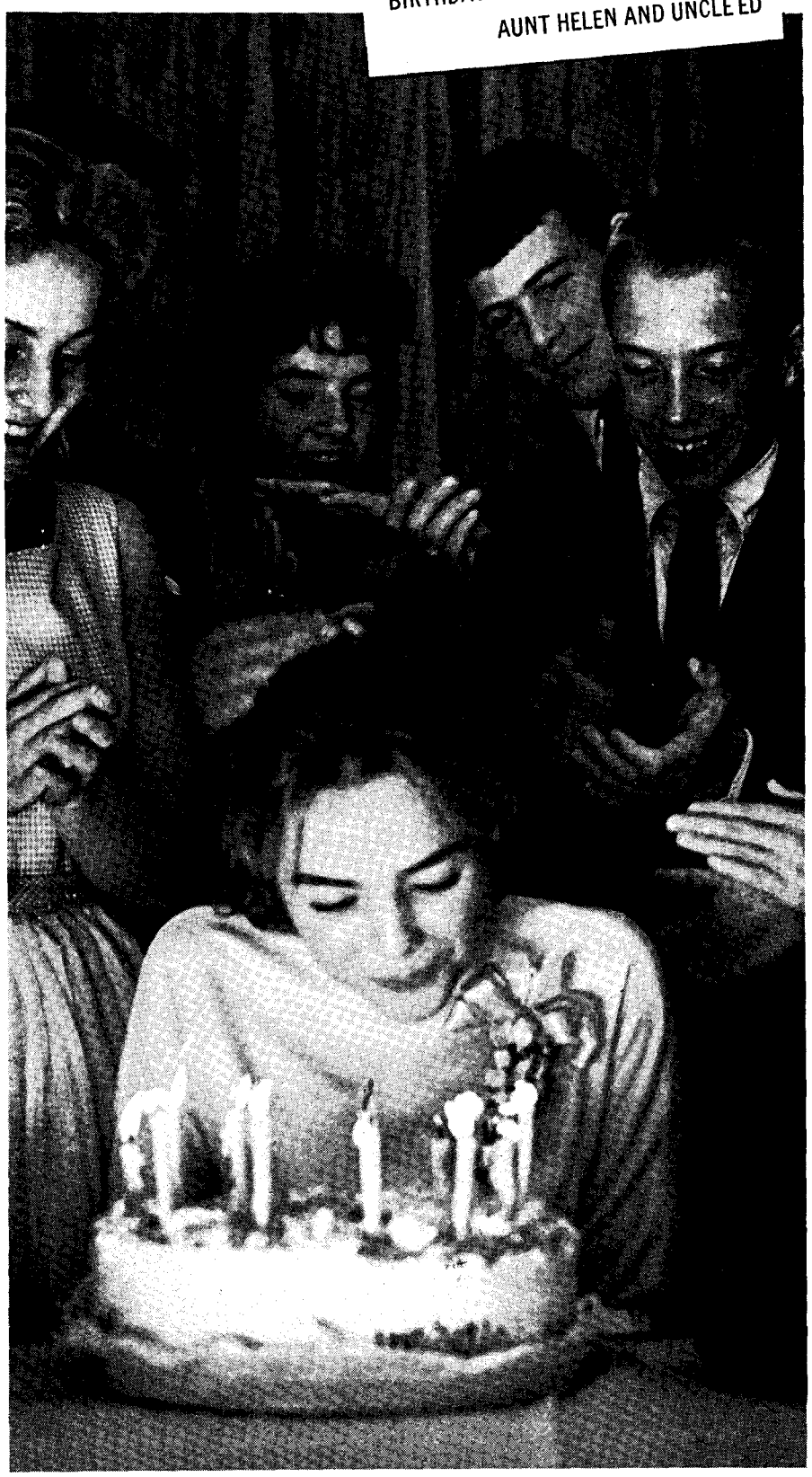


CLOSE YOUR EYES AND WISH
REAL HARD FOR THE PRETTIEST
PINK PARTY DRESS ANY
BIRTHDAY GIRL COULD WANT. LOVE,
AUNT HELEN AND UNCLE ED



Idea: *the Telegraphic Money Order is the one fast, safe way to send cash—as a gift or for any purpose.*

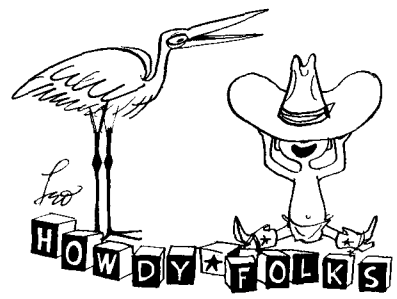
LETTERS

community service to a level too long ignored. Mark up Wyden's report as no less a contribution than the man on whom he reports.

MILTON GOLIN
Bethesda, Md.

THOSE TALKY TEXANS

I'm afraid my fellow Texan, Louis Alexander, [TEXAS HELPS HER LITTLE LATINS, Aug. 5] is pulling your leg just a little. He refers to the use of the term "Anglo" as meaning one "who has spoken English from birth." Not even



our Texas babies are quite that precocious. They never start speaking English before the second or third day. Sometimes it's a week.

R. O. WATSON
Beaumont, Tex.

LAOS FUMBLE

Your article HOW UNCLE SAM FUMBLED IN LAOS by Keyes Beech [April 22] refers to me in the following quotation: "Early in October Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Parsons flew to Vientiane to try to persuade Souvanna to break off relations with the Pathet Lao and reopen negotiations with Phoumi. It was a hopeless mission. Parsons and Souvanna had never got along when the former was ambassador to Laos. They got along no better now. At this point the Pentagon decided to withdraw all of its support from Souvanna and place its chips on General Phoumi. John N. Irwin, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, and Vice Adm. Herbert D. Riley, chief of staff of the United States Pacific Command, flew to Savannakhet and gave Phoumi the green light to retake Vientiane."

The above quote gives the reader at least two serious misimpressions, and the last sentence . . . contains two errors of fact. The first misimpression is that the article makes it appear Secretary Parsons flew alone to Laos and that following his mission Admiral Riley and I flew out to accomplish another mission. Actually the three of us traveled and worked closely together under policy instructions provided us by the Secretary of State. Admiral Riley and I did not have a separate mission or different instructions. This first misimpression is important because it relates to the second, namely that "the Pentagon" unilaterally made its own foreign policy decision. The "Pentagon" was not in a position to, nor did it make such a decision. . . . U.S. policy on Laos was made at the highest levels of Government. The Defense Department had an opportunity to present its views, but once policy was decided . . . the Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs acted to carry out that policy. At no time in my knowledge did responsible civilian or military authorities in the Defense establishment act or attempt to act independently. . . . The important error of fact in the last sentence of the quote is the statement that Admiral Riley and I "gave Phoumi the green light to retake Vientiane." We had no authority to do so and did not do so. The other error is minor and would not be worthy of note except as additional evidence of a standard of accuracy. Admiral Riley and I did not fly to or visit Savannakhet.

JOHN N. IRWIN II
New York, N.Y.

● *Author Beech says, "I did indeed err in stating that Mr. Irwin and Admiral Riley flew to Savannakhet to give the 'green light' to Phoumi. I discovered the error too late to make a correction." In the editing process the word "Pentagon" was substituted for "the U.S.", which created the misimpression that the Defense Department had acted independently.* The Post *regrets the errors.* —*ED.*

ABUSES IN NEWBURGH?

Congratulations on the excellent editorial [Aug. 5] NOW IT'S "ILLEGAL" FOR A CITY TO CURB WELFARE ABUSES. It is somewhat heartening in these times of collective irresponsibility to see that there are a few people who believe in some individual responsibility.

J. HOWARD RIGDON
El Monte, Calif.

It is most refreshing to note that *The Post* is against illegitimacy. Who isn't? The concern, however, appears to be about welfare programs and not about the many factors and causes which produce illegitimacy. *The Post* would be most naïve to assume that the denial of welfare to mothers of illegitimate children will remove the causes of bastardy which certainly are not limited to welfare recipients. The point is that the nation must face up to the high incidence of illegitimacy and come up with a constructive program, rather than finding scapegoats.

CLARENCE H. HILLE
Miami, Fla.

I would like to call your attention to the phrasing in your editorial: "When a man who has been misguided enough to marry and have children deserts the same. . . ."

What have you got against marriage that a man must be misguided to wed?

SHARON JOHNSON
Reed City, Mich.

● *Our editorial writer says, "It was an ironical statement. I had always advocated marriage heartily until the welfare state made it hazardous by giving such procreation advantages to bachelors."* —*ED.*

Every state in the Union would benefit if a larger portion in relief funds was spent in thorough investigations to eliminate the chiselers rather than accept them as a "necessary evil." As long as a parasite's vote is as good—and as welcome—as any one of the taxpayers who support him, there will be no real cleanup.

W. R. LAWRENCE, JR.
Franklin, Tenn.

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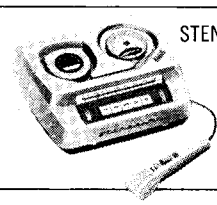

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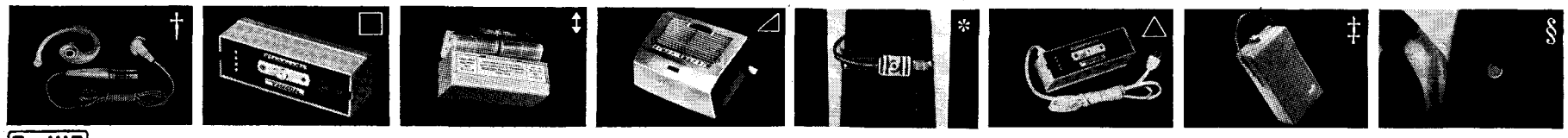

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Phoenix, Heinze, Bowen & Harrington, Inc.
Tucson, Tucson Office Supply
Yuma, Kelly Supply Co., Inc.

CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield, Bakersfield Audio
Bishop, Chalfant Press, Inc.
Chico, High Fidelity Mart
Eureka, Beard Off. Equip. Co.
Fresno, Stanton Off. Mach.
Inglewood, Sanders Off. Sup.
Lancaster, Desert Off. Equip.
Long Beach
California Calculator Co.
Winstead Bros., Inc.
Los Angeles
All Makes Dictating Co.
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Marysville, Dippel Business Equipment Co.
Modesto, Shoobs
Napa, Duttons Napa Stat.
Oxnard, Reese Office Supply
Pasadena, Anderson Type.
Redding, Shasta Off. Equip.
Sacramento, McCurry Co.
Salinas, Peninsula Type. Co.
San Bernardino, Stockwell & Binney
San Diego, Executive Sales of San Diego
San Francisco, F. A. Thomas
San Jose, American Business Machine Co.
Santa Ana, Tiernan's
Santa Barbara, Dictate and Duplicate, Div. of Anderson Camera
Santa Rosa, Kings Off. Sup. & Equipment, Inc.
Stockton, Lloyd's Business Machines
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COLORADO
Colorado Springs, Modern Business Machines Co.
Denver, Colorado Visual Aids
Grand Junction, Midwest Photo
Greeley, Nelson Off. Sup. Co.

HAWAII
Honolulu, Electronics (of) Hawaii, Inc.

IDAHO
Boise, Fisher's
Idaho Falls, Holladay's Type.
Lewiston, Vail's Office
Pocatello, Bangs Stationers

MONTANA
Billings, Willis Sales Co.
Glasgow, Glasgow Off. Sup.
Great Falls, Tilton's Off. Out.
Helena, Naegele's
Missoula, Business Machines Co.

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Beatrice, Goodenough's
Grand Island, Grand Island Type. Co.
Lincoln, Siegel Off. Equip.
Norfolk, Western Type. & Office Supply
Scottsbluff, Elmer R. Kissack

NEVADA
Ely, Times Stationery
Las Vegas, Lee Off. Equip.

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, New Mexico School Supply
Farmington, Off. Sup. & Serv.
Gallup, George Hight Studios
Hobbs, Business Mach. Co.
Roswell, Shaffer Company
Sante Fe, Healy-Matthews Stationers, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA
Devils Lake, Gaspard Office Supply
Fargo, Whiting Off. Equip.
Grand Forks, Hegstrom's
Minot, Central Office Sup.
Mandan, Standard Off. Sup.

OREGON
Albany, Albany Type. Exch.
Astoria, Astoria Bus. Mach.
Bend, Eriksen's Stat. Office
Coos Bay, Hales Off. Equip.
La Grande, Hills Off. Mach.
Medford, Medford Stationery
Portland, Oregon Typewriter
Salem, Cooke Stationery Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, Artz Camera Sup.
Mobridge, Mobridge Reminder Off. Equip.
Sioux Falls, Best Type. Co.
Watertown, Cooks Off. Mach.
Yankton, Scoblic & Reedstrom Stat.

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Ogden, Weber Off. Sup. Co.
Salt Lake City, Duplicator Supply Co.

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Longview, Austins Off. Sup.
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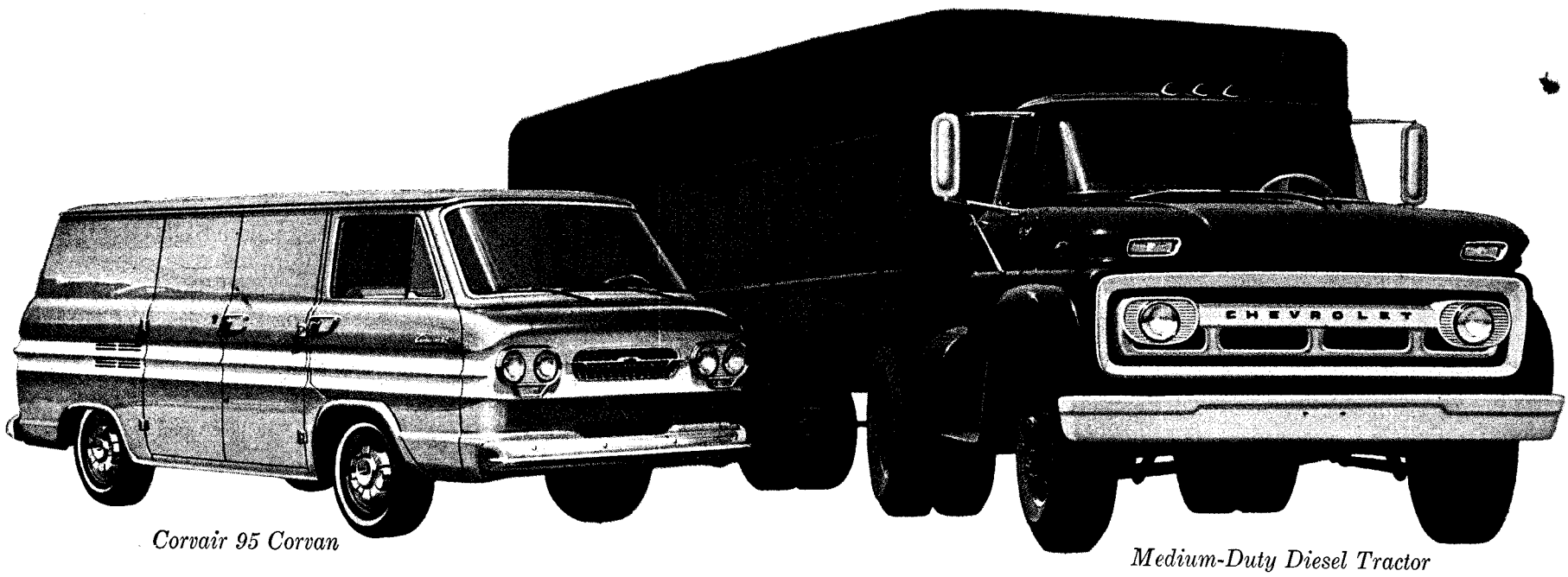

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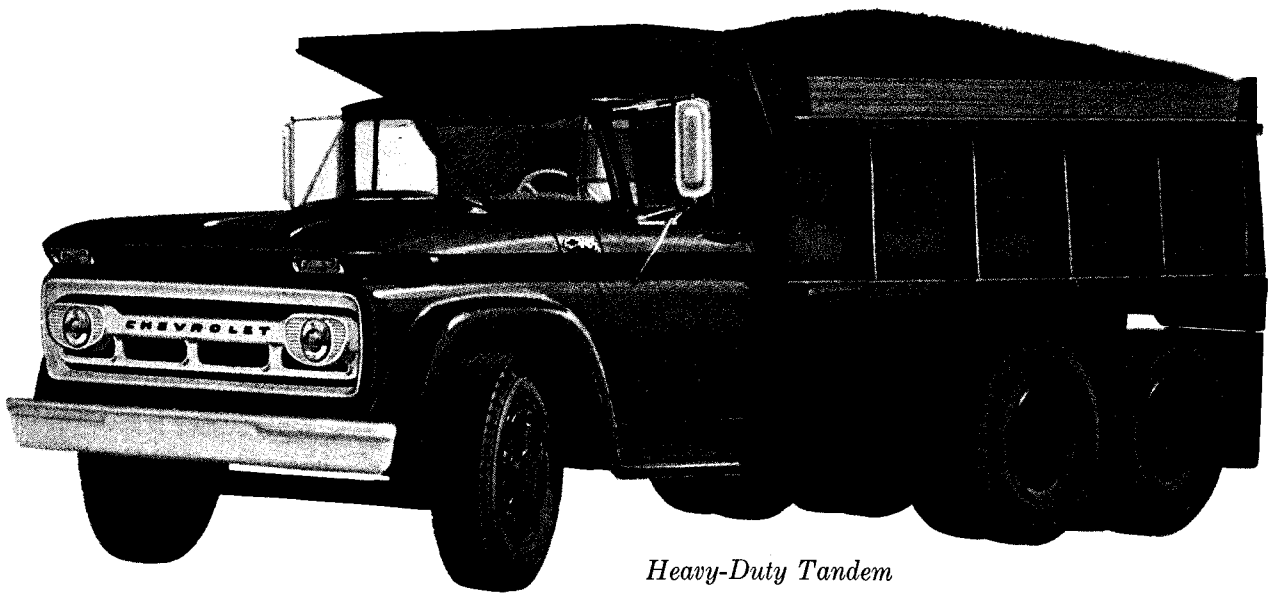

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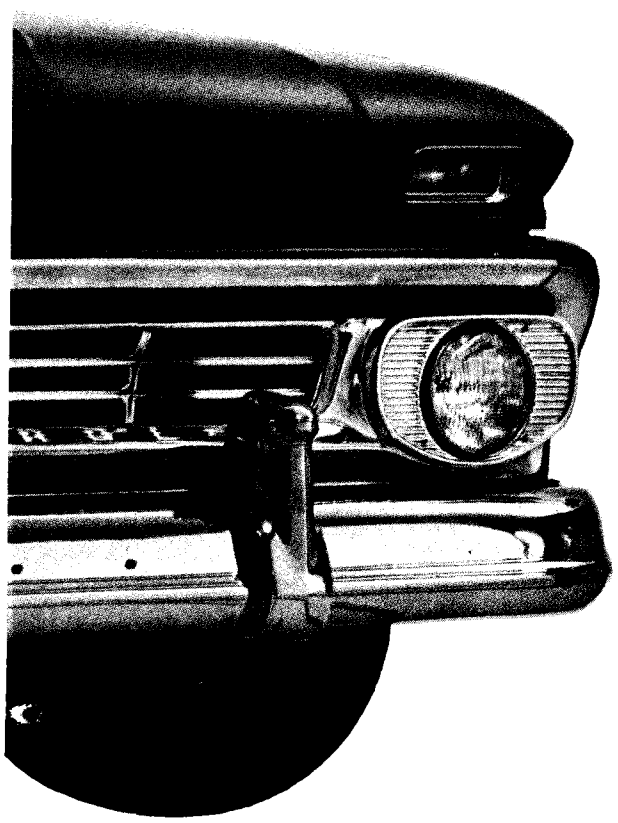

Meet the trucks that are powered to work harder, built to work longer and styled to look good doing it . . . the '62 Chevrolet Jobmaster Trucks.

There's new power, new torque, more work, more worth . . . throughout Chevrolet's '62 line. For heavies, the mightiest Chevy truck engine yet, the new High Torque 409 V8*, *has 16½ per cent more torque than ever before available from* Chevrolet. Brawny newcomer for middleweights is the new Chevy-GM 4-53 Diesel. Compact, rugged, high in torque, low on fuel costs, backed by years of GM Diesel experience—it's a sure booster of truck earning power. In the light-duty lineup, joining the famed High Torque 235 Six, is the High Torque 261 Six* for new sock and savings in extra-tough applications. Nine '62 Chevrolet truck engines in all—more worth in every weight class.

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Three work-proved Corvair 95's (2 pickups and a panel) haul up to 1,900 pounds of payload with low-cost dependability and sure, rear-engine traction.

Every one of the 198 new models for '62 is designed to make working, earning and saving easier. And it's easy to find out how . . . see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . *Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.*

CHEVROLET

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SPEAK!NG OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

THE CROOKS GET ALL THE BREAKS

BY VIRGIL W. PETERSON

A Chicago judge quashed an indictment recently because the text had a comma where a semicolon was wanted. In another case a Chicago policeman asked a suspect what he had in his bulging pockets, and the suspect produced evidence that implicated him in bookmaking. The court held that the officer's mere request constituted coercion. The evidence was suppressed and the suspect freed, with the judge admonishing the officer, "You didn't even say please."

In Indiana a Supreme Court decision upheld the constitutionality of a law requiring the fire marshal to inspect burned premises. But the court would not admit evidence of arson found during the required inspection; in its opinion the evidence had been discovered in an unreasonable search and seizure.

In April, 1961, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed the conviction of a man who had killed a District of Columbia grocer during a holdup. Justice Felix Frankfurter, one of four dissenting judges, charged that the court had indefensibly "plucked" an isolated "harmless error" from the record of a six-day trial "to turn a criminal appeal into a quest for error."

Too many judicial proceedings are turning into quests for error. Trials and hearings become games in which the criminal usually wins and the public loses. Every year major crime in America reaches new heights. Even worse, numberless robbers and burglars—even murderers—are freed on technicalities. They walk into court fearlessly and walk out to pursue their careers of crime-without-punishment.

Some of these citizens seem to have a permanent shelter in the law. Consider the case of Harold Schubmehl.

At two A.M. on January 16, 1952, the Chicago Police Department received a telephone call from a woman who lived across the street from a real-estate office on West 31st Street. Excitedly she reported that she had just seen three men pry open the front door to the office, carry out a safe and speed away in a car. Subsequently she identified Schubmehl as one of the men.

Two hours after the burglary at the real-estate office had been reported, police officers were cruising on West 22nd Place. They noticed three men inside a key shop, the time being four A.M. As the officers went to the back of the shop to investigate, the three men dashed out the back door. One was Schubmehl. When he saw the police, he dropped a loaded .38-caliber revolver and was arrested at once. The officers then were voluntarily admitted to the key shop by one of Schubmehl's companions. On the floor the officers found the safe that had been stolen from the real-estate office. The dial had been knocked off; the contents, valued at $1000, had been removed; and the remains of papers and checks were burning in a stove. On the floor were three crowbars, an electric drill, a sledge hammer and six punches. Laboratory tests showed that crowbars had been used to pry open the door to the real-estate office, and the steel punches had been used to open the safe.

Here was alert police work that solved a burglary within two hours. When the defendants appeared in Criminal Court, their attorney made a motion to suppress the evidence. The judge promptly held that, since the officers did not see these men commit any crime, the arrest, search and seizure were unreasonable, in violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution. The motion to suppress the evidence was sustained, and the suspects were freed.

About 7:20 P.M. on December 13, 1957, Officer Patrick Cucci was on duty as a motorcycle policeman when he received a radio message that a burglary was in progress at 747 North Wabash Avenue. He went immediately to that address. In the hallway of the apartment building he confronted two men, their pockets bulging. He arrested them when they were unable to give any reasonable explanation for being in the building. Searching them, the officer found a bracelet, camera and a cigarette case engraved with the initials of a tenant whose apartment had just been burglarized. One of the men arrested was Schubmehl. When the case came up six months later, the judge ordered the evidence suppressed. He ruled that when the officer arrested Schubmehl and his partner, they were not violating any law in his presence, and furthermore, the officer did not know that a crime actually had been committed. The arrest, search and seizure were therefore unreasonable, the judge said. Again Schubmehl went free.

On January 20, 1959, Chicago policemen assigned to the burglary detail observed two men sitting in a car illegally parked. Apparently the two men suspected they were being watched. They got out of the car and walked across the street. The police officers stopped them and suggested that they park their car properly. The men denied owning the car, or parking it, or having anything to do with it. One of the men, Harold Schubmehl, had been carrying a pillowcase. He suddenly dropped it. Inside the pillowcase were a fur coat, perfume and other items. In Schubmehl's pockets were found ten old dimes and $100 in ten-dollar bills. Imprinted on the pillowcase was the address of an apartment building in Chicago. The officers went to that address and learned that an apartment occupied by two young women had been looted. A fur coat, ten old dimes, $100 in ten-dollar bills, some perfume and other items had been stolen. The fur coat found in the pillowcase Schubmehl had been carrying was identified and returned to its owner.

When the case came to court, more than a year later, the judge held that the officers did not have reasonable grounds to arrest Schubmehl and his partner. Therefore the evidence of burglary found in their possession must be suppressed. Again Schubmehl walked out of court a free man.

Unfortunately the same zealous protection given the "rights" of the

VIRGIL W. PETERSON, *a lawyer and a former special agent of the FBI, is operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, a citizens' group which seeks to improve law enforcement and the courts.*

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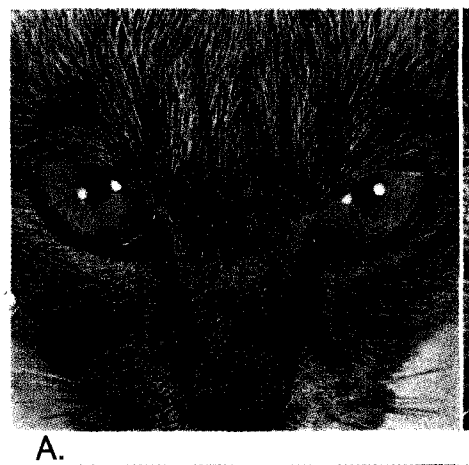
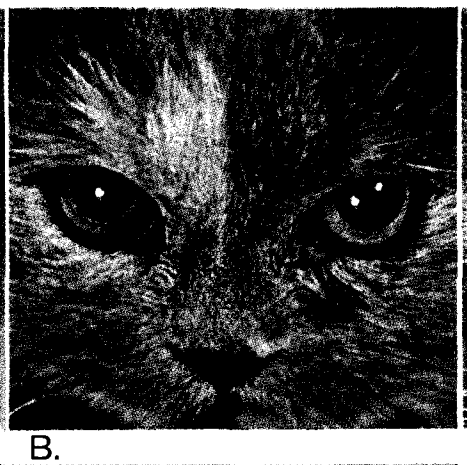
$60,000 worth of prizes

Enter Puss 'n Boots "match the eyes contest"



A.



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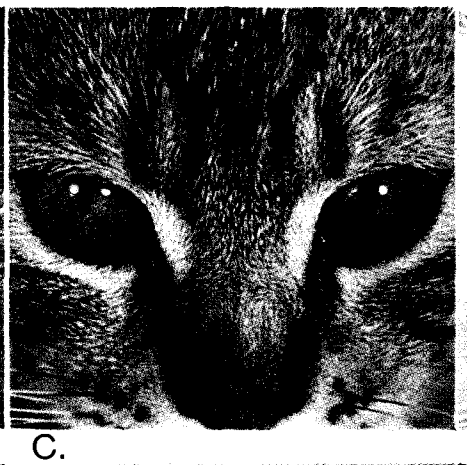

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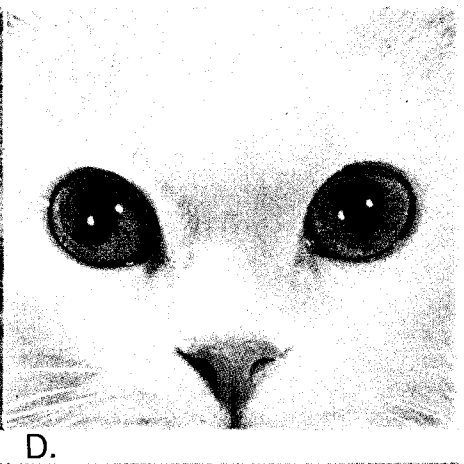

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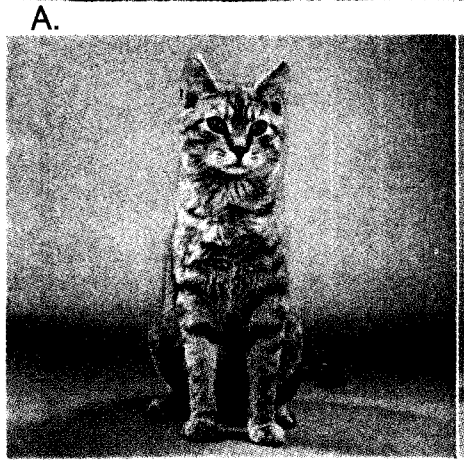
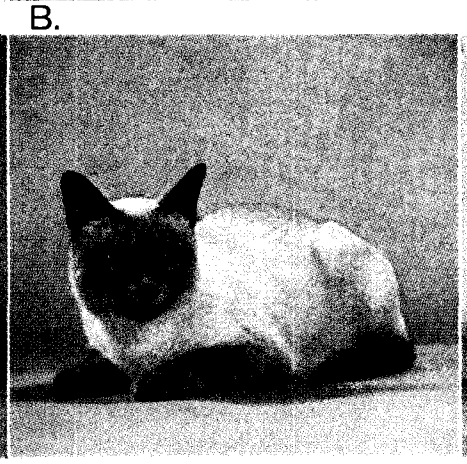


(1) The **TABBY** has a short, fine coat. The amino acid balance in Puss 'n Boots' high quality protein maintains the strength and vitality for which the Tabby is noted.



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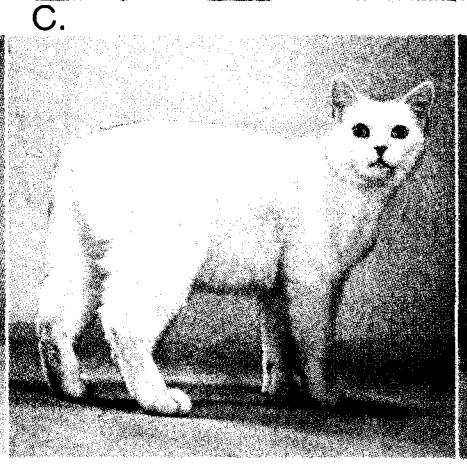

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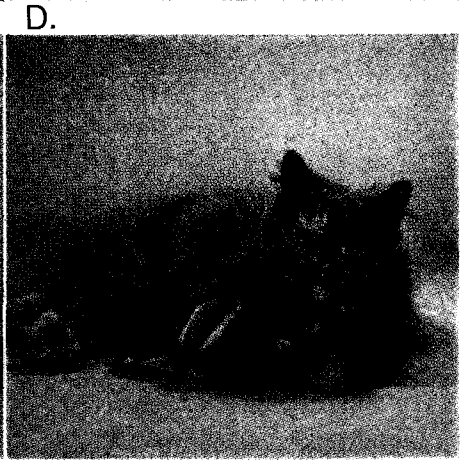

(4) The **PERSIAN** has longer, silkier hair. Puss 'n Boots' Vitamin A keeps sparkle in its eyes—calcium and Vitamin D assure strong bones and teeth.

It's easy! It's fun! Just look closely at the eyes in pictures A, B, C, and D and "match the eyes" with the cats you think they belong to in pictures 1, 2, 3, and 4. Then complete the sentence in the entry blank. (For example, if the eyes in picture A belong to Tabby, in picture 1, mark it in the designated place in the entry form. A hint though—maybe they don't.) Remember, eye coloring varies with breeds. Join the fun. Any Puss 'n Boots label gets you into the game.

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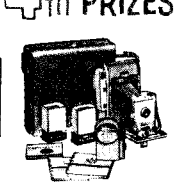

5th PRIZES — 450 Argus Standard C-3, 35 mm Cameras

Mail your entry today with any Puss 'n Boots label to:

"Match the eyes contest", Box D. Dept. EP, Chicago 77, Ill.

Enclosed is one Puss 'n Boots label. First "match" the number of each cat with the correct "eyes" letter . . .

A(.....), B(.....), C(.....), D(.....)

Then complete this statement in 25 words or less:

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RULES: 1. To be eligible for any prize contestants must match the eyes correctly and complete the statement.

2. Enter as often as you wish. Accompany each entry with a Puss 'n Boots label.

3. Entries will be judged by independent contest judges on the basis of clarity, creativeness and aptness of thought, weighted equally. Decision of judges is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight Dec. 8, 1961 and received by Dec. 22, 1961. Winners will be notified promptly by mail. Complete list of winners available at The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Illinois.

5. Contest open to all persons living in The United States, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, its advertising agencies and the contest judging organization and their families.

6. All entries become the property of The Quaker Oats Company.

7. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and entered in his or her name. Contest is subject to federal, state and local regulations and is void where regulated, prohibited or taxed.

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SPEAKING OUT

criminal is not afforded the victim. Two years after her apartment had been burglarized, the victim was still trying to get back her $100 in ten-dollar bills. The money had been impounded as evidence. Recently, however, it was returned to her.

Such conditions are by no means confined to Chicago. Thousands of guilty persons over the country are turned loose every year because some courts do not approve of the manner in which the evidence was obtained. And in many jurisdictions, if the judge orders the evidence suppressed, the prosecution does not have the right of appeal—no matter how wrong the judge might be. The case is forever ended. Only when the ruling is against the defendant is an appeal permitted.

The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution does not prohibit all searches and seizures. It merely prohibits those which are "unreasonable." And there is nothing in the Constitution that requires the suppression of evidence because of a so-called unreasonable search and seizure. The rule under which evidence is suppressed because the court disapproves of the manner in which it was obtained was first enunciated by the United States Supreme Court in 1914. Originally applying only to the Federal courts, the rule was adopted later by twenty-two states, including California, Wisconsin and Florida. Four additional states followed this so-called exclusionary rule with modification. The remaining states, including New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, rejected the rule as against public interest. The original philosophy behind the rule was to protect the innocent from overzealous authorities and indirectly to punish the police for their excesses. Actually, a citizen can always go to court against a policeman who deprives him of rights without due process of law. It is not surprising, therefore, that the great authority on evidence, the late Dean John Henry Wigmore of Northwestern University's Law School, vigorously denounced this rule of evidence as having been based on "misplaced sentimentality."

Yet on June 19, 1961, a United States Supreme Court decision for the first time imposed the exclusionary rule of evidence on *all* states. Five of the nine Supreme Court justices voted to overrule previous Supreme Court decisions and to force all states to adopt this highly questionable rule of evidence—a rule that is scorned by the freedom-loving countries of England and Canada as against public interest. Justice Harlan wrote a strong dissenting opinion in which he was joined by justices Frankfurter and Whittaker.

Said Justice Harlan, "What the Court is now doing is to impose upon the states not only Federal substantive standards of 'search and seizure' but also the basic Federal remedy for violation of those standards. For I think it entirely clear that the . . . exclusionary rule is but a remedy which, by penalizing past official misconduct, is aimed at deterring such conduct in future. I would not impose on the states this Federal exclusionary remedy."

Many courts have applied the exclusionary rule with a vengeance. In a recent year a single branch of the Chicago Municipal Court heard 6649 cases. Motions to suppress the evidence because of alleged illegal seizures were made in 4673 cases, or more than 70 per cent of the total. And in these 4673 cases, motions to suppress the evidence were granted in 4593, or 98 per cent of the cases.

Many judges strongly disagree with the highly technical and unrealistic interpretation of that which is unreasonable. In Washington, D.C., a few years ago, police officers saw a known narcotics violator remove the lid of a garbage can outside of the rooming house where she lived. She then placed something inside the can. The officers opened the can and found a vial containing narcotics. The woman was arrested and convicted. The defendant's attorney then appealed the case, whereupon the United States Court of Appeals held that the search of the garbage can was unreasonable and the evidence should have been suppressed. The conviction was reversed. Justice Warren E. Burger wrote a strong dissenting opinion, however, in which he stated he would not join in reducing law-enforcement restraints to an absurdity.

"I cannot find a fundamental constitutional right to privacy in the garbage or trash pail of a rooming house where the receptacle is located out of doors in sight from the street and where there is an admitted constant invitation to the public authorities of the District to remove the contents as refuse," Justice Burger wrote.

Further aiding the criminal is the lack of concern over the ethical standards of those who habitually represent criminals in court. There has developed in America a legal concept which approves, even encourages, almost any tactic which will set free a person accused of crime. Every trick in the book is used to prejudice the judge or jury against the people's case. But any statement by a state's witness or the prosecutor which might be considered prejudicial to the defense will result in a mistrial or the reversal of a conviction.

Last year in Chicago underworld boss Tony Accardo was convicted of a Federal income-tax violation—a new experience for him. During a criminal career going back almost four decades, Accardo has been able to boast that he has never spent a night in jail. Just before passing sentence and releasing him on an appeal bond, Judge Julius J. Hoffman criticized the conduct of Accardo's attorneys during the trial. An examination of the record, said Judge Hoffman, "will indicate that counsel for the defendant made disrespectful, insolent and sarcastic comments and remarks to the court throughout the trial." He suggested that they were intended "to provoke the court into intemperate action that might be availed of as the ground for a mistrial and later as error on appeal." No action was taken against the lawyers.

When the state's case is airtight, one trick is, in effect, to put the arresting officer on trial. He is subjected to ridicule. His integrity is impugned. If it is brought out that he resorted to ingenuity in obtaining evidence, he is open to a charge of fraud or "dirty business," a popular phrase of the higher courts.

Defendants in criminal cases are properly entitled to a speedy trial. State laws provide for automatic discharges unless trials are held within a specified time after demand. In Illinois the period is four months. But although he is entitled to a speedy trial, this is the last thing a criminal wants if the evidence of guilt is overwhelming. One of the most frequent tactical moves is to obtain continuance after continuance, delaying the trial until the prosecuting witnesses are worn out, disgusted and downright hostile to the entire proceeding. A defendant can obtain a continuance upon almost any pretext. And if a judge finally tells the defendant that the case must be tried on a particular date, a motion is made, and usually granted, for a change of venue. With a new judge another series of continuances begins. While the case is languishing on the court calendar, the criminal often is out on bond and victimizing other citizens.

For example: Theodore J. Kotwasinski was arrested on September 27, 1959, after he had burglarized a Chicago store. His loot included three piano organs and a television set. Also found in his possession were a welding machine, tools and other property stolen from another business place. Two indictments were returned against Kotwasinski, and he was released on bail, fixed at $5000 in each case.

By April 7, 1960, the case had been continued six times, when a motion for a change of venue was made and granted. Between April seventh and July third Kotwasinski was granted three more continuances.

On July 3, 1960, while at liberty on bail, Kotwasinski was caught burglarizing a meat market. Two additional indictments were returned against him. Again he was released on bail, and another series of continuances followed.

On August 2, 1960, two men held up the Maywood-Proviso State Bank in Maywood, Illinois, and got out with $24,266. A few blocks from the bank the getaway car broke down, and the bandits fled on foot. One of the robbers, John Urenos, was captured nearby. Through license plates on the disabled getaway car, the FBI traced the other bank robber, who turned out to be Theodore J. Kotwasinski. A short time later Kotwasinski was arrested in a tavern, and a bag containing two guns and $22,056 of the bank loot was recovered behind a garage where he had hidden it.

Kotwasinski explained to Federal authorities that he robbed the bank to get money to pay his attorney and bondsman in the cases pending against him. He had made a $1500 down payment to his attorney, he said, but owed $1500 more.

On August 10, 1960, the cases were transferred to a third judge. After additional continuances, the cases were finally disposed of on October 11, 1960—more than a year after his original arrest—when Kotwasinski pleaded guilty. Earlier he had received a Federal penitentiary sentence on the bank-robbery charge.

At almost every turn—from the time of arrest through appeal to the Supreme Court—the criminal finds loopholes that enable him to beat the rap. Recently, during a criminal trial in Chicago, the defendant's attorney was seen consulting with the lawyer representing the material witness in the case. When the witness took the stand, he hid behind the Fifth Amendment and refused to testify on the grounds of possible self-incrimination. The case collapsed. The presiding judge, John Gutknecht, was indignant. "Sometimes," he remarked bitterly, "I think the defendant has all the forces operating for him."

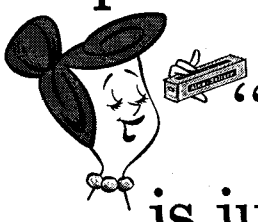
The criminal does have all the forces working for him. Our way of life demands the jealous protection of individual rights, but rights should not become licenses to commit crimes with impunity.

The law-abiding citizen also has rights—including the right to be protected from the pillage and plunder of the lawless and the right to live without fear for the safety of himself and his family. These rights of the law-abiding citizen—through a maze of technicalities, loopholes and indulgences to the criminal—are being violated every hour of the day. THE END

When upset stomach

or headache pain

is a problem



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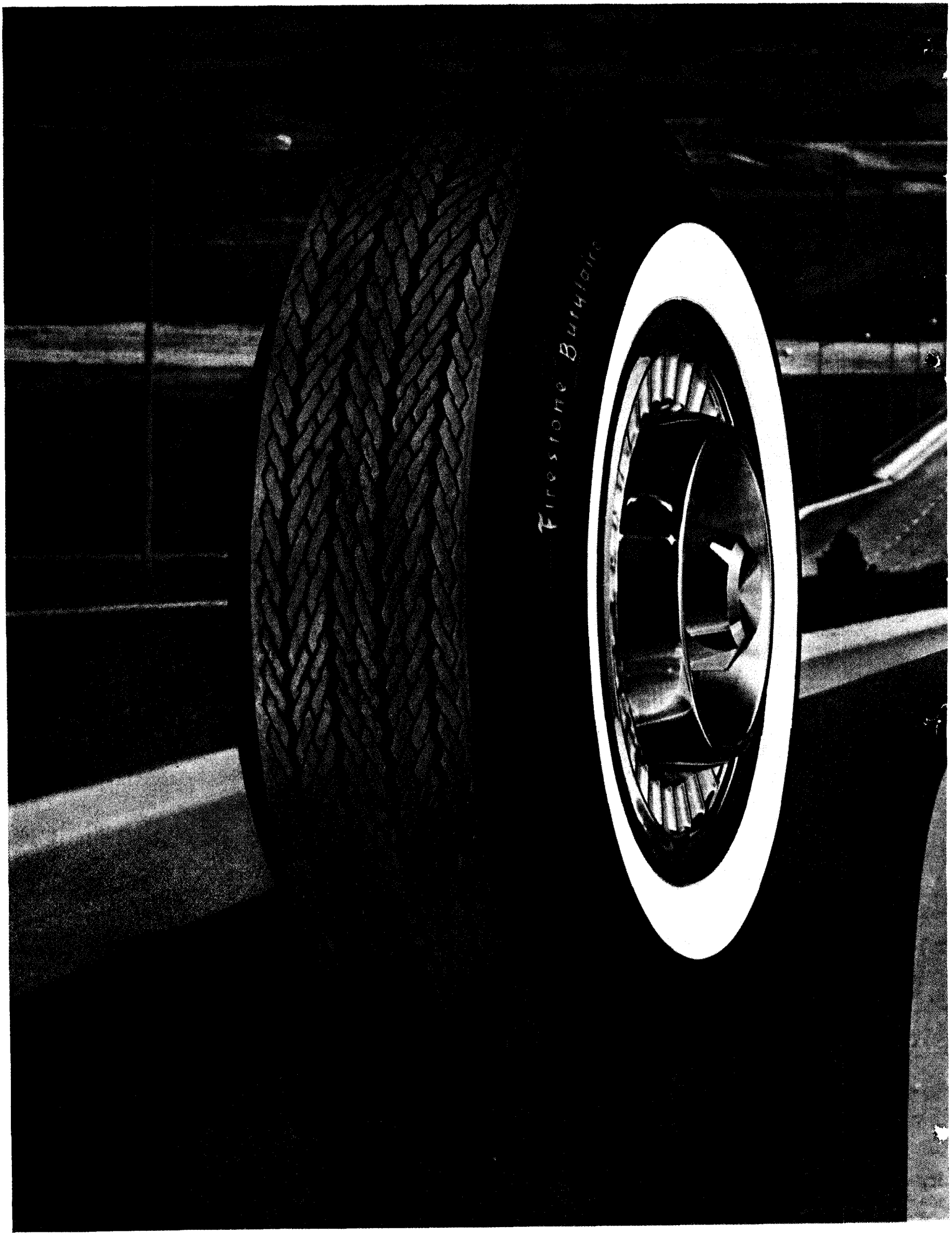

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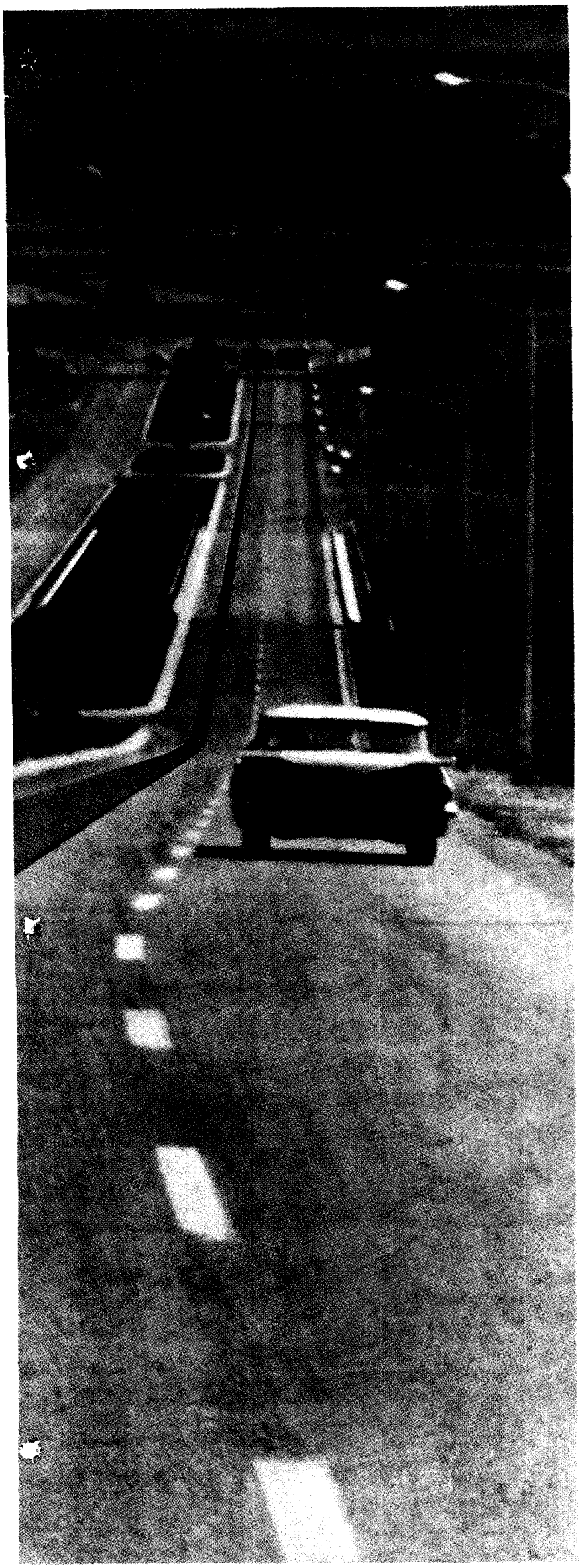

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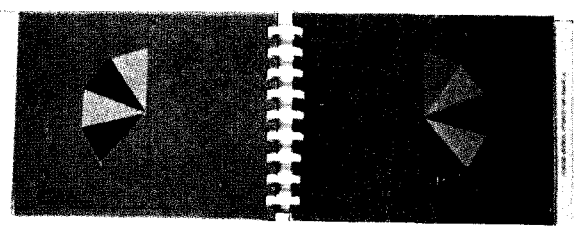

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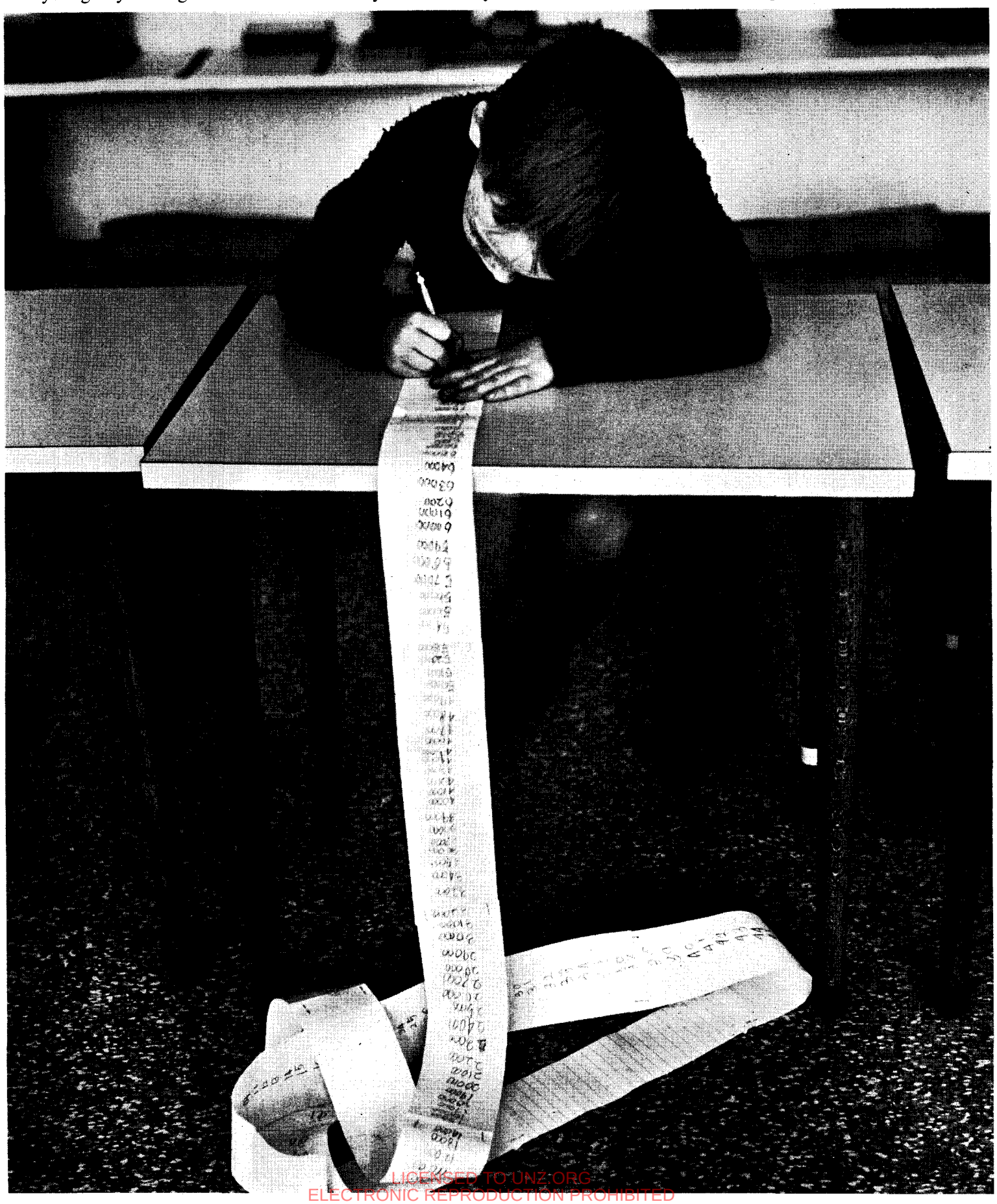
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Can Our Children Learn Faster?

How a Connecticut school teaches three-year-olds reading, writing and arithmetic through a celebrated system long neglected in America: Montessori.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

A young boy writing numerals at the Whitby School. Six-year-olds here master basic math, square roots and decimals.



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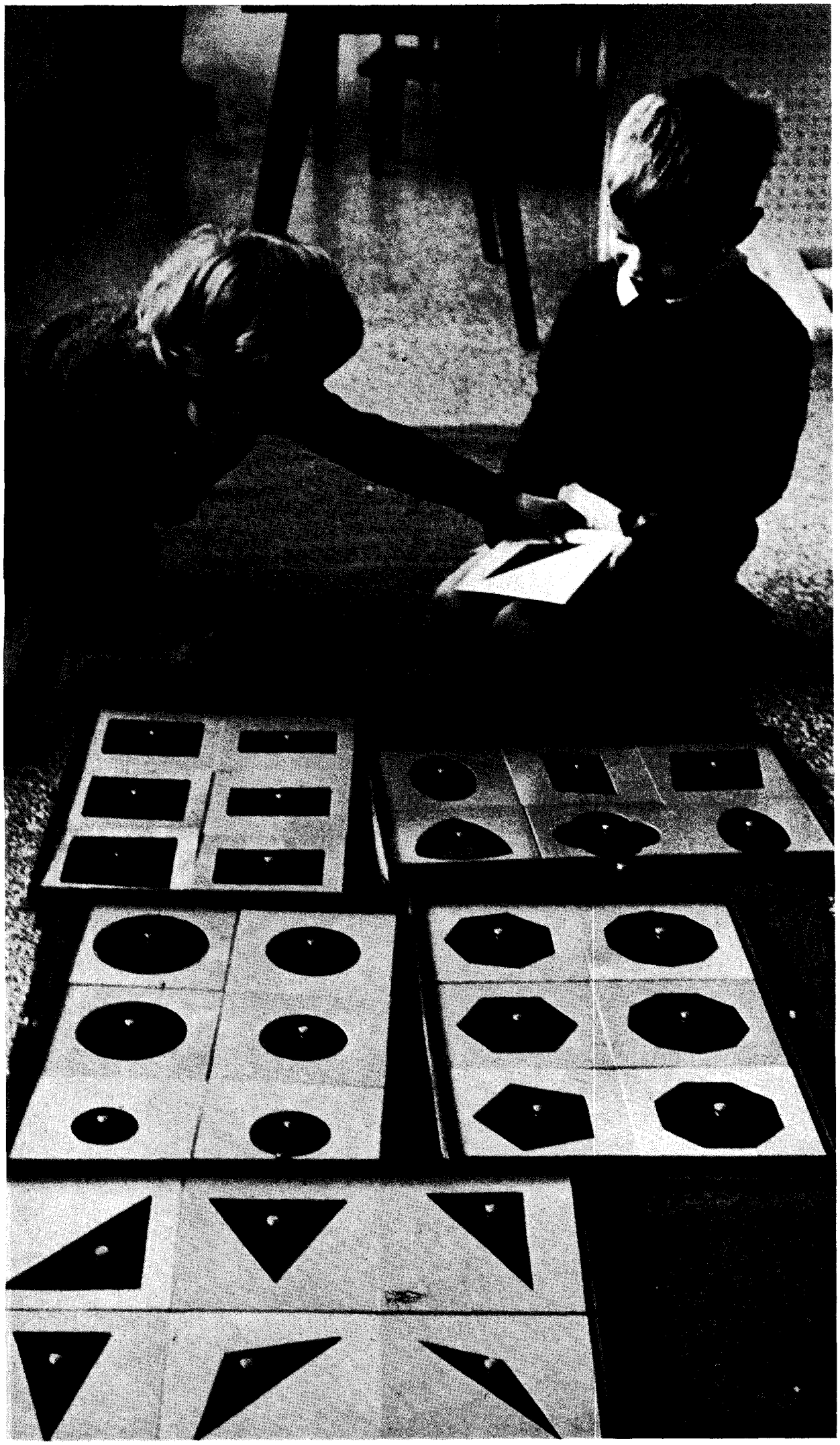

These Whitby youngsters are matching sets of cards with the geometric arrangements on the carpet in the foreground.

Photographs by SUZANNE SZASZ

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The first classroom I saw at the Whitby School in Greenwich, Connecticut, seemed to be in a kind of orderly chaos. Children from three to six years of age were busy at small work tables, at shelves of books and amid a jumble of apparatus spread on the floor. A boy hopped on one leg. A small girl in a yellow apron scrubbed her table with soap and water. Half a dozen children were walking about. There was a low drone of talking.

"When does the class start?" I asked my guide. "Has that boy hurt his foot? Where is the teacher?"

"There isn't any class," she replied. "Pupils here at the Whitby School are placed in groups of three-to-six-year-olds, six-to-nine and nine-to-twelve. We think they learn better by moving around than by sitting all day at a desk. That boy," she pointed, "has just learned to spell 'hop' and is acting out the word so he'll remember it is a verb. And that woman sitting on the floor with three boys is the teacher—they're making a map of Africa. Look carefully. You'll see everybody is at work."

After several periods of observation, I agreed that the children were not in a "class" in the usual sense of the word; they were not all learning the same lesson. But they were definitely at work in a systematic manner that combined self-discipline with freedom of action. For example, they were free to choose among a variety of manipulative apparatus that help them "see" and "feel" letters and words and to do simple math problems. The young lady first seen sitting on the floor was helping individual children to learn more than they ever would in a traditional classroom.

The activities I observed were examples of the Montessori method, which is stirring up a small but intense whirlwind of excitement in American educational circles. At the eye of the whirlwind is dynamic, redhaired Mrs. Nancy McCormick Rambusch, headmistress of the Whitby School, which she founded in 1958 on principles formulated by the late Italian educator, Dr. Maria Montessori.

The Montessori method, according to Mrs. Rambusch, provides "the twin keys to human development—self-mastery and mastery of environment through the exercise of liberty." It aims at development of the personality, a harmonious growth of all the potentials of the child—physical as well as mental—at a natural pace.

The reaction to Mrs. Rambusch's venture into the Montessori technique has astonished her. Whitby's enrollment has grown from seventeen pupils to 150 in less than three years. One hundred children are already on its expanding waiting list. An article by Mrs. Rambusch in *Jubilee*, a Catholic magazine, brought a deluge of letters and phone calls to the editors, saying in effect, "Why can't we have a similar school?"

Curious parents and educators from all parts of the country are descending upon Whitby at such a rate that scheduled observation days have been established, for about sixty persons each. Parent groups in a half-dozen states have started organizing Montessori schools. Mrs. James Harford of Princeton, New Jersey, persuaded her husband to move to Greenwich for a year so that their two children could attend Whitby and she could be trained as a teacher. This fall she plans to start a small nursery-age school at Princeton.

Small schools are expected to open soon in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Cleveland, and Altoona, Pennsylvania. Similar planning groups have been in action in Chicago, Houston and Dallas. In West Los Angeles the Sophia School

The perplexed child at right will literally "grasp" a math problem by working with strings and squares of beads.

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has been using Montessori techniques for some time. All of this activity has aroused interest among top American educators. Dr. Kenneth Wann of Columbia University Teachers College, who has studied the Whitby School, recently said that the Montessori method has "great promise for the needs of today." He also predicts that current interest will grow.

"Parent interest is due to a variety of reasons," says John P. Blessington, administrative assistant at Whitby. "Some feel local public, private or parochial schools are too rigid. Some complain that modern permissive methods of education have turned the classroom into a social gathering place. But I believe the most important reason is that parents are waking up to the educational crisis. They fear their children aren't getting the best possible preparation for tomorrow's world. Whitby has stirred them into action."

The history of the Montessori method goes back to the turn of the century. Dr. Maria Montessori, who died in 1952 at the age of 81, defied Italian tradition as a young woman by entering the medical profession. Ignoring the hostility of her male classmates, Maria Montessori won honors in medicine at the University of Rome. She later worked with moronic children in the university psychiatric clinic.

Doctor Montessori was shocked by the lack of toys and training facilities for retarded children. In 1899 she began a campaign that led to the creation of a state school for such children. As its first director she developed simple teaching apparatus to help the children get a rudimentary education. Soon many of them were reading, writing and doing simple mathematics problems as well as children of normal mentality. Doctor Montessori became convinced that "similar methods applied to normal children would develop their personalities in a marvelous way."

In 1906, after further study, research and experimentation, Doctor Montessori opened a school for sixty "little vandals" in Rome's worst slum district. There she quickly demonstrated that her techniques were even more effective in the education of normal children. Similar schools were opened throughout Italy, and Doctor Montessori's fame spread rapidly. Distinguished visitors from abroad made pilgrimages to her school and carried her ideas home with them.

In time schools were established in many parts of the world, including England, France, Germany, Ireland and Spain. In Russia the czar introduced the method at the St. Petersburg court school. During the same period, the Communist Congress of Berne proclaimed its approval of the technique. In 1912 the New South Wales government in Australia introduced the method in kindergarten classes. In Holland during World War II one Montessori pupil, Anne Frank, wrote a diary that is now famous. In India Dr. Rabindranath Tagore inaugurated a school at Benares.

In 1914 Doctor Montessori came to the United States, where Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was president of the American Montessori Society. She was entertained at the White House, lectured to overflow crowds at Carnegie Hall in New York and gave a training course for teachers from all over the country. Through glass walls thousands watched the work of a class of children she set up at the International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. Several Montessori schools

Even the youngest students at Whitby are expected to dress and undress themselves. These girls have found an ingenious way to unbutton their smocks.

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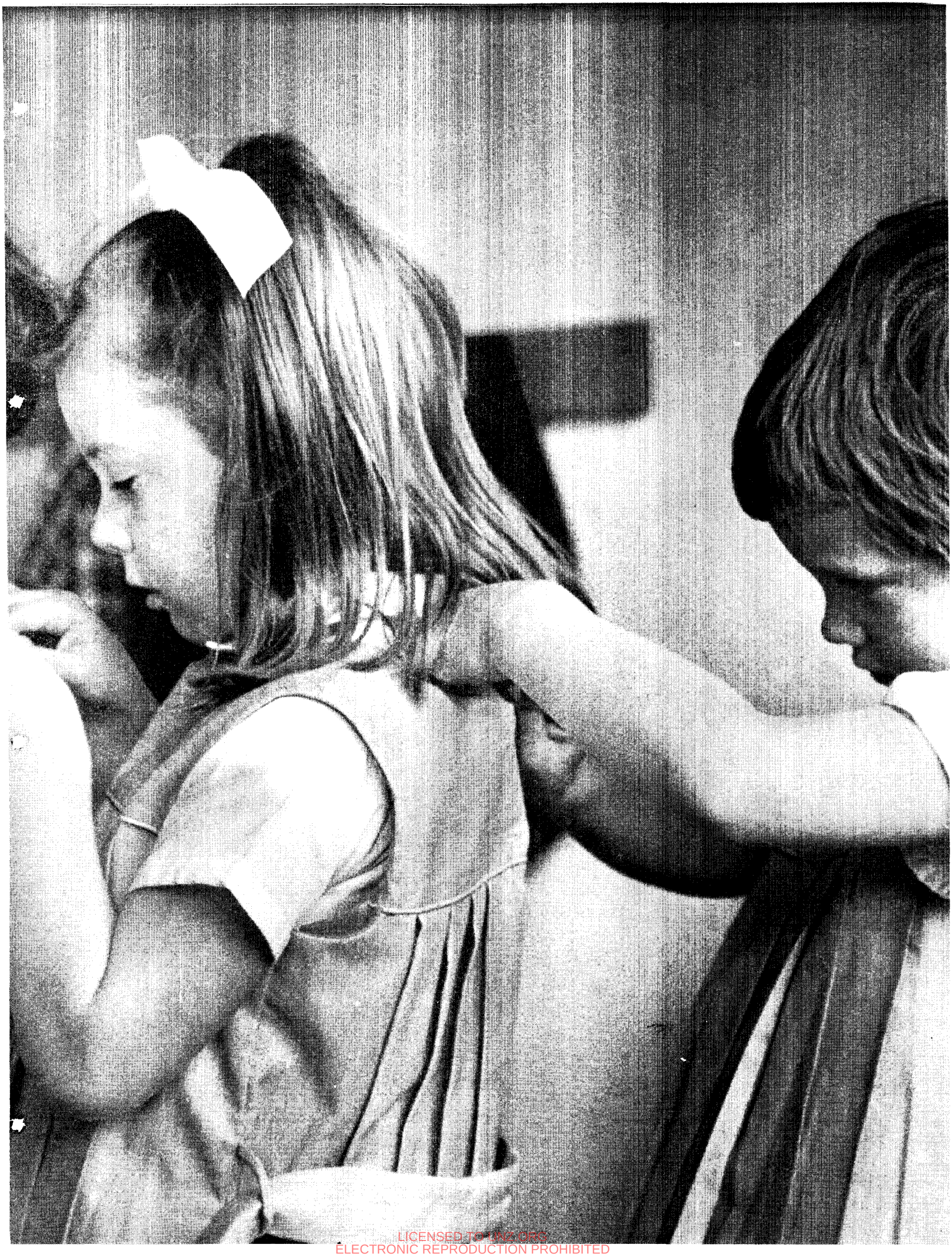

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were started in America, but they did not survive.

Although Montessori techniques and materials have long influenced American nursery schools, it was not until Mrs. Rambusch established the Whitby School that the original method was revived in the United States. A native of Milwaukee, Mrs. Rambusch attended the University of Toronto, and the Sorbonne in Paris, where she became interested in the Montessori method. In 1951 she married Robert Rambusch, a designer of church interiors. After the birth of their first child she attended a conference of the International Montessori Association in Paris. In 1953 she began a year's study and apprenticeship at the association's training school in London; while there, her second child was born.

After the family settled in New York, Mrs. Rambusch started a small nursery school to test the method on American children. She liked the results, especially when her son learned to read at four years of age. Later some of her friends in nearby Connecticut became interested. That was all the encouragement she needed. She acquired the use of a stable on the estate of Mrs. George Terrien, converted it into a classroom, hired one teacher and in 1958 opened the Whitby School as a lay Catholic institution.

It is noteworthy that, while Montessori schools abroad are of Protestant, Catholic, Hindu and other faiths, most American parents now active in the movement are Catholics. This may be due in part to the emphasis the Montessori method places on spiritual development. Some Catholic educators have expressed doubts about the method because of its permissiveness; they fear it might break down existing discipline.

Whitby children perform regular chores willingly and cheerfully. The industrious young lady above is about to give her work table its daily scrubbing.

Right: Whitby students have plenty of desks and tables, but they are also encouraged to carry out tasks on the floor. This reclining lad is performing a set of exercises with a set of numeral cards.

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Montessori supporters contend such fears are groundless, and nearly all parents involved in plans to start new schools report Catholic authorities are encouraging their efforts.

With the support of Bishop Lawrence J. Shehan of the Catholic Diocese of Bridgeport, Whitby grew rapidly. In 1959 Mrs. Rambusch was so busy renting additional space in nearby communities and dashing from one building to another that she felt as if she were running a "floating academic crap game." Parents and other interested persons campaigned to raise $275,000 for a new school which opened last January after expenditures of about $170,000. The operating budget for 1961–62 is $115,000. Tuition starts at $350 for three-year-olds, increasing eighty dollars each year thereafter.

The Whitby School has sixteen teachers, of whom six are experienced Montessori teachers from abroad. The American Montessori Society, of which Mrs. Rambusch is president, has 300 members and is training American teachers at Whitby under the direction of Miss Margaret E. Stephenson of London. Lack of trained "method" teachers is a problem in this country. The Montessori teacher is a link between the child and the teaching apparatus used to develop the pupil's sense perceptions. Through a combined operation of the senses and intellect the child develops a knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic.

Most Montessori schools are for younger pupils. One measure of their progress can be observed when they transfer to traditional schools or go on to high school. When one group of children transferred from a Montessori school in London two years ago, all were advanced

Sight-and-sound corner: The boy wearing earphones is listening to a French lesson played on a tape recorder. As the words are spoken, he repeats them for his classmates.

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at least one grade. Montessori teachers report similar experiences in other countries.

The fact that the Whitby School started only three years ago makes such comparisons of American children impossible, but certain results are obvious to a classroom visitor.

There is, for example, three-year-old Alice, who can count numbers up to nine. Just as important at this stage, she has learned to scrub her work table without spilling water all over the floor. She can carry a tray of glasses filled with orange juice to her classmates gracefully.

There is Sherry, a lively four-year-old boy, who knows the alphabet and identifies letters phonetically by sounds such as "ah" for "a," "kuh" for "c" and "puh" for "p". Betty, just turned four, can identify a square or a triangle because she has practiced fitting variously shaped objects into similarly shaped sockets over and over. She speaks of parallelograms and trapezoids as familiarly as she talks of dolls or Teddy bears.

"Bring me six hundreds, four tens and three units," the teacher tells John, who is almost five. He arranges neatly on his tray six squares of beads, each of which he knows from repeated countings contains ten ten-bead strings, or 100. To the right, he places four ten-bead strings and, on the extreme right, three single beads. Thus he can actually "see" 643 beads, and by placing written numerals at the top of each column he relates the number to the beads.

Montessori teachers point out that the children's attitude is one of the most important factors during the early ages. Teachers encourage the desire to learn and attempt to develop a child's persistence, self-confidence and ability to concentrate. At six years of age the average Whitby pupil is familiar with the decimal system. He can do multiplication, subtraction and division—even square roots—by using numerals and their equivalents in beads and blocks.

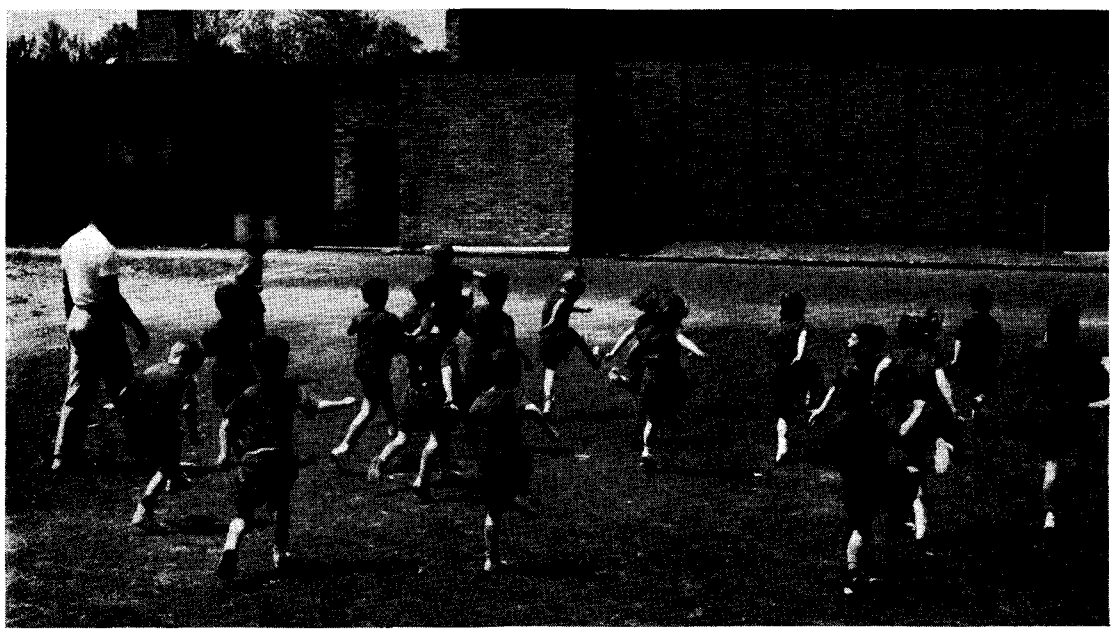
At six and seven, Whitby children analyze sentences by using colored cut-out symbols which represent nouns, verbs and adverbs. They are eager to write compositions, often highly imaginative or dramatic in content. Here is one by a six-year-old expert in phonetic spelling:

a long time ago there wus a duck and the duck so (saw) u pond and bie the pond there wus a fox so the duck sneec in the watr and the watr wus piosin and the duck drunc the watr and the duck got killed.

Whitby students are also well co-ordinated physically and are extremely self-confident.

The theory behind the Montessori method is simple: The infant child lives in what seems to him a chaotic world. He gradually achieves a sense of order by learning to distinguish sights, sounds and odors. Then, between the ages of three and six, the child passes through periods of sensitivity in which he awakens as an individual. He reveals surprising mental agility and shows intense, almost passionate, interest in the adult world. He loves to learn new words. He is interested in orderliness and good manners—not as a game but as a representation of the adult world toward which he is moving.

These sensitive periods are transitory, however, according to Doctor Montessori. Unless the child has an opportunity to explore and learn at the flood tide of his interest, his attention will shift to other things, and his explosive eagerness may never be recaptured.



When the weather is fair, the children do supervised gymnastics outdoors.

As a result of prolonged scientific study, Doctor Montessori concluded that an enduring interest in learning could best be assured by starting training when a child is three years of age and providing plenty of time and opportunity for him to advance at his natural pace. The hours at Whitby are long: nine A.M. to 1:30 P.M. for the youngest, and to four P.M. for older pupils. The children are treated with courtesy and respect as individuals. They are expected to treat classmates and the faculty in the same way. All are greeted at the door with an adult handshake, and even the youngest are expected to perform certain duties, such as taking off or putting on their outer clothing with as little help as possible.

Although teachers are alert to see when a child is ready to advance from a mastered task to a more difficult one, nobody is rushed at Whitby. Problems or tasks are explained and the apparatus to be used is demonstrated. Children are assigned to a task while the teacher moves about to give individual attention to each pupil.

The "prepared environment" essential to the Montessori method among younger groups is a real rather than a play world. It includes everything from the small, easily lifted work tables and stools to elaborate apparatus and teaching materials. These are used not to illustrate the words of the teacher but to enable the child to develop his senses and learn for himself under guidance. The theory is that you cannot educate directly, but in the right environment, education comes through spontaneous exercise of the child's own faculties. As a result, knowledge is fully assimilated instead of becoming half-forgotten facts.

For example, there are large pieces of various kinds of material which the youngest children learn to identify by touch while blindfolded. There are blocks of different weights and sizes to be arranged in order and plastic cut-outs to be fitted into sockets.

The apparatus usually is "self-correcting"—that is, if the child does not do the problem correctly, he will end up with pieces left over or with a space unfilled. For learning the alphabet, large sandpaper letters are mounted on a board, and these are traced over and over with the fingers while the child pronounces the letter phonetically. Such exercises not only lead to familiarity with the shape of letters but also create a "muscular memory" that later will aid the child in holding a pencil and writing letters.

The children "grasp" the fundamentals of mathematics by manipulating or arranging a half-dozen different devices designed to teach the same thing in different ways.

One apparatus used is a box with compartments numbered from zero to nine, each compartment containing the corresponding number of small sticks. The child can either see or put his hand into the first compartment to feel that zero is nothing. He can count the sticks in other compartments, taking them out and putting them back in again and again, to learn the relationship of numbers to concrete objects.

There are ground rules for using the apparatus. A child may choose what he wants, but he may take the apparatus only if it is not in use. He may not interfere with any other child. He may not use the apparatus for any purpose except that for which it is intended. He may quit working with a piece of equipment at any time, but he must return it to its proper place.

A child is not given a task to do or a book to read until he is ready for that step and has every chance of succeeding. He progresses as he is capable so that he gains confidence, a sense of security and pride in achievement. His mistakes are seldom corrected. Instead, the teacher reinstructs him and lets him try again. Discipline is important at Whitby. One word from the teacher and silence blankets the classroom. But basically the self-discipline that comes with an ability to concentrate on a task is preferred to mere obedience to a set of rules.

By the time a child is six or seven he usually begins on his own the transition from the concrete—beads and blocks—to the abstract, written numbers. One day he will use numbers plus beads and blocks to subtract 2789 from 3784. The next day he will simply use numbers. The apparatus, Mrs. Rambusch points out, "is merely a launching pad to abstract learning."

"In this era of world crisis," she said, summing up the school's philosophy, "our children obviously have to learn more and learn it earlier. In the past our schools for the very young have built up a child world that is illusory. Actually, the world is seen literally by children. Here at Whitby we believe they should be prepared to enter life not as defective adults, but as emergent men and women." THE END

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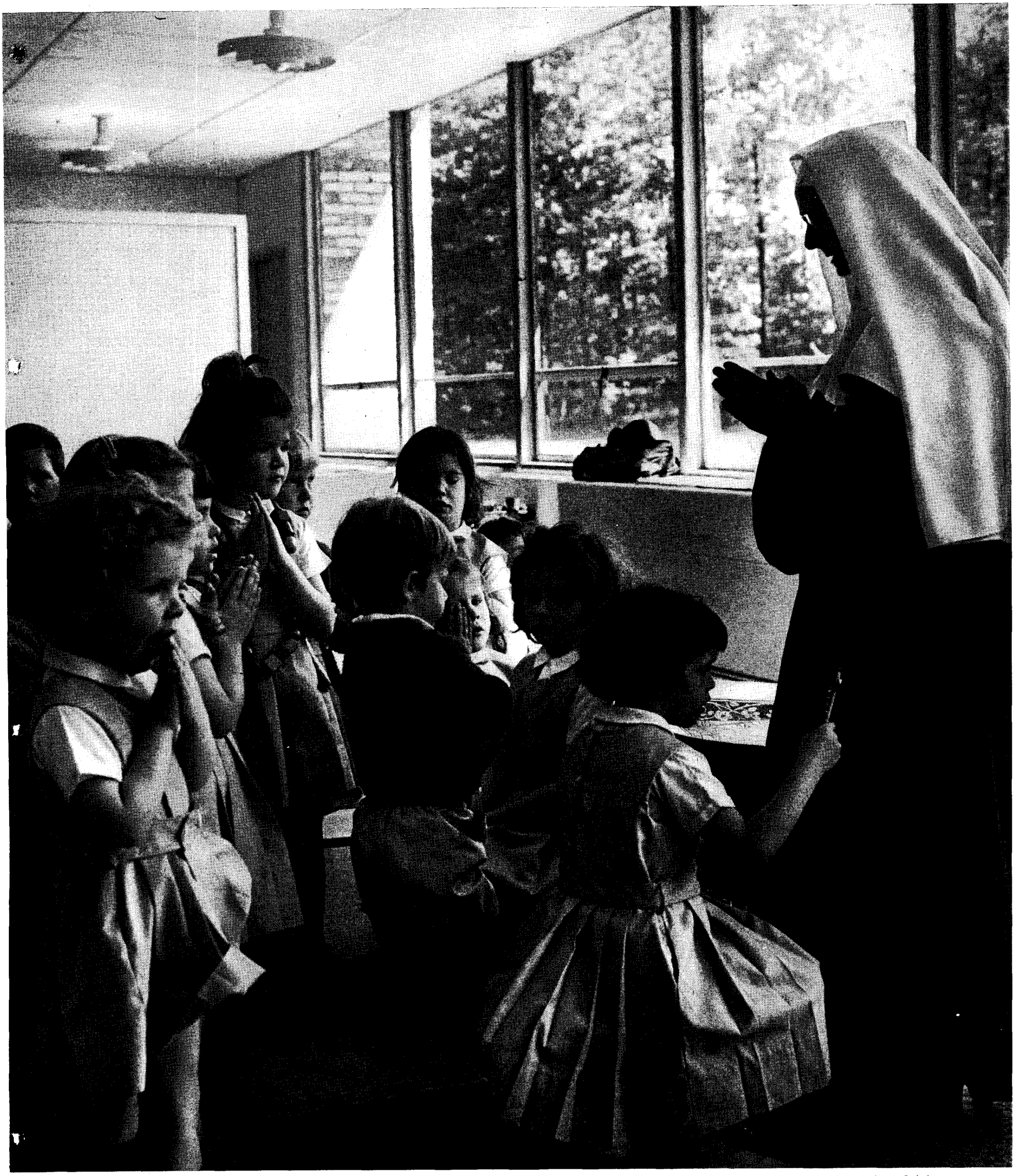

Although Whitby is a Catholic lay school, many Montessori schools are nondenominational or affiliated with other faiths.

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LET HIM DIE

DESIGN BY SAUL BASS

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BY R. C. PHELAN

James Henry Varner was brought to us on a Saturday morning, cheerful, but in poor condition. His throat and both his wrists were cut—he had done it himself. Yet by the time he reached us he had changed his mind and was filled with lust for life, a rather odd thing in a near suicide. He did not want to be let alone to die in peace; instead he wanted us to get busy and sew him back together.

We, of course, were the crew of an operating room. It was a Navy operating room, in a Quonset-hut hospital on grounds which sloped down to the Pacific. Among our palm trees grew little ragged gardens—hollyhocks, zinnias, marigolds—planted and tended by convalescent sailors far from home. Things grew fast in that climate, but never fast enough. Just as a man's flowers were about to bloom, he would be sent back to his ship, cured of whatever had ailed him.

The ambulance men, actually two smiling, big-footed boys, brought in a stretcher containing Varner, set him down like a shipment of merchandise, accepted a receipt for him and left.

Varner smiled up at us from our rolling cart, tired but happy. He was a long, thin, brown man; he looked as if he had been jerked, like meat, in the sun. He might have been thirty-five or forty-five or fifty—you couldn't tell. He was a morphine addict, as our surgeon, Doctor Duncan, was at that moment learning from someone over the phone.

We stared at Varner. There were five of us—two WAVES, two corpsmen and Miss Lawton, our nurse. I must say that we were not glad to see him. He interrupted our easy Saturday routine. The commanding officer and his inspecting party were due any minute. The whole place was in that state of overdone cleanliness and order that can be maintained only briefly, until the inspecting party has passed through.

We had been looking forward to a quiet Saturday, once inspection was over. And now James Henry Varner lay in our workroom, a repair job that would take hours of patient labor. He was a messy sight, with his long-toothed smile in the middle of all the mess. Someone had stopped his bleeding by packing the cuts in his wrists and throat with mud. It was an unsanitary device, but it worked.

Varner was wearing khaki pants and an orange-and-red sport shirt. He was a civilian, employed by the Navy on various construction jobs. His home was a barracks somewhere, miles away. Desperate at being unable to buy as much morphine as he craved, he had borrowed a linoleum knife from a barracksmate and made a better-than-average attempt at suicide. Now, through the muddy slit in his throat—he had missed the jugular vein by an inch or more—each breath escaped as a long, dry, delicate snore.

After a five-minute wait he grew impatient and stopped smiling. "Well, come on," he said. "Y'all get me fixed up." His voice was a huge, hoarse whisper, and the snore continued even while he spoke—in fact, gave the effect of a talking snore. It would have been great in an old Bela Lugosi film.

"It won't be long," Miss Lawton told him firmly. "It takes a few minutes to get the operating room ready."

In came Doctor Duncan, letting the screen door slam. He was a hearty, bellowing Midwesterner, a lieutenant commander, a good surgeon. "Varner," he roared, "they tell me you're a dope fiend."

(Continued on Page 62)

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CARROLL SEGHERS II

People on the way Up

Gigi Reynolds Carrier, Bewitching Builder

After a ten-hour day of zipping from brick yard to building inspector to her latest real-estate development, Gigi Reynolds Carrier, 23, tapes the day's facts and figures, then curls up with a hefty book: *House Construction Details*. Gigi, who recently gave up modeling, builds houses—$600,000 worth last year. In Florida's hotly competitive Miami she sells them. Breaking into the business with her contractor father, Gigi soon was running her own show with a staff of eight men. Says one, "She's no easy mark—her subcontractors toe the line." A sports-car fan who has raced karts, Gigi is engaged to Ferrari driver David Cunningham, hopes to "pull him into the business." Her plans don't stop with houses. Bomb shelters are next; then a chain of amusement parks.

Dick Gregory, Segregation Satirist

"Nothing's free these days," says Negro comedian Dick Gregory, 28. "You can't even hate me free. Costs two hundred and fifty dollars to join the Ku-Klux Klan—and you've still got to buy your own sheet." The white audience roars while Dick goes on caricaturing prejudice. "It all balances out. You can go to Mississippi, and I can't. But I can go to the Congo. You can't." Dick has been cracking jokes without rancor for most of his life, but seldom got paid for it until his big chance came last January. An instant hit, he was booked in night clubs across the country, and his pay zoomed to $2000 a week. Dick got his gift of laughter from his mother. "We kids were ashamed at first when the relief truck came," he recalls. "But mamma'd say, 'Does everybody get such service?'" After two years of college on a track scholarship and two years in the Army, Dick lost two jobs for being so funny his co-workers couldn't work. Almost broke, he lent a few dollars to Tim Boxer, a white press agent temporarily down on his luck. In return, Boxer touted Gregory's talents to night-club owners all over Chicago. When the swank Playboy Club needed a one-night fill-in, they called on Dick. That did it. Although his jokes are usually on Negro-white themes ("I sat at a lunch counter for nine months; they finally integrated and didn't have what I wanted.") Gregory doesn't limit himself. "They're making a kosher atom bomb," he says. "For peaceful purposes—they've got to find a way to crack open a stale bagel."

JACK FIELDS

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BILL BRIDGES

People on the way Up

Joe Tymczyszyn Jr., Precocious Pilot

The antique plane he usually flies is nearly twice his age. Although he's logged sixty hours of solo time, Joe Tymczyszyn (pronounced "Tim-chizzin") can't carry a passenger until he turns 17 in November. Yet he has flown more types of planes than many veterans. Son of a test pilot, Joe sprouted wings early. Once he took the controls of a giant jet under the eyes of two seasoned fliers. O.K. in flight, he was poor at taxiing. "It's like driving a car," one pilot explained. "But I can't drive a car," replied Joe. He can now; he's expert too at making the family beds—his chore because he has four younger brothers, no sisters. Now in France on a scholarship, Joe has finished his junior year at Westchester High School in Los Angeles. Next goal? The U.S. Air Force Academy—to study for a future in aeronautical engineering or in space medicine.

Jane Marilley, Executives' Executive

Singer, lineman, carpenter, chef—Washington's girl Friday, prim, green-eyed Jane Marilley, 38, is a bit of them all, and more. Boss of an enterprise called Courtesy Associates, she says of her job, "We do any task a client can't do, or doesn't feel like doing himself." That includes catering banquets, providing entertainment, setting up convention facilities and, last year, answering more than one million telephone calls. When the staff of the Kennedy inaugural headquarters was snowed in at home on Inauguration Day, Jane supplied a substitute staff. When one client wanted a rare, hard-to-find liqueur, Jane located some in Havana, flew there and got it for him. Miss Marilley started Courtesy Associates in 1947 as a telephone-answering service. Gradually she took on more chores ("It's surprising," she says, "how many of the biggest corporations need help in little ways."). Now, with 35 rigidly screened employees, she does everything from feeding a vacationing client's cat to escorting 800 grocers' wives on a tour of the White House.

CARROL SEGHERS II

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THE Face OF AMERICA

Dune Buggies

Racing with floored throttles, dune buggies play tag on wind-carved mounds along the California coast. These machines, useless in traffic, are custom-made for wild sport. The "bug" in the foreground throwing rooster tails of sand has double rear wheels for extra traction. Kicked by a 200-horsepower Buick engine, it makes thirty on the flat, sixty down the face of a giant dune, was built by Arnold Teague for $900. Teague, here with his wife Peggy, is president of the Dune Riders, fifty-six buggy buffs who haunt this sandy waste south of Pismo Beach. The sport has its risks—shadows can fake a careless driver off a cliff, a hump can flip him. But for seasoned dune riders, "bugging" brings the freedom and raucous power forbidden them on the highway.

Photograph by Phil Bath

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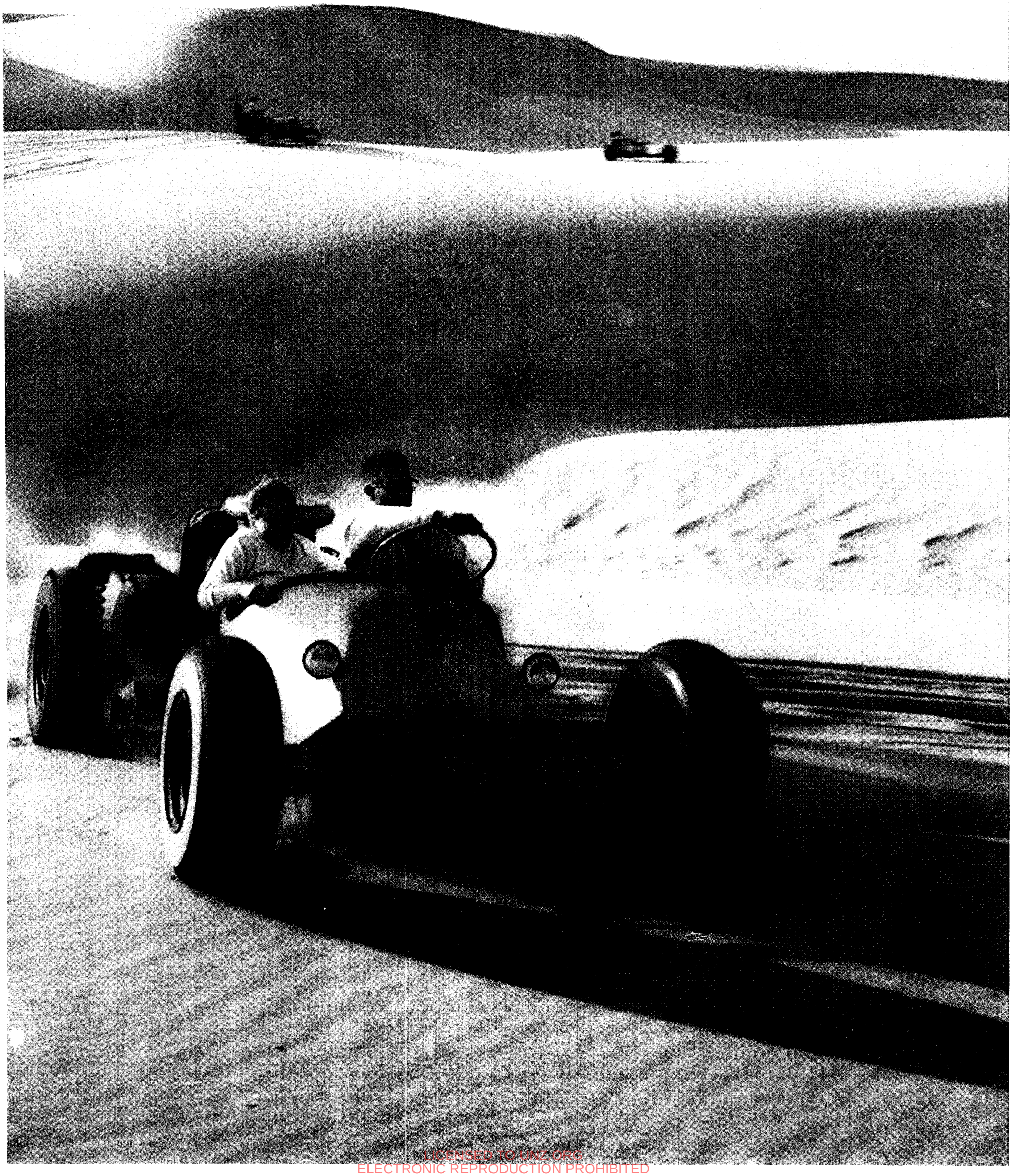

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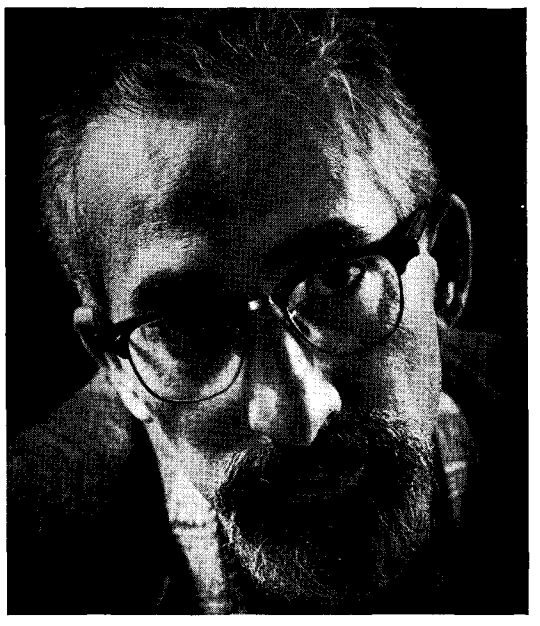
ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

BY ABRAHAM KAPLAN

PSYCHIATRISTS & CLERGYMEN: ENEMIES OR ALLIES?

Born in Odessa, Russia, Abraham Kaplan is Professor of Philosophy at U.C.L.A., a member of the Academy of Psychoanalysis and the Hebrew Union College faculty. His latest book, The New World of Philosophy, *was published on July second by Random House.*



GERDTS

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR KAPLAN:

"To make the analyst's couch a confessional and the analyst a priest is to abandon the basic aim of insight into the unconscious."

"Psychoanalysis cannot tell us what is virtuous and what is not."

"I believe that racial segregation is immoral, but not that all segregationists should have their heads examined, nor that if they did, the whole problem would vanish."

"A faith sustained only by expectation of reward . . . indicates sickness of the soul."

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Not long ago a student came to see me because he was worried about his studies. He had been unable to work because of anxiety about his relationship with a girl of whom his parents disapproved. I suggested he get professional help, whereupon he asked, "Should I see the chaplain or the psychiatrist in the Student Health Service?"

The question took me by surprise. A generation ago few students would have been likely to ask it. Morality was one thing, mental health another, and the chaplain and clinician would not be called upon for help with problems of the same kind. What has brought about this new state of affairs? And what have we gained—or lost—in the process?

Psychotherapy is the treatment of mental illness by psychological methods, of which psychoanalysis is only one. Both a theory and a therapy, psychoanalysis tries to explain why people behave as they do, and to help them change their behavior. What makes the theory distinctive is that it explains behavior by the presence in us of feelings and ideas of which we are unconscious. These unconscious feelings and ideas are largely continuing effects in adult life of childhood experiences; and to get at them, the analyst has the patient "free-associate," that is, to say whatever comes into his mind, in a relationship with the analyst which reveals how the patient tends to react to the analyst in terms of his own childhood desires and fears. When the patient becomes aware of these unconscious tendencies, he is better able to control them and so to live at peace with himself.

Sigmund Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, and some of his followers applied the theory to religious beliefs and practices. Religion, they said, is a kind of mass irrationality, a "collective neurosis"; it is a symptom of unconscious emotional conflict. The belief in a Heavenly Father derives from a "dramatization on the cosmic plane of the child's relations to his parents." The religious outlook regards the world as though it were still a nursery. Such was the theme of Freud's reflections on religion, published under the revealing title, *The Future of an Illusion*.

Psychoanalysis was subjected to severe criticism, not only by psychiatrists who demanded higher standards of evidence and proof for the theory but also by many laymen and clergy who felt the theory undermined morality. They accused Freud of degrading the concept of human nature, of seeking sexual and aggressive impulses behind even the noblest aspirations. In the beginning—and occasionally even today—people seriously misunderstood psychoanalysis, believing that it encouraged patients to discard all inhibitions. Others criticized it for the opposite reason—for aiming at nothing better than adjusting the individual to a "normal" life in a sinful world. Such an aim, they argued, would take the heart out of moral effort; for a morality of adjustment cannot rise higher than its source, namely, the society to which it adjusts.

There has been a vast change since Freud. Today many psychoanalysts take religion seriously in their own lives. They reject Freud's personal views on religion, holding that such views are not necessarily implied by the psychoanalytic theory. Besides, they add, the psychological *origin* of religious belief has nothing to do with whether the belief itself is true or false, rational or irrational. A scientist might unconsciously have chosen his career because of an unsatisfied childhood curiosity about the facts of life, but that would not make his science childish. Certain schools of psychoanalysis have come to regard moral and spiritual values as central to mental health, with profound implications for both theory and therapy.

Conversely, many of the clergy now think of religion as performing a function like psychotherapy. Courses in mental health have been introduced in the curricula of many seminaries. Many clergymen take psychiatric clinical training. The literature of pastoral psychology is abundant. There is a National Academy of Religion and Mental Health and an American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry. In short, the conflict between religion and psychiatry has largely subsided. The former enemies have become allies.

Now, I am all for peace and friendship in the political arena. But in the realm of ideas the strategy of "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em" has little to recommend it. That kind of negotiation is appeasement; compromise must not involve matters of principle. I believe that if the tendencies to "psychiatrize" religion and to "spiritualize" psychotherapy are not arrested, both religion and psychiatry will suffer. I am calling, not for a renewal of hostilities, but for a reaffirmation of what is unique and irreplaceable in each sphere. "Togetherness" only obscures essential differences. It weakens integrity of purpose; the search for scientific understanding and for religious fulfillment both go astray.

To be sure, certain gains have been achieved. We now recognize that the clergy can not only provide spiritual solace for the sick but also actively participate in therapy. At the same time, medicine has progressively widened its focus from the diseased organ to the entire organism, from the body to the whole person, from the individual to the family and from the family to society. In such perspectives the healing power of faith appears real and important, and religion remains relevant to this power even when given the secular label of "the will to live."

The clergy devotes more and more time and effort to pastoral psychotherapy. According to a recent survey of 150 Protestant ministers, only 10 per cent of the problems brought to them pertain initially to religion—the rest to marital and domestic problems, juvenile behavior, alcoholism, sex.

There is a legend of a great and pure soul about to begin its earthly sojourn. Satan lodged a complaint before the Heavenly Court: "If this soul is allowed to be born, it will turn so many people away from sin that I will be unable to do my evil work. And after all, I, too, have a place in God's scheme of things."

"Don't worry," was the reply. "This soul will spend its earthly life as a clergyman. He won't have time to interfere with you."

As a group of hospital chaplains recently reported, religion can sometimes alleviate emotional disturbances more effectively than tranquilizers. The clergyman sees himself more and more clearly as the clinician's partner. And to some degree all of us share in this partnership. Psychotherapy is not confined to the clinic; it may occur in almost any human relationship—with members of the family, friends, coworkers, even strangers. A kind word and a sympathetic ear have therapeutic value.

Skilled psychiatrists are all too few to meet the needs of our immense, complex society. A psychoanalysis, for instance, may take as long as and cost more than a college education. Mental-health agencies have long waiting lists. The clinics can barely handle the urgent cases. Yet there are many subtle emotional disturbances whose cumulative effect can be just as crippling. Mental health has become so great a national problem that we cannot afford to reject any responsible help, and so we should encourage the inclusion of the clergy in psychiatric training.

But this is very different from trying to interpret mental health through religion or religion through psychiatry. Too many clergymen think of neurosis as basically a moral failing—which, in turn, they trace to spiritual shortcomings. In just this way an earlier age linked organic illness with sin. Says Bishop Fulton Sheen: "Even to physicians who do not put their findings in moral terms, it is becoming increasingly evident that mental troubles are often rooted in violations of a natural law and therefore have a moral basis." However, the bishop carefully hastens to add that he is not ascribing all mental disorders to a sense of sin.

Yet many clergymen criticize what Bishop Sheen calls the "materialistic psychiatrists" for overlooking the role of sin in mental distress. Some go so far as to identify the underlying cause of mental illness as "a sense of disharmony with CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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HE HAD TO PROVE TO HER THAT THE WORD SERVANT HAS NO MEANING...

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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BY BILL GULICK

When the stranger rode into camp, Freda Eklunds was down on her knees before a pan of hot, soapy water, washing dishes. The dry June wind coming off the sage-covered desert beyond Fort Bridger had loosened a strand of her braided yellow hair, and, in exasperation, she had made a hasty backhanded pass at it, succeeding only in getting suds in her right eye. With a cry of dismay she lifted her apron, wiped the lye soap from the offended eye and then looked up through a misty film as the stranger swung off his horse. "'Scuse me, ma'am. This the Wagner outfit?"

"Yes."

"Whar'll I find Lucius Wagner?"

"Over there," she answered, started to point, then, as a flood of tears came again, tried to stem them with her apron.

"Somethin' troublin' you?" the man said, concerned.

"Soap. Just soap."

As her vision cleared she saw that he was tall, lean and dark, wore ragged, greasy buckskins and, despite his self-assured air, appeared to be only a few years older than herself. His black eyes twinkled.

"Glad to hear that. Thought I'd busted in on a private cry."

Resuming her chore with an angry toss of her head, she covertly watched him lead his horse toward the wagon in whose shade the Wagner family was resting. Mr. Wagner, a hearty, red-faced man in his early fifties, was napping. Mrs. Wagner, a solid woman with a firm chin and disposition to match, was making sure that her six children—who ranged in age from nine to sixteen—were concentrating on their books to make up for the schoolwork they were missing. *I should have warned him that the Wagners dislike being disturbed at this hour*, Freda mused. *Well, he'll learn that soon enough.*

"Howdy, ma'am. I'm Jeff Clayton. Jim Bridger sent me over ——"

"If you wish to see my husband," Mrs. Wagner cut in, "he cannot be disturbed. Come back later."

Mr. Wagner opened his eyes. "It is all right, mamma. I am awake. . . . What do you want, Mr. Clayton?"

"Jim says you're lookin' for a guide to take you through to Oregon."

"We are."

"Wal, that's my business."

"You know the way?"

"Blindfolded."

Vigorously scrubbing a plate, Freda marveled that an uncouth, ignorant, poorly dressed man such as this one should approach the Wagners and ask for a job so casually. The Wagners were rich, socially important Continued on Page 88

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At twenty-two Connie Francis
is an internationally famous singer
who has sold 25,000,000 records.
What made her a star? And how does she
survive the junglelike competition?

GIRL ON THE GLAMOUR-GO-ROUND

By Dean Jennings

Connie—born Constance Franconero—has a big-girl voice, prefers little-girl amusements.

In the savagely competitive world of pop music, the artists need cunning, a thick skin and energy. They are prisoners of a way of life that denies them normal, simple pleasures and subjects them to ruthless exploitation. The mortality rate is high, and even the survivors carry scars that never quite fade.

Among the survivors is a wisp of a girl singer named Connie Francis, who, at twenty-two, has sold some 25,000,000 records, earns no less than $300,000 a year and is committed to a ten-year program that will certainly make her a millionaire. Connie has black wind-blown hair, a dimpled chin and haunting brown eyes; in the little Shirley Temple-type dresses she wears she looks like a high-school prom queen. She scribbles her secret thoughts into a diary every day, lives at home with mom and dad and collects stuffed toy animals. On the face of it she could be the girl next door.

In fact, Miss Connie Francis is a very big business, and in the relentless process of creating a commercial image the manipulators have infused her with a shrewdness and glacial poise rarely found in one so young. But the processing seems to have squeezed the youth out of her, leaving a pervading sense of loneliness. "There are only twenty-four hours in a day," she says wistfully, "and there is no time for me to have joy and to live. I feel guilty when I'm not working hard. I am under enormous pressure, and we have a schedule for everything."

The schedule, which is so demanding that she can seldom be alone, has paid off, at least in dollars. Since June of 1955, when she was sixteen years old and already a veteran of countless mediocre performances, Connie has recorded twenty-five singles and thirteen albums. Eight of the singles were "gold records"—that is, each one sold more than 1,000,000 copies—and her royalties on those exceeded $400,000. All the albums have passed the 100,000 mark. Her first motion picture, *Where the Boys Are*, has already grossed $8,000,000, and her recording of the title song hit the million mark only five weeks after the movie was released.

Connie's club and hotel fees run from $5000 to $12,000 a week, and as a sideline—it is somewhat like having a personal mint—she owns and operates four music-publishing companies. There are also Connie Francis charm bracelets, sweaters, coats, diaries, scrapbooks and bobby socks, all manufactured under licenses she grants after carefully considering and approving the product.

Connie has trained herself to keep a vigilant eye on all these enterprises; when one of them seems to be lagging, she is likely to attack the

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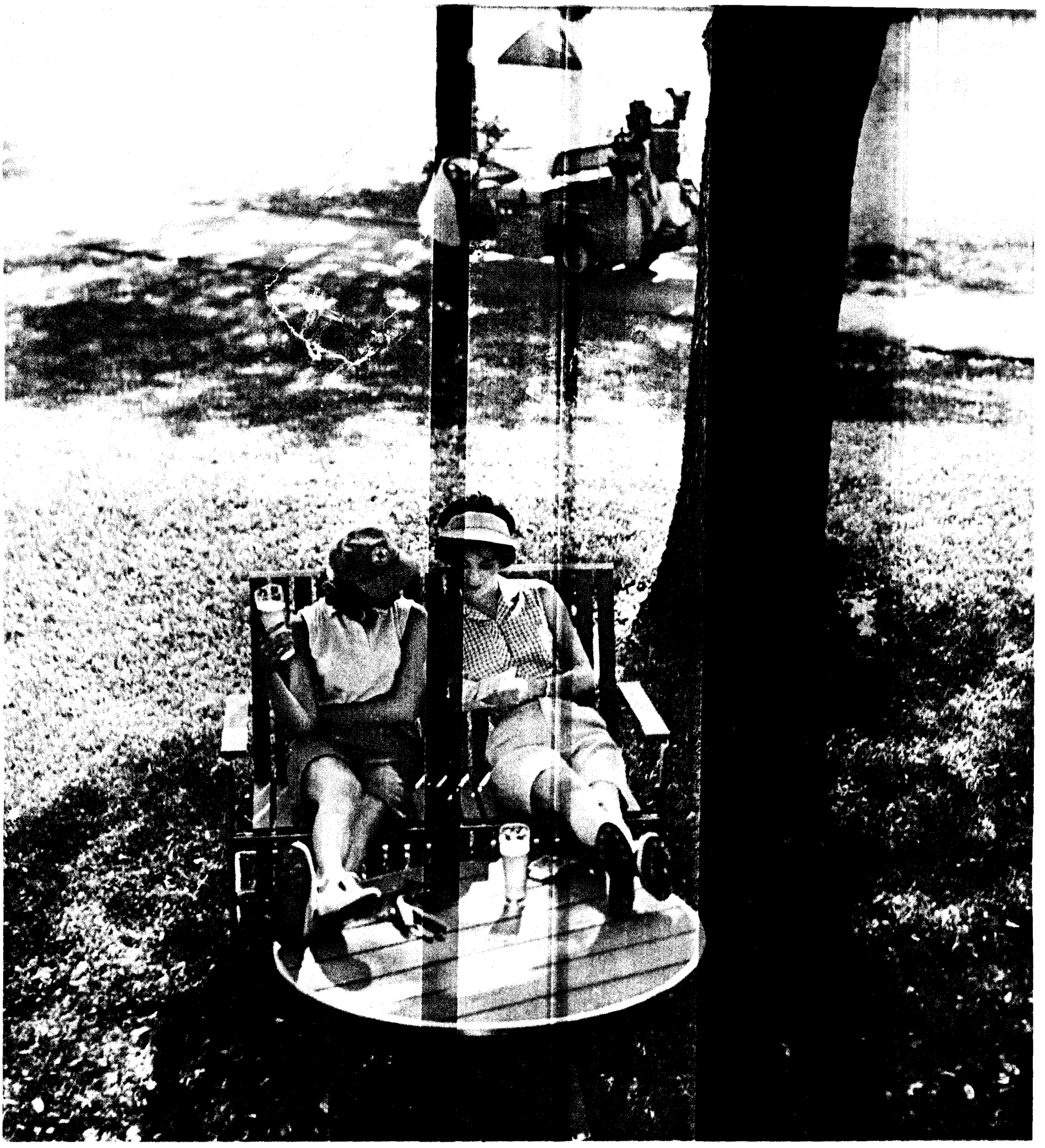

who says beer is a man's beverage?

Women, we've observed, are quick to get into the swing of things. Look at the numbers that have recently taken to the links. And we detect with pleasure a mounting enthusiasm for the post-game glass of beer or ale. The ladies are discovering what their husbands have known all along: a warm round of golf calls for a cold round of beer. Beer is so refreshing. What better reason for keeping plenty of it on ice all year long—golfer or no.

THE UNITED STATES BREWERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
. . . whose members make today's finest beer and ale

More and more women agree: Nothing else is as good as a good glass of beer

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problem herself. Last year, checking the books on overseas sales, Connie was dismayed to find that her records were not selling in Italy. "My grandparents came from Italy," she says, "and it upset me to think we were selling all over Europe but not in Italy." She flew to Rome and made a single television appearance. "That's all it took," she says triumphantly. "We now have three records in the top ten in Italy. One of them, called *Jealous of You*, which I sing half in English and half in Italian, has been number one there for eleven weeks."

On a recent trip to London Connie was disturbed to note that her young English fans wanted her autograph on a small locally published book purporting to be her life story. She had not authorized the little volume—it was primarily a picture book.

"Everywhere I went there were hundreds of these books," she says. "They sold like crazy in England. So I thought, 'This could be something great.'" Returning to New York, Connie laid out a blueprint for a book of her own, a preachment aimed at her teen-age followers.

"My book can't miss," she says clinically. "It's got to be mature—definitely. It will be advice for teen-agers, and I think I have an honest identification with young people. I'm better equipped to write this sort of book, because I'm not removed from their problems. I haven't forgotten my awkward years and their tribulations."

The book is currently being written for her by Barbara Perlman of New York and Sandra (Sandy) Constantinople, Connie's secretary and traveling companion. And when Connie says her book can't miss, she is not indulging in wishful thinking. To push it, she has a worldwide network of devoted fan clubs, thoroughly indoctrinated and regularly agitated by communiqués and pictures from the fountainhead. There are 368 Connie Francis fan clubs in the United States and scores of others in such distant outposts as Moscow, Brisbane, Rome, London, Luxembourg, Budapest and Prague.

Connie receives an average of 5000 letters a week, nearly half of them from abroad. Obviously Connie never sees the bulk of the fan mail and cannot take the time to sign the form replies or the 200,000 photographs a year her staff sends out. But the worshipers receive extra nourishment in a folksy sort of printed newsletter which tries to persuade them that Connie is with them in spirit. Connie is proud of the fact that even the most oddly addressed letters quickly reach her office—mail, for instance, marked "Sweetheart of Song, America" or "Connie (My Happiness), U.S.A."

In achieving this international eminence, Connie overcame vicissitudes that would have destroyed a lesser spirit; she was, in fact, a commercial flop for years.

Connie Francis began life as Constance Franconero on December 12, 1938, in Newark, New Jersey. Her parents, George and Aida Franconero, lived in Brooklyn—the father was a dockworker there until he switched to the roofing business—but they went to visit relatives in Newark that week. There was a community dance in a neighborhood ballroom, and Mrs. Franconero insisted on going. She had been dancing only half an hour when labor pains began, and she was rushed to St. James Hospital nearby. Connie was born that night.

Two years later the family left Brooklyn and moved to the Italian neighborhood in Newark. There was a good deal of music around the Franconero house when Connie was a little girl, and on warm summer evenings her father, like many of his neighbors, sat on the porch playing the concertina his parents had brought from Italy.

Connie was three and a half years old when she began taking lessons on a miniature accordion at Miss Masciola's Music School in Newark. "I guess I was a hambone even then," she says. "I'd walk up and down the street every evening, just playing for the people on their porches."

At the age of four Connie made her debut at Olympic Park in Irvington, New Jersey, with other pupils from the Masciola school. She was a pudgy little girl in a rose-pink party dress with lace ruffles. As her father recalls, orchestra leader Dick Stabile muted his instruments to make sure she could be heard singing *O Sole Mio*. This was wasted chivalry, because then, as now, Connie could project her voice like a hog caller.

For the next several years Connie sang at church socials, lodge picnics and hospital benefits, but her father was unable to interest the New York agents. In 1950, when he took her to New York for an audition on a television juvenile variety show called *Startime*, producer George Sheck gave them a frosty reception. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm up to my neck in kid singers."

"But Mr. Sheck," Franconero said, "she also plays the accordion."

"O.K.," Sheck said without enthusiasm. "I'll listen to her tomorrow."

Sheck, who is now Connie's personal manager on a substantial percentage basis, must shudder when he remembers how close he came to giving her the brush.

In any case, he did agree to an audition. While Connie was waiting she made a single appearance on the *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* show. She used the name Connie Francis for the first time and won first place.

Connie was twelve when she started on Sheck's *Startime* show, and she made a weekly appearance for four consecutive

"I think I have an honest identification with young people," says Connie, who still collects stuffed animals.

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years. She looks back on her early teens with a touch of bitterness. For one thing, she became a compulsive eater, and though she was only four feet ten inches tall, her weight shot up to 140 pounds. "That period was awkward for me," she says. "I was in a group of very advanced girls. They wore spike heels and a lot of make-up and had their hair in long pony-tails, and I felt inferior. So I ate like the Russians were around the corner. Every girl has to have some kind of release, someone to tell problems to, and I had no one.

"I could never talk to my mother about sex, for instance. I couldn't talk to her about my one big problem, which was that these other teen-agers I was working with on the show were highly immoral youngsters. When we were doing the summer borsch circuit up in the Catskills, these kids had wild parties and used strong language. I had never seen anything like that at home.

"But I didn't dare tell my mother because she would have taken me off the program, and I felt that the show was important and I needed it. I never mixed socially with these other kids. I just sat around by myself and ate, and my whole attitude became very distorted."

When the *Startime* show folded, Sheck had so much confidence in his plump little singer that he invested $6000 of his own money in a series of recordings and abandoned his other protégés to devote all his time to Connie. "He never got his money back on those records," Connie says, "so he signed me with M-G-M Records."

The fact that she was only sixteen and thus barred by law from performing in bars and clubs was only a temporary obstacle. With the connivance of her father and the help of friends in a certain New Jersey police department, Connie got an official police ID card which falsely stated that she was eighteen years old. Thus equipped, and with her mother as a chaperone and traveling companion, Connie spent all her weekends and high-school vacations belting the blues in second-rate *bistros*.

In Baltimore, where she took second billing on a show starring a sensational young singer named Johnny Mathis, the irate manager phoned her agent and wailed, "You've stuck me four hundred bucks a week for an amateur!" In Boston, discovering she was on the same billing with a stripper, Connie refused to go on. In Detroit a police detective threatened to take her to headquarters because he would not believe she was eighteen. The management, she says, solved that crisis by paying off the cop.

Connie recalls wryly that she did some 200 auditions for big-money clubs, major television shows, radio programs and Broadway musicals, flunking all but three. "I couldn't even make Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour* on TV," she says. But in the process of shuttling from one shabby dressing room to another and singing for rowdy, dish-rattling audiences from Boston to Washington, D.C., she acquired the icy, nerveless control characteristic of her performance today.

Unfortunately the surface polish wasn't enough. Up to September of 1957 Connie had recorded ten singles for M-G-M, but none of them made a ripple in the market. Believing she was washed up, Connie decided to quit show business. She enrolled as a student at New York University about the time her M-G-M contract was due to expire. She had one more record to make. During a family conference her discouraged father said, "Up to now all the records you've made were picked for you by the company. Now I've got a favorite old song called *Who's Sorry Now?* If you sing it with a slight rock-and-roll beat in the background, it may appeal to the kids, and the adults will remember it as a favorite of theirs."

"People won't take rock and roll from a girl," she said. "Those who've done it are dead."

"Try it," Franconero said.

Connie recorded the number with misgivings. It was released in November. In one of those mysteries that tempt record manufacturers to study astrology, *Who's Sorry Now?* hit the magic million mark in five weeks. Connie, who had thought

Photographs by Ormond Gigli

'Linde' Stars and diamonds in matched platinum settings by Wm. Chalson & Co. The brooch $1430 F.T.I. The ring, $495 F.T.I.

The Heavens captured in 'Linde' Stars

The enduring beauty of a constellation lives on in this cluster of 'Linde' Stars. In their depths glows stirring magic. Those who look deep into their six-rayed splendour will come under an hypnotic spell. Choose the 'Linde' Star that seems to belong to you—'Pigeon Blood', flashing with the fire of the Indies, 'Milk White', sunshine breaking through mist, 'Cornflower', a heavenly blue shot with white fire. The passionate beauty of 'Linde' Stars lives on and on—a suitable symbol of enduring love—fashioned into fine jewelry for men and women. From $85 to $4,000. Capture your share of the heavens in 'Linde' Stars.

5 karat red 'Linde' Star in 14K yellow gold mounting with side engraving. $120.

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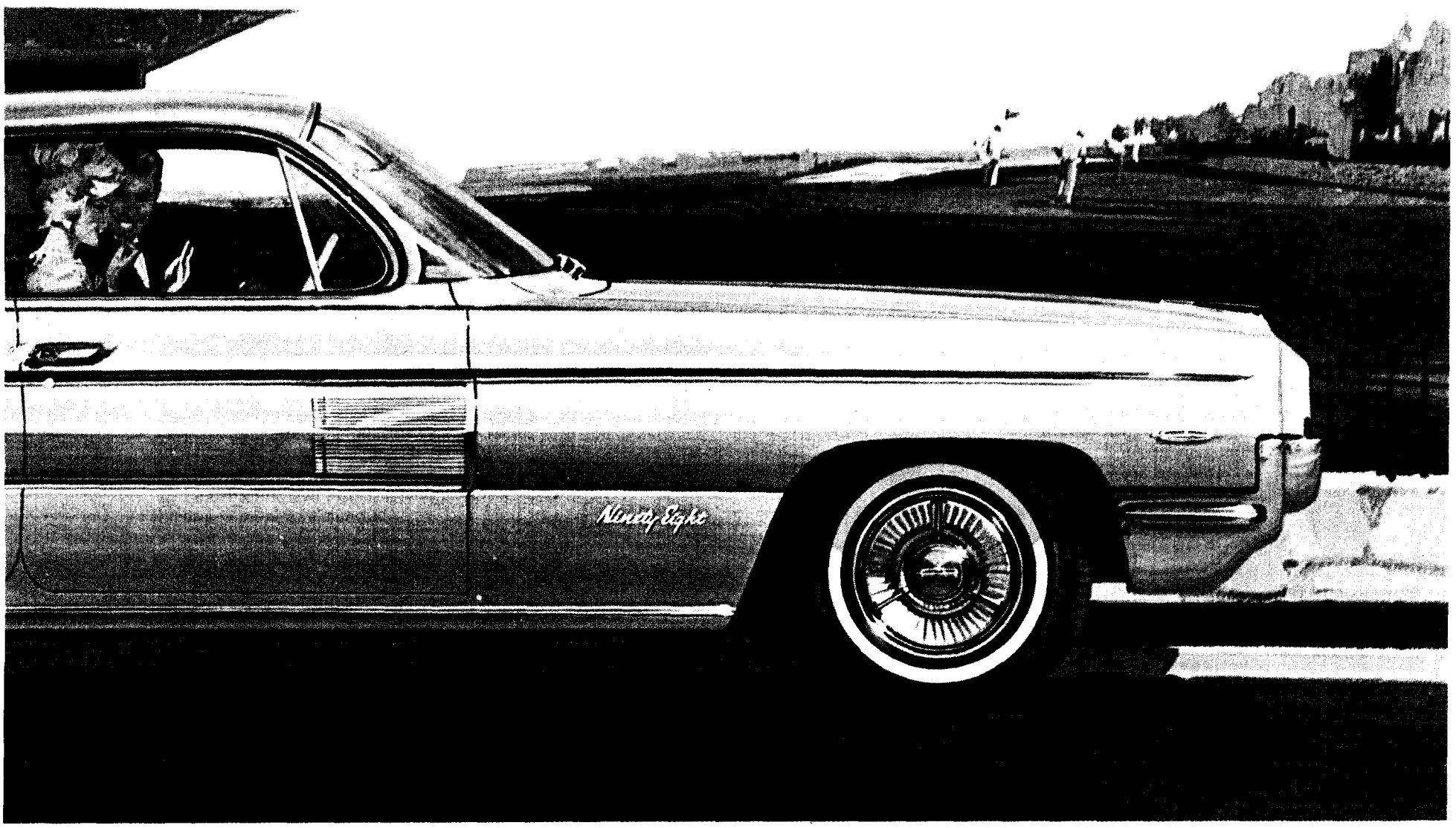

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of studying medicine, never went back to school, and for almost four years now she has been a slave to the Connie Francis image.

Her own appraisal of her success seems deceptively simple. "I think I have a fantastic amount of luck," she says. "I have some kind of guardian angel, because nothing bad ever happens to me. I've never been sick. I've never been sued. I don't have any show-business enemies anyone has ever told me about."

The implication in this capsule analysis is that wealth and fame have inflicted no penalties. But the pressure of staying on top has already opened little cracks here and there. Three years ago Connie suffered from skin trouble which, she says, was the result of overwork. "Everybody was saying it was my diet," she explains, "and they were suggesting all sorts of cures. Actually it was just nervous tension."

The facial blemishes disappeared in time, but Connie still breaks out in a rash occasionally—it is now confined to her back—especially on opening nights. She carries a little bottle of pills prescribed by her physician; taking two of them clears up her skin in an hour or two. "I'm never nervous on stage," she says defensively. "People pay to see me, and they must like me or they'd go down the street to see somebody else."

The professional rat race has also aggravated what Connie herself calls "a very bad temper." If anger flares, she is apt to slam doors, throw books or vent her fury on friends or associates. When she first played the Copacabana in New York and a photographer came to take pictures for album covers, the club owner, Jules Podell, ordered him out of the place. Connie said furiously, "If the photographer doesn't stay, I won't go on." She actually refused to sing, and Podell had to get Sammy Davis Jr. as an emergency replacement. Another time, recording a new song in M-G-M's New York studio, Connie complained about the arrangements and the musicians. At 2:30 A.M. she suddenly walked out into the cold winter night with no coat or hat and spent an hour dissipating her black mood by trudging up and down the deserted streets, aimless and solitary.

She cooled off Bobby Darin—who is not exactly a Boy Scout himself—in a backstage feud on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Connie and Darin were to sing a duet. She went to his dressing room. "C'mon," she said, "we've got to rehearse our song."

"I'm not rehearsing," Darin said. "I'm busy talking to my friends."

Connie went to Sullivan in a huff and threatened to cancel the duet unless Darin agreed to rehearse. After some velvet-glove coaxing, Darin knocked on Connie's door. "Hello," he said sweetly. "Are you ready to rehearse?"

"No!" Connie said brusquely. "I'm busy taking a nap."

Connie and Bobby wound up doing the number cold. It was not what the critics would call a show stopper. "If I blow up once in a while," Connie says contritely, "it's because I have no release from tension except my singing."

The suspicion persists that Connie's sophistication and sharp business instincts mask unsatisfied yearnings of earlier years. She still lives with her parents in a modest house on Dalebrook Road in suburban Bloomfield, New Jersey. In her room there is a bureau with what she calls her "memory drawer." There she keeps the little treasures of girlhood—her first paper dolls, the first tooth she lost, ticket stubs for her first movie, and the like.

The drawer also holds the diaries into which she has written all her secret thoughts for the past eight years. They are written in shorthand now, because she discovered her mother was occasionally sneaking a look. She finds her only fun—and here, too, there is identification with her teen-age fans—at amusement parks, drive-in movies and neighborhood hamburger stands.

To those people who see Connie on stage—she worked for years in front of a mirror to develop the slick gestures—she seems far more mature than her twenty-two years. In business contacts she shows a professional savvy, a weary urbanity. But there is some naïveté left, judging from a story she shyly tells on herself.

"You know, everybody has an idol," she said, "and I had a terrible crush on Charlton Heston. He was in a picture called *Naked Jungle*, and I saw it twelve times. One day they told me I was going to be on *The Perry Como Show* with him, and I couldn't believe it. I was dumfounded."

Connie says she was in a nervous state the day of the show. While she was backstage nibbling her diet lunch of cottage cheese and fruit salad, Heston suddenly appeared and sat down beside her.

"Oh, Mr. Heston," Connie blurted, "I've just seen *Naked Jungle* twelve times, and I think you're the greatest, and I used to dream about you."

"Too bad," Heston said. "Our romance is over before it gets started."

"Why?" Connie asked.

"Because," he said, "when I was a small boy my father told me never to date girls who eat cottage cheese and fruit salad."

It would seem natural for an attractive girl to fall in love, but, whether by design or not, her daily life is so crammed with travel, rehearsals, interviews and other business affairs that there is little time for serious suitors. She never travels without George Sheck and Miss Constantinople, and between them they plan and control her every move.

Miss Constantinople, a thirty-year-old ex-newspaperwoman, sleeps in the same suite with Connie, takes the phone calls, keeps out unwanted visitors, helps design Connie's dresses, handles the mail and the bookkeeping, and does a variety of other chores. "Sandy is my father-confessor," Connie says. "She has done wonders for me in my ways of thinking."

Publicly Connie has endured wholly fictitious fan-magazine stories about romances with actors Anthony Hall, Troy Donahue and others. She has seen her name pop up in those same magazines as the "author" of such crude articles as MY FATHER KEPT ME A PRISONER and HOW FAR SHOULD A GIRL GO?

Such tawdry exploitation seems to be one of the drawbacks of the business, but Connie has built up a thick skin. "Some of these stories can really boost your stock with the teen-agers," she explains. "You have to do these things if you depend on teen-agers for your popularity."

But potential wooers in her off-stage life can't put up with her entourage. Most of them have walked out on her because, as she admits, they can never be alone with her. This is isolation by design, a form of bondage that began years ago. "My father was very strict with me," she says, "especially in the beginning when he found out that the kids I was working with were not as moral as they should be. Then he became protective, and in certain instances overprotective."

Connie's main interest at the moment is a movie to be filmed in England. Ironically the plot seems autobiographical.

"It's a story about a big star," she says, "a girl who's completely surrounded by an entourage, and she can't lead her own life. And life is very empty because she has all this glamour, and yet she hasn't found anybody she loves. All of a sudden she meets this prince visiting from another country. Her manager is pulling his hair, but in the end they get married."

"Connie," I asked, "are there now no princes in your real life?"

"Oh, yeah," she said with a bored tone. "I got a lot of them. I get crushes on boys. There was one in England and one in Germany. And there was another one in—where, Sandy?"

"Hawaii," Sandy prompted.

"Yes. I think I've lost him," Connie said.

"How?" I asked.

"He got married."

Connie could very well add, as they say in show business, "Well, that's the story of my life." THE END

Making music with the family pooch. Connie began taking accordion lessons at three and a half, confesses, "I was a hambone even then."

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TAKE HER

HE COULDN'T THINK OF A BETTER PLACE TO MARRY A GIRL HE HAD JUST MET... BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

One evening early in May a red roadster with its top down drew up in front of Van Karaman's little shack on the beach at Malibu, and Van couldn't help noticing from the kitchen window that it was Fred Sassuni, who had something or other to do with sets at Paramount, and with Fred was a blonde.

Well now, look at that, Van thought. Fred's gone to work and brought me a nice present from Paramount Pictures. Good old Fred.

The fact is, he had run into Fred at Dudley Murphy's Holiday House only three nights ago. Dudley himself had introduced them, saying, "Writer, meet Movies." Later Dudley introduced them to Aircraft, Real Estate, Fish and Money. Everybody got a little acquainted, and after about an hour, Van drove down the road six miles to his shack. He remembered Sassuni because of the name and the nose, both unique.

Now he saw the nose at the top of the stairs, and he felt grateful to Dudley for making the introduction, because if that was a gift Fred Sassuni was bringing him, it was exactly what Van had always wanted. If it wasn't, well, a close look would be better than nothing. Van's writing had been going badly all day, and he had finally decided at a little before seven that it was time for a cup of fresh-percolated coffee and a clear head with which to find out how to spend the night. He was thinking of driving to Las Vegas with the unfinished story on the seat beside him, to remind him that he was driving three hundred miles to an all-night town in order to finish the story. The way Van drove he figured he would arrive in Las Vegas around three in the morning, if he took off a little before nine, not too long after dusk. He drove steadily, that is. He didn't race. He just turned on the radio and forgot everything—just drove until he came to the crazy lights of the craziest town in the world.

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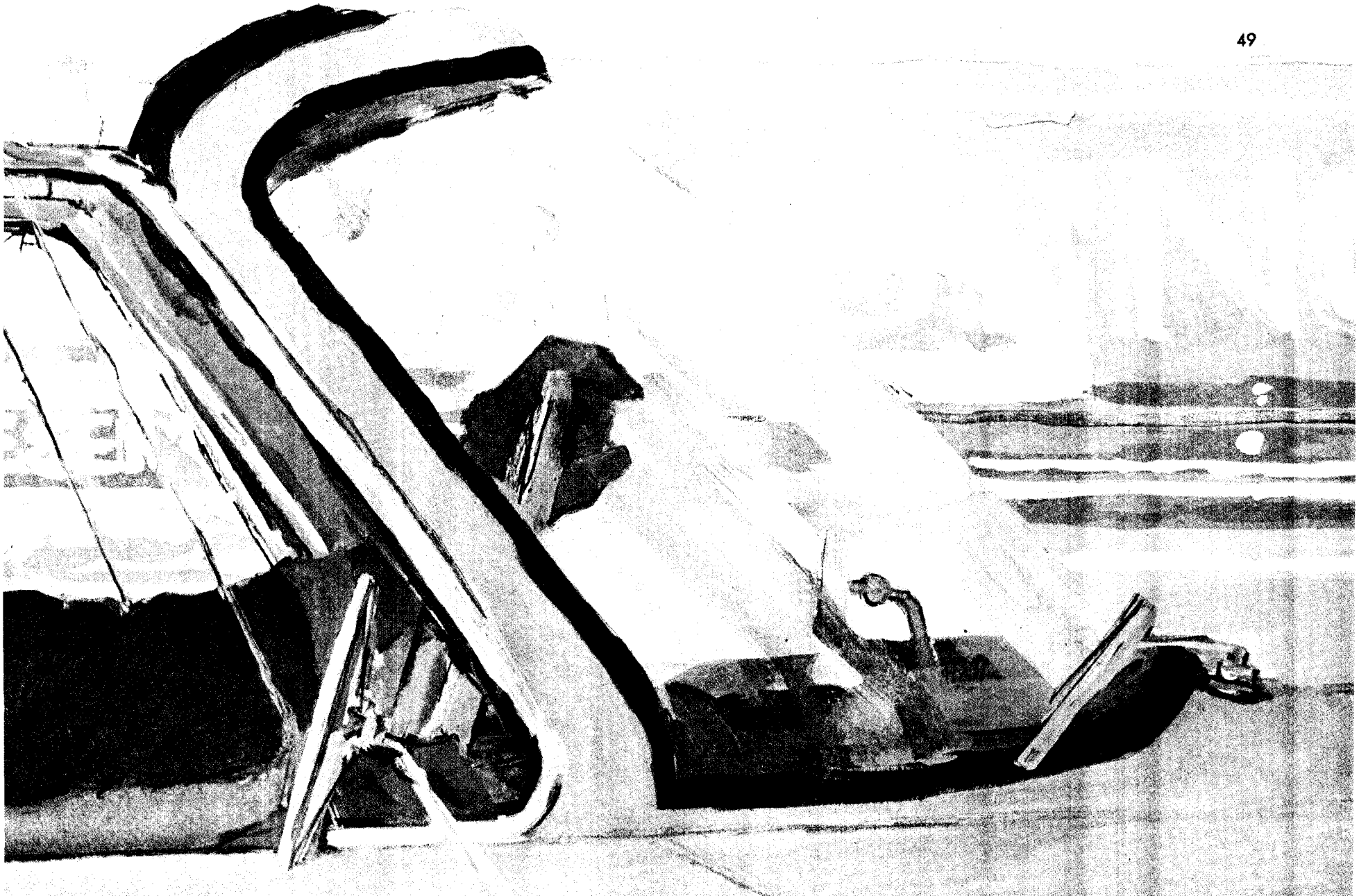

Six times in two years he had made the drive when his writing had gone cold, and the drive and Las Vegas had got the writing hot again. He had finished each story in Las Vegas, he had seen the shows at the Rancho, the Thunderbird, the Desert Inn and at other unbelievable places, and then, suddenly, at any hour, he had started driving back.

Van was twenty-seven, he had had two novels published, he had made a fortune on his second novel, he had paid cash for the shack on the beach, a wardrobe, a brand-new white roadster, enough groceries to last ten years, most likely, especially if you ate out all the time, as he did.

He hated writing, or at any rate liked to say he did, but he always knew he didn't mean it, because the only other jobs he had ever had were harder to do and didn't pay as much. Labor, that is. Unskilled. Any kind, strictly for the money, while his head kept after the problem of writing—how to make it come out even and right. Now he especially hated writing, because it kept his mind off girls, or rather didn't quite make it, which made the work twice as hard as it ought to be. His mind kept telling him, "You're twenty-seven. Where's your wife, where's your kids, where's your mother-in-law, and people like that?" He tried to go on with his writing, but then his mind said, "Don't find yourself a wife in the next day or two, you may never find yourself a wife. Get somebody from a nice family while your reputation as a writer isn't finished, because at the rate you're going it will be finished pretty soon, and then you won't be able to get somebody from a nice family; so where is she? Don't sit there; get out and look for her. Send a telegram to somebody. And don't forget, your teeth aren't holding up, either. What's the use writing and making money if you've got to give it all to the Collector of Internal Revenue and don't allow yourself time to marry a girl from a nice family? If you ask me, it doesn't make sense. All right, so you've got this shack and the roadster and a wardrobe and groceries, so what?"

He was beginning to talk back to his mind when Fred Sassuni arrived in the red car with a blonde, and it seemed to him that Fred had arrived just in time. He just knew that the girl with Fred was

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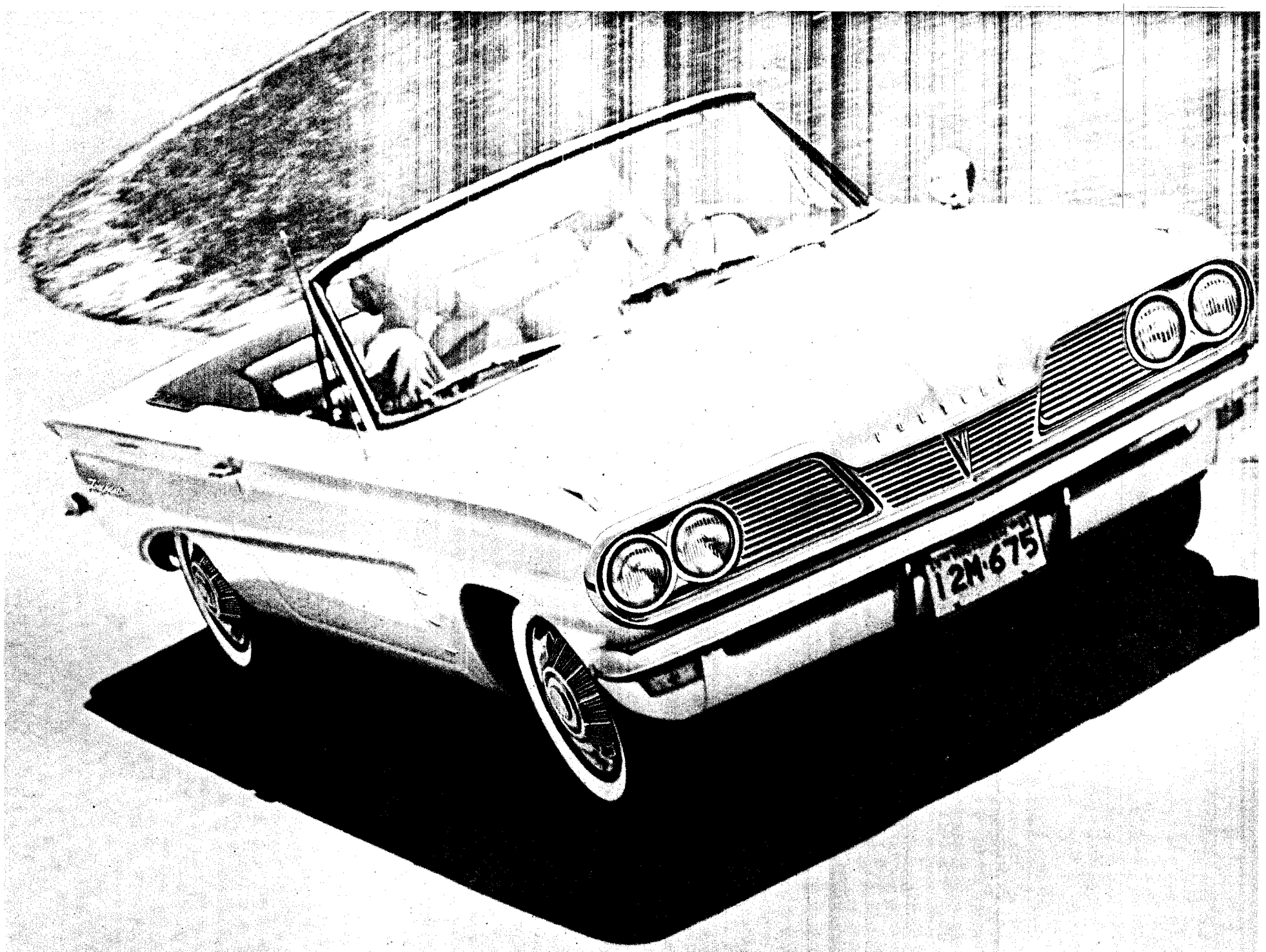

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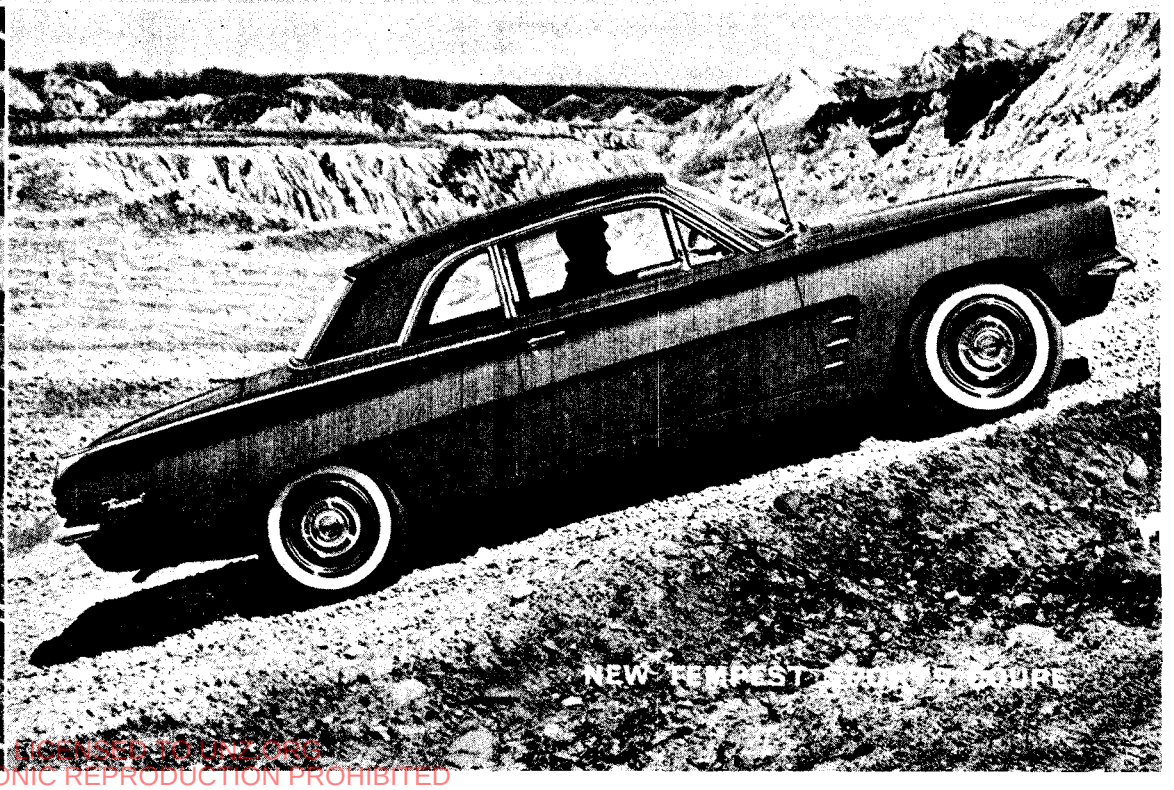
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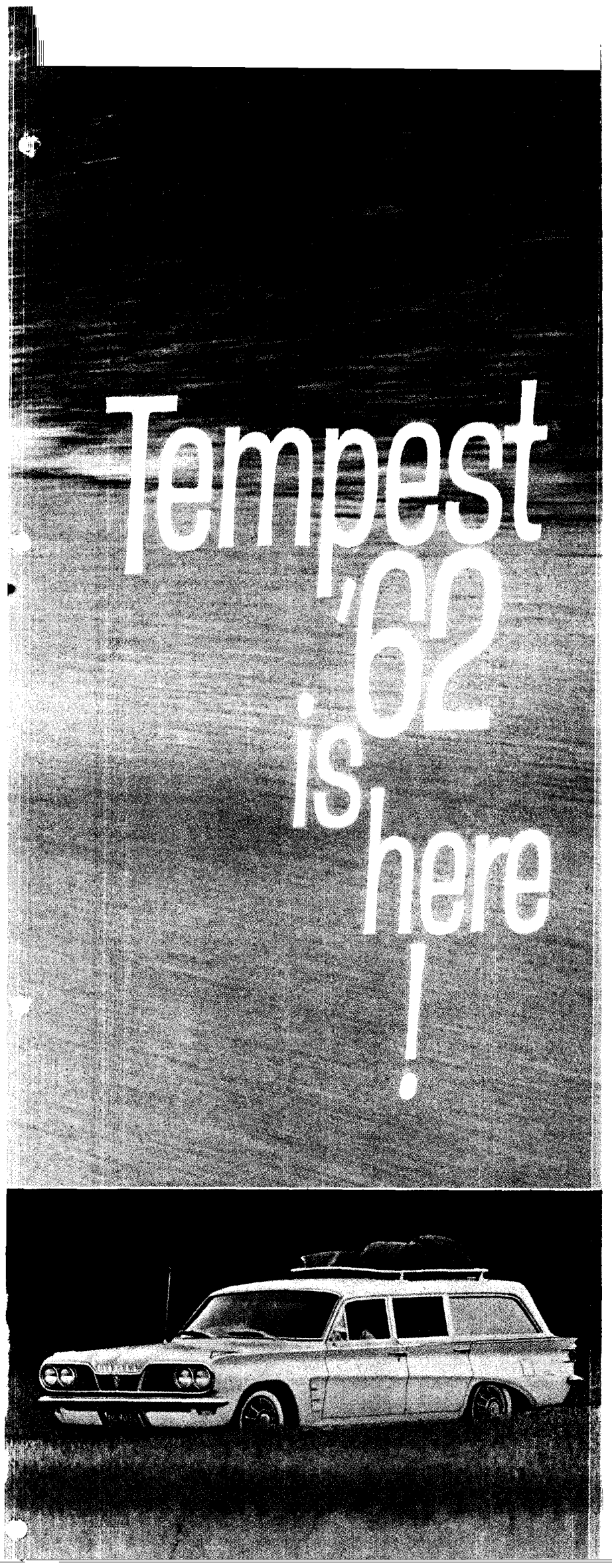

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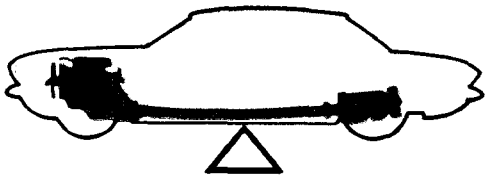

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from one of the nicest families in the whole world, but if it happened that she wasn't, he was prepared to remark that some of the nicest people are from some of the lousiest families. A family isn't everything. It's more a matter of what each member of it is, and he could see that this particular member was just fine.

He watched Fred look around for the number, but he knew there was no number, because the wind or kids or the squirrels or something had gone off with the numbers he had bought at the hardware store and had slid into the frame for them; so he went out on the front porch, and Fred said, "Oh, yes, it *is* the right place. I wasn't sure."

"Well, come on down and have a cup of coffee or a cup of Martinis, because that's what I'm having. Both, I mean."

Fred came down with the blonde, and Van saw her from close up. The family part of it didn't matter at all. Could she cook, pick up a broom, type, answer the phone, that's all that mattered.

Fred said, "Flora." That's all he said.

Flora and Fauna. Van thought. *Me and her, her and me. Just right.* He scarcely looked at her, because he scarcely dared.

"Come on in, Flora," he said at last. "See where literature is made. You, too, Fred—if you *want* to. I mean, thanks. It's very nice now on the beach, rising tide, lots of driftwood, the stairs are just over there, straight down and you can't miss it—a whole big beach, all sand."

He heard somebody laugh, he wasn't really thinking or watching it, but he figured it *hadn't* been Flora, so it must have been Fred, and they went in and he took them straight out to the back porch. "There it is, then. The Pacific Ocean, if you care for that sort of thing. Fred, the coffee's perking on the stove, you want to go get it?"

"Me for Martinis," Fred said.

"You'll find all the stuff on the counter there. I like mine double, on the ice, and very dry, and I know that what I like is what Flora likes too."

Flora nodded, Fred laughed, and left them alone on the porch.

"That bird out there," Van said. "That's a pelican. They're very heavy, fly very slow, put fish in that big dipper of a beak, eat 'em later."

"Where?" Flora said as Van kissed her, somewhat in greeting and somewhat to find out about her family.

"It doesn't matter. It's just a conversation piece anyway." He kissed her again and heard Fred fooling around with ice trays and a glass pitcher. "Who's he?"

"Fred?"

"Yes. What right has he got? I mean, why should *that* matter?"

"We're engaged."

"Precisely. And about time too. Fred can be my best man."

"No, you can be *his* best man."

"No need to talk," Van said, stopping her the only way that made sense as far as he was concerned. He was still stopping her that way when Fred came out with a whole tray of drinking and nibbling stuff. "I forgot to mention," Fred said, "Flora's my fiancée."

"No?"

"Yep."

"Give me that drink, then, man. This is no time to chatter about aesthetics."

Van took a drink, handed it to Flora, took another and said, "To the bride, and to the groom. Fight, fight, fight."

He took a long sip, and it was good, real cold and gin-slippery and right.

They kept having them until after the sun went down, and then it was time for Fred and Flora to take off. A lot of talk went on with the drinking, and out of it Van got the impression that Fred was in earnest about the blonde, but he just couldn't quite decide if the blonde was in earnest about Fred. She listened mainly, and smiled, and now and then laughed. She stepped up to Van to say good-by, but she didn't stop, so he wasn't sure she wasn't going somewhere and that he was in her way. Then it came to him suddenly that it wasn't anything like that at all. He kissed her, and she said, "You're a Mayan."

Well, that was nice because, as far as he knew, the Mayans were a great people, they had had a great civilization long before Rome, even. It was quite astute of Flora, too, to notice from his haphazard talk that he was, in fact, a civilization maker. He saw them up to the car and watched them race down Malibu Road. On his way back to the kitchen for one last drink before setting out for Las Vegas, he wondered how he could have imagined she might not be the brightest girl in the world when, in fact, her farewell remark demonstrated that she was deep—subtle. Didn't throw her brilliance around the way some stupid girls did. A Mayan. Not you're cute, you're fun, you're crazy, you're a kick, and all like that. Flora was the first to say something with real meaning.

He took his drink to his worktable and began to revise the story that had come to a dead end, so it would be ready for getting hot again—just about the time he would be seeing the crazy lights of Las Vegas. He'd work two or three hours until daybreak, finish the story, take a shower, eat a steak and go to sleep until late tomorrow. Maybe in Las Vegas he'd be as lucky as Fred Sassuni and find the twin of Flora. Wouldn't that be the day, though? *Two* of them. And both of them out West, instead of one of them out West and the other on a back street in Singapore or Djakarta.

He was doing all right at the revising when the telephone rang, and for a moment he thought of not answering, because, face it, who could it be—after Flora? Whoever it might be, it would be a letdown. After the sixth ring he decided, *Well, whoever it is, she wants to talk*, so he lifted the receiver.

"It's me," Flora said.

"I don't know you," Van said.

"Me. Flora."

"I don't know anybody named Flora who knows my phone number."

"Yes, you do. I got it off your phone. It's easy to remember. Klondike 5-2244."

"Oh, *that* Flora. What's the matter?"

"Fred ran into his boss at the Malibu Inn, and they're going back to Paramount to work."

"Poor guy. Work, work, work."

"Well, I don't *want* to go back."

"Good girl."

"Really?"

"I'll be at the inn in three minutes."

She was standing on the porch of the inn when he drove up. Nothing like her. Everybody inside the place was looking at her, and everybody outside was edging up to her. What she had was—well, no use mincing words—everything. She was the West. She was California. She was the ocean. The sun. The moon. The wild flowers. And she walked. But where did you ever see a ballet dancer who could say as much dancing as Flora could say just coming down the steps of the Malibu Inn? She opened the door of the roadster, seated herself—this alone was poetry—shut the door, and he drove off.

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He was going ninety miles an hour when he suddenly said, "Hell, this isn't the way to Las Vegas, this is the way to San Francisco."

"Oh, is that where we're going?"

"Where?"

"San Francisco?"

"No," Van said. "Las Vegas."

"But Las Vegas is in the opposite direction."

"*Opposite*, even." Van said. "You really know words. More than anybody I've ever talked to. And you're entirely right too. If I keep going in this direction I'll come to San Francisco, not Las Vegas, and I'm not going to San Francisco, I'm going to Las Vegas."

"What are you going to do?"

"I thought I'd get married in Las Vegas. You can do it there in six or seven minutes right after I finish this story that's gone cold on me."

"Married?"

"Yes, I've always been devoted to the basic premise of marriage, but for a long while I was too young—you know, eleven, twelve, thirteen—and then I was too busy learning to write to find a girl from a good family—the male side of my family has always married girls from good families, otherwise, of course, the Karamans would have faded out like so many of the other great families that stopped finding girls from good families. But now, with all this fame and fortune, I thought I'd get married."

"Who's the girl?"

"Well, of course, the best, that's all."

"But you're *still* driving in the opposite direction."

"I love that word and the way you use it. 'Opposite' has never had so much quality and confusion attached to it."

"Does she love you?"

"Well, put it this way. I love her."

He turned suddenly near Camarillo, and Flora said, "I don't love Fred, but I guess he loves me. He *says* he does, but I don't think I ought to marry somebody just because he loves me. I think I ought to wait until it's somebody I love too. It's not enough just to be loved, you know. You've got to love in return."

"Yes, that appears to be true."

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Why should you marry her if you love her, but she doesn't love you?"

"I'm getting old. Besides, maybe she does, but even if she doesn't, maybe she'll learn to. I know I'm repulsive on the surface, but deep down underneath I'm a lot *less* repulsive. I talk, on the surface and deep down underneath both, and most of everything I say is pretty sloppy, especially for a writer, whose business is language, but maybe she'll learn to love me."

"If she's got to learn, maybe it won't be the real thing."

"The real thing. There you go again. Of course I don't want anything less than the real thing, but are we sure, any of us, that Cleopatra's love for the kid was the real thing?"

"I never saw the movie," Flora said.

"It's just as well, because in the movie they'd play like it *was* the real thing even if it really wasn't. That's why they call 'em movies."

They talked all the way to Las Vegas, where at three o'clock in the morning Van stopped in front of The World-Famous Marrying Place.

"Aren't you going to finish your story first?" Flora said.

"No, I want to get married first," Van said.

"Is she waiting in there?"

"That's the way I figure."

They went in, and the little man and his little wife got up from their rocking chairs, and Van handed the man a hundred-dollar bill, and the man handed him a lot of change and began to write.

"Van Karaman," Van said, and the man wrote.

"And the bride?" the little man said.

"Tell him your name," Van said.

"It won't be legal," Flora said. "He's got to write *her* name."

"There you are again. Legal. Tell the man Flora, and then tell him whatever your last name is."

Flora took Van aside and whispered, "You're a Mayan, really, but I can't use my name when she's the one who's marrying you. It would be like *I* was the one. I mean, *we'd* be married. Look, it stands to reason that if your name and mine are on the license, we'll be the ones who are married? Doesn't it?"

"Doesn't it *what?*"

"Doesn't it stand to reason?"

"There you go again. A perfect choice of words."

"Well, *doesn't* it?"

"I never quite thought of it that way," Van said. He considered the whole complication for a moment, and then he said suddenly, "Tell him your name. We'll take our chances."

"Well, I'm warning you, It'll be *us* getting married," Flora said. "And I don't think your wife's going to like that. Plans, preparations and everything. Wedding gown. Family. And all."

"Do you know," Van said, "it's so late in the morning and I'm so just generally in love all around that, by golly, this may come as a surprise to you, I really don't especially mind if it does, in fact, turn out that it is us getting married. Tell him your name. He's getting confused."

"*He's* getting confused? What about me? What's more, what about *her*?"

"Let her marry Fred Sassuni."

"Does she *know* him?"

"They were engaged."

"*She* was engaged to Fred Sassuni too?"

"Yes, of course."

"Flora Beauregard."

"You can't use a phony name; it's got to be your real name."

"Flora Beauregard *is* my real name."

"Write it down," Van said, and the man wrote it down. "What part of the South?"

"Charleston—for ages."

"The Beauregards are considered a pretty good family, aren't they?"

"*Considered*, yes."

"There you are again. That particular usage. Brilliant."

After the short ceremony Van drove to the Rancho for a wedding breakfast. Beldon Katleman himself sent over caviar and champagne and had red roses put in the Wedding Cottage.

In the middle of the afternoon the Mayan woke up with a start, disbelieving the whole thing; but no, it was true, every bit of it, for there she was, blond, beautiful, brilliant, and fast asleep. Van just barely kissed her. She mumbled, "Wonderful Mayan."

Hell, Van thought, *she doesn't mean the people who had that great civilization. That's just the way she talks.* He got out of bed and went to the sitting room and finished the story. THE END

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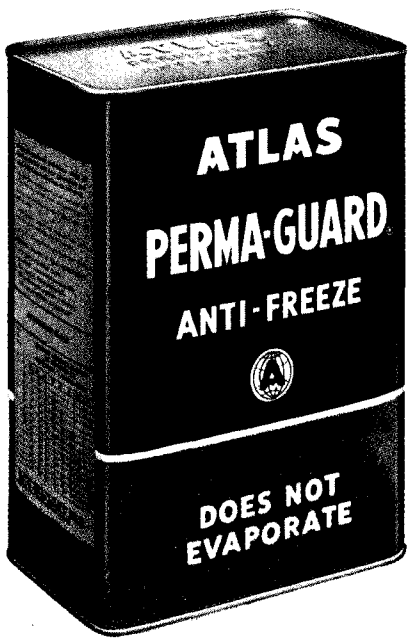

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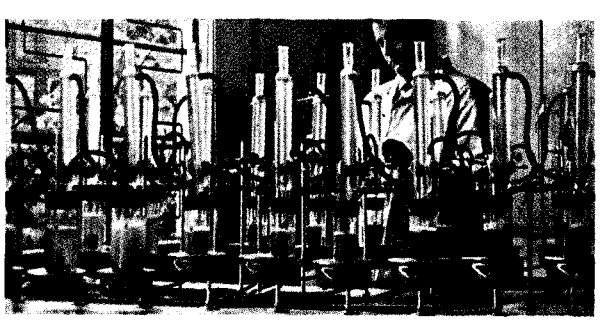

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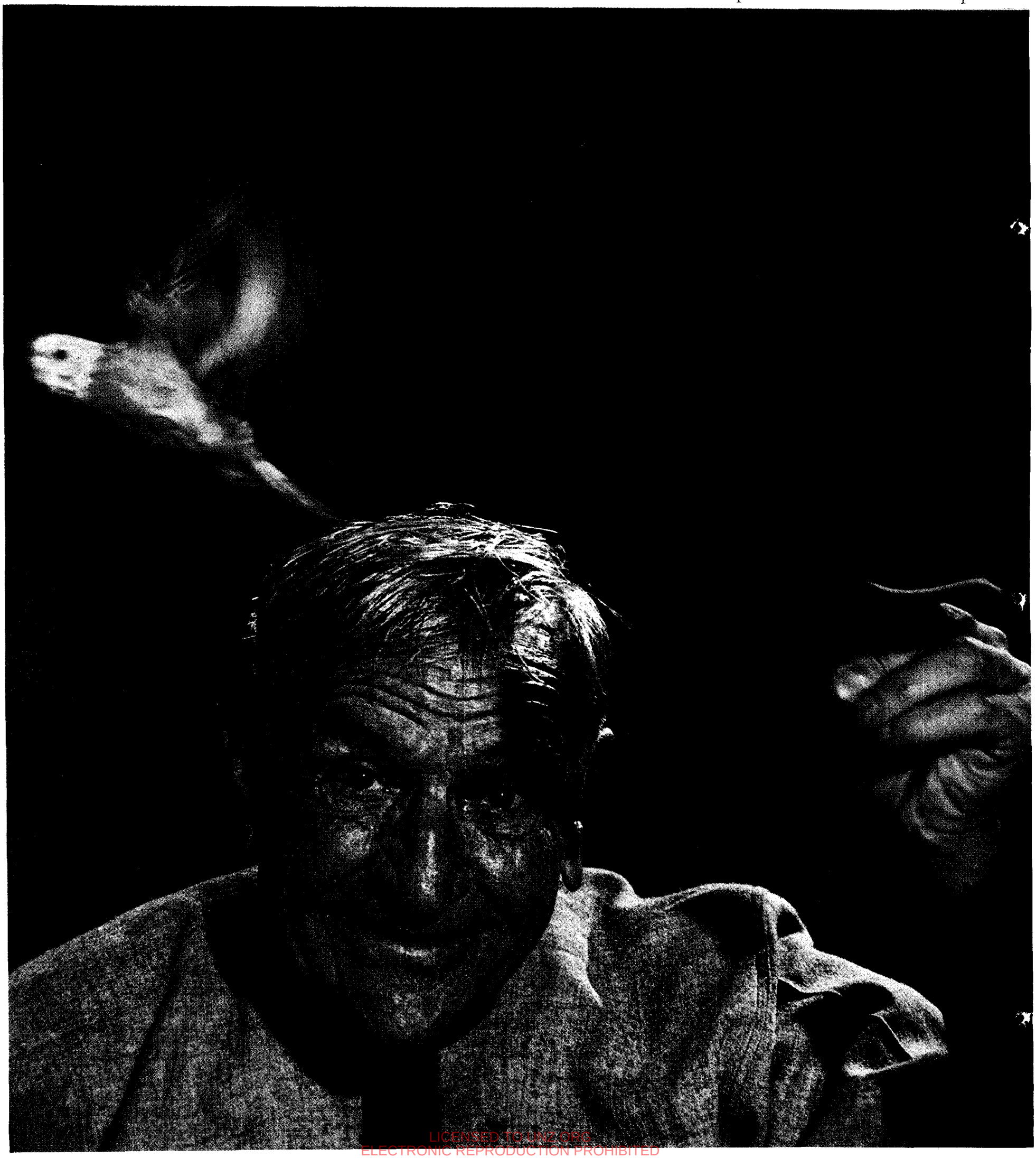
MY OWN STORY

Casey re-enacts (with a parakeet) one of his most famous stunts: the time he hid a sparrow under his baseball cap.



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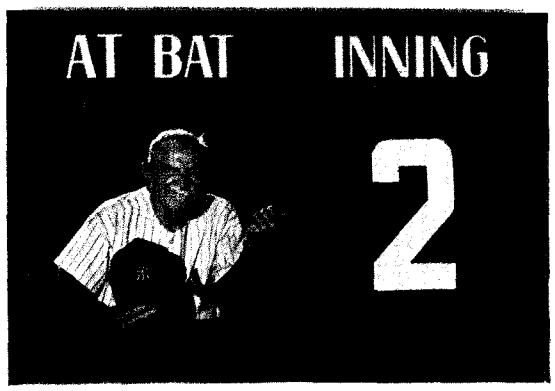

By CASEY STENGEL **as told to Harry T. Paxton**

I played in professional baseball for twenty years, of which thirteen were in the National League. I was fairly good at times—my lifetime batting average for my big-league career was .284. But a lot of people seem to remember some of the stunts I pulled better than they do the ball games I helped to win.

Now comedians aren't really wanted in baseball. If you're a comedian you belong on the stage. It is never funny to an owner who has a $5,000,000 investment to have a man cutting up in public. And I would like to say that I never tried anything out of the way when I was actually making a play in a regular game. It was always in an exhibition game or between plays. But I probably did too much of it. Some of it, I guess, was funny.

The one that's remembered the most was the time I came back to Ebbets Field in 1918 after being traded from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh over the winter. Those Brooklyn fans were riding me. They cheered you as long as you were playing for them, but when you went away you weren't any good, see?

One of my old Brooklyn buddies, Leon Cadore, was out in the bull pen. He was very agile with his hands, and he'd caught this young sparrow in the bull pen that day. Just before my first time at bat I got it from him and put it under my cap. I could feel it moving, you know, inside there on my scalp.

So I walked up to the plate swinging three bats very hard. And the crowd yells, everybody gets excited, and they're booing me to death. I threw the bats down and grabbed my eye as if something was in it, and said, "Time." Then I turned around to face the crowd and lifted my hat off and made a big bow. And when that bird flew out, the crowd just went, "Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h."

After the game people were saying to my old Brooklyn manager, Wilbert Robinson, "There's a guy who's crazy," and "There's a guy who thinks he's funny," and so forth. And he said, "Well, there's no use getting excited about it. He has birds in his garret, that's all."

Another thing people still talk about is something that happened to Uncle Robbie himself. And I was supposed to have been responsible for it, but I wasn't. This was on the Brooklyn club back about 1915. We were training in Florida at Daytona Beach, and Ruth Law, the aviatrix, was there with this airplane. It had like two sails on it, and a lot of wires, and a rod for your feet and a rod to hold onto. Mr. Johnson, of the Endicott, Johnson and Company shoe firm up around Binghamton, was staying near there, and he paid for rides in the plane for any of us that wanted to go up.

Now a while before then Gabby Street, the old catcher, had caught a baseball that was dropped off the top of the Washington Monument. So everybody wondered whether you could catch a ball out of an airplane. And we didn't know, because which of us had even seen an airplane before? Jack Coombs, the pitcher, had been to a university, and he tried to figure out the velocity of a baseball from maybe 400 feet in the air, and what would it weigh when it hit the ground, or was there any difference in it than when you dropped a bag of feathers.

Well, we had a trainer named Kelly. Robbie met him at the race tracks in Baltimore with John McGraw. A trainer in those days was mostly a man that gave you rubdowns, and Kelly, no doubt, had experience at rubbing horses. Anyway, Kelly was going to go up in that plane and drop a baseball over our field. He got to fly in place of one of the ballplayers, Raleigh Aitchison. Aitchison was just married, and his wife wouldn't let him go up.

Kelly was in such a hurry to get to where the plane was and get back to his work before Robbie missed him that he forgot to take a baseball with him. So he just grabbed a grapefruit off a tree and took that up instead.

Well, we're out on the field practicing, and the plane comes over, and here comes this grapefruit down. Everybody thought it was a baseball and started running to get under it. But the wind carried it over to where Robinson was warming up a pitcher along the side line. And Robbie waved everybody off and said, "Look out! I got it!"

Robbie was over fifty, and he told me later that as that thing got closer he thought his eyes must be getting blurred with age, because it looked larger than a baseball. He put his glove up and it caromed off the edge of the glove and hit him right on the chest. And he spun around and then fell over, like in a Western picture where you see an Indian that's out on a hill, and they shoot him and he goes around in a circle and falls dead.

The whole insides of the grapefruit had come out, and parts of it were sticking on Robbie's face. We all came running up with our mouths open, but when we saw it was a grapefruit everybody commenced laughing. And Robbie was burned up. He soon got rid of that trainer. He said he didn't see any fun in a big simpleton going up there and throwing a grapefruit out, although to tell the truth, a baseball might have hurt him worse than the grapefruit did.

That business of substituting something else for a baseball reminds me of a stunt my brother Grant Stengel used to pull when we were boys in Kansas City. In those days Grant was the one everybody thought would be a professional ballplayer. From the time he was fourteen and I was twelve he could play with all the fellows up to eighteen years of age. My father would make him take me along, and they'd put me in the outfield or wherever anybody wouldn't show up.

As we went along my brother and I worked up a trick play. He would play shortstop and I would pitch, and he used to take a potato with him. We'd get one as near round as we could, and he'd slip it in his back pocket or in his waist above his belt. And when there was a runner on second and the ball was thrown to Grant, instead of throwing the baseball back to the pitcher he'd throw the potato. Then the runner would step off the base and my brother would tag him with the ball.

We pulled that one day in a game about twenty-five blocks from our neighborhood. They started after us, everybody on that playground, and we had to run all the way home. So we cut the potato trick out. We didn't try that any more on the other team's home grounds.

Grant got me on the Armour team, which was a packing-company's team, and on other independent teams that were in town. He would always be the best player they had. Then one day we made a trip in a surrey to play a game in Dobson, which was a suburb. On the way back, guys commenced hitting and wrestling with each other, and Grant slipped off the surrey. His foot got caught in the brake and he sawed off part of his heel.

He never got well for six months, and it made his leg smaller than the other one, as far as circumference was concerned. That caused him to give up the idea of being a ballplayer.

He no doubt would have advanced to the big leagues if it hadn't been for that accident. He wasn't a slugger, but he could hit and place the ball, and very seldom struck out. He could run like a deer. He was a good fielder, an accurate thrower, and he was very sharp and bright on the bases—a good slider. My brother was what was wanted in baseball at that time.

Today a lot of things have changed. Half the methods we used to play by aren't worth a quarter because of the switch from a dead ball to the lively ball. They go for the loft hitter now. In olden times, with a dead ball, he wouldn't be such a great hitter, because he'd just be hitting high flies. When I started in the big leagues, the pitcher would pitch to make them hit a ball in the outfield. He didn't worry about the home run, with the best sluggers hitting only fifteen or twenty a year.

But now the outfield is a dangerous place to have them hit, with the lively ball and with the fields in many places being smaller because of the extra seats that have been built in. The ball caroms off the modern concrete walls much sharper than it used to off the old wooden fences. Or it goes in the stands, and the best outfielder just can't get up in the grandstand and catch that home run for you.

In the old days a big thing was to hold a runner on second so you could throw him out at the plate on a single. The pitcher would hold him on, hold him on, hold him on, and the outfielders would play short so they could get the ball to the catcher quicker.

And the catcher with that heavy equipment would block off the plate, and the runner would hit him. So most all the fights that started in baseball then were at home plate. There were collisions all the time.

You couldn't play in the outfield then if you didn't have a good arm. Today they still try to hold them on, but with the livelier ball the outfielders have to play so deep that they generally can't throw a man out anyway. So some men can play the outfield now that don't throw so well.

We used to use a heavy bat and choke up on it. You had to sacrifice, hit and run, hit behind the runner, and do all those things. The object was to get a man on, get him to second, and then get him to third and home.

Photographs by John Bryson

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MY OWN STORY

Now they'd say, "Why are you trying to play that kind of a game? You're going to finish fourth instead of first."

And you possibly will, with those big hitters on the other teams coming up and murdering you. The big men at the present time, they go for home runs. Of course, they outsmart themselves many a time that they've left three men on, and two men on. They're afraid to just meet the ball, and they often strike out.

Then why is it the pitchers seldom go nine innings any more? Some people think the pitchers used to be in better shape, but I don't think they were. A pitcher in the wintertime—there generally wasn't any gymnasium for him to work in. In the summertime they didn't run the pitchers between games as much as they do now to keep them in shape.

But the old pitcher was throwing the dead ball, and he used to be able to cheat more. The ball was darker. The infielders would spit tobacco juice or licorice on it. And some of the old pitchers threw the spitball, and some would throw the shine ball, where they'd keep paraffin alongside their trouser leg and shine one side of the ball with it to make it break sharper.

The old pitchers who went the nine innings pitched half with their arm and half with their head, and they learned to pace themselves. Nowadays you can't wait on the pitcher to pace himself. That lively ball, with the cork center and the yarn wrapped tighter—there's so much slugging that the pitcher has to bear down all the time.

So why aren't the batting averages big like they used to be? Well, one reason, which I mentioned, is that everybody tries too hard to slug the ball. And then we have ten pitchers to shoot at you, instead of four like years ago. A pitcher goes out there and puts something on every pitch, and he goes as far as he can, and then you put somebody else in.

A great thing with a lot of the present-day pitchers is the slider. They can't make a living, some of them, without it. Every hitter now wants to use the light bat that's got a little handle. So these pitchers put the slider in on the handle, or they try to pitch away and put it on the bad part of the bat. The slider can be a great pitch, but it's hard on the elbow. I think that's why more pitchers get crippled arms now.

Now let's look at the gloves the players use. Baseball gloves used to be made very small. They just went around your hand. You had to catch two-handed to hold the ball.

Today the gloves are beautiful—some five fingers, some six fingers—they put a piece of leather between the thumb and front finger. What happens the minute they catch the ball there? It closes like a trap. So half of them catch it one-handed. They do at first base—they fold the glove sideways. It becomes like a *jai alai* game.

They used to have bumpy infields, and the outfields were bumpier than the infields. Now the grounds are kept better. At Yankee Stadium they have an outfield like a pool table. It's level. This was done because of the fact that Mantle stumbled out there in the 1951 World Series and turned his knee. Since that time they have spent large sums of money to make the outfield smooth.

In the olden days you'd have to run over bumps and holes in the outfield. You couldn't charge grounders. You had to get down on one knee to protect the ball from going through. And the infielders also got more bad hops.

But even with the better equipment and the better grounds, you have to have more ability to be an infielder or an outfielder today, because the ball comes at you quicker. It goes through the infield faster. And if you're an outfielder—in my day we could run and overtake the ball if the park was large enough. Now you can't get to it half the time because of the liveliness of the ball. You can't overtake it unless you're a Mantle or a DiMaggio or one or two other amazing men.

In some ways baseball is better. Not many men are good bunters now—it's harder to bunt with the lively ball anyway—but the hits and drives are terrific. You have better long-ball hitters that can hit at the plate.

But a man that was a good hitter with the dead ball—why couldn't he hit the lively ball? And if he was a good fielder with a little glove, why couldn't he be a good fielder with a trap glove? And the pitchers who were good in the old days—why couldn't they adjust to the livelier ball and the harder hitting of today?

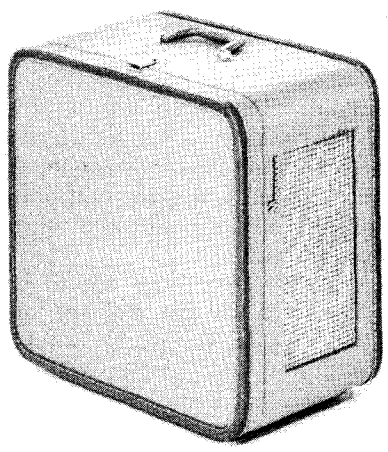
So some of the players I see now, they certainly could have played in the old days. And there's plenty I saw in olden times that could have played now.

When I was growing up in Kansas City most everybody used to go in for baseball because it was a cheap sport. The gloves were cheap. The bats were cheap. The balls were cheap. Of course, we'd never have a baseball over three days but what it was an old baseball. It would start tearing, and you'd have to get some black tape and tape around the baseball. And we kept it going that way.

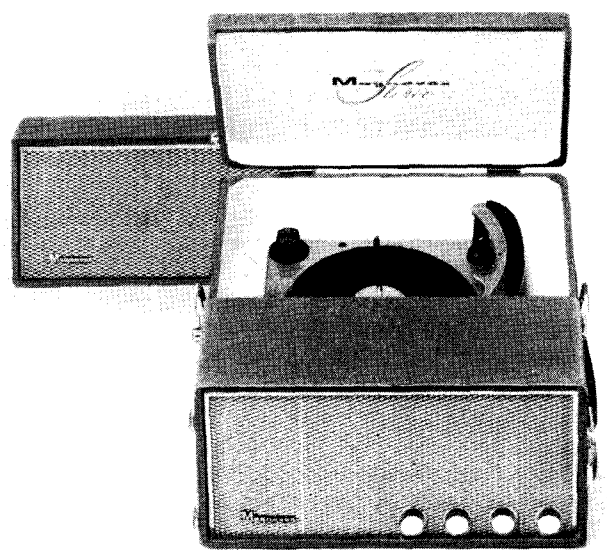
In the big cities in the East numerous kids had nowhere to play baseball except out in the streets. But in the smaller cities in the West we had ground to play in. There were large houses with immense yards. There were vacant lots and cow pastures.

Shinny was another cheap game we could play. You'd pound up a tin can, and then hit it with sticks. Then we had roller skating. Anywhere we wanted to go, we used to go on roller skates. And if it wasn't roller skating, it was bicycling. My father gave me a tandem bike for Christmas when I was about ten. That caused more fights around our home and the school than anything else we ever had. Nobody wanted to ride in the second seat. Everybody wanted to be No. 1.

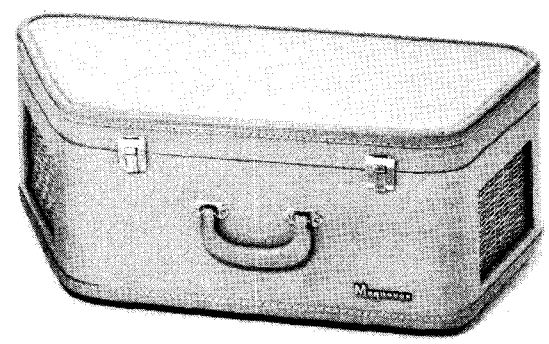
EXCITING NEW MAGNAVOX PORTABLES...



A. The Playfellow $69.90



B. The Quartette Deluxe



C. The Stereograph $99.90

A. An automatic monaural phonograph that truly re-creates fine music, yet costs so little; plays both monaural and stereo records. **B.** The finest of all space-separated stereophonic high fidelity portables! Four speakers, 8" bass plus 5" treble in each stereo channel. Other space-separated models from only $79.90. **C.** Beautiful compact stereophonic phonograph with all amplifiers and two speakers in one case. Gives thrilling stereo separation. Every Magnavox portable is precisely built to withstand the rigors of carrying. Select from many beautiful colors.

NOW YOUR RECORDS CAN LAST A LIFETIME—THE FABULOUS NEW MAGNAVOX MICRO-MATIC RECORD PLAYER ELIMINATES RECORD AND STYLUS WEAR. Only Magnavox brings you stereophonic high fidelity enjoyment never before possible from a portable . . . lets you take the wonderful listening pleasure of superbly played music wherever you go! With Magnavox, your records can be played more than 1,000 times in normal use without discernible wear. Turntable speed is certified to be within ±1% of absolute. Distortions—wow, flutter, and rumble—have been virtually eliminated. The automatic, jam-proof mechanism is so precise, the featherlight pick-up plays perfectly at only 1/10-oz. pressure. Because there is no discernible wear on either the record or Diamond Stylus, Magnavox guarantees the Stylus for 10 years, replaces it free if excessive wear is evident within that time.

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Then my brother and I used to get pigeons and train them to go out at certain hours of the day. And if we ever did anything wrong, it was that we would try to steal other people's pigeons. We would put out feed for them. Others would do the same. One month we would have his pigeons, and the next month he would have our pigeons.

At one time I belonged to St. Mark's Episcopal Church. I used to get twenty-five cents or fifty cents for turning the pump organ. They also had the Brotherhood of St. Andrews, and I joined that. The director was Mr. McKinnon. Well, after Wednesday-night meeting he'd walk out with a high silk hat on, and we'd snowball him. That high silk hat—why, that was a dandy.

That church group followed up until we moved out of the neighborhood and I dropped some of the church work, which naturally nobody is proud of. I still hear from my Sunday-school teacher. She says we were pretty bad kids at times. And I thought we were doing a pretty fine job in that church.

We never thought much about whether we were rich or poor when we were growing up. Each neighborhood we advanced to—we moved a number of different times—there were poor people who didn't have anything and others who were very wealthy, with horses and coachmen and so on and so forth. But we all played together. The best thing I ever had, I guess, was that the family allowed everybody to come over and use our back yard and the front yard. Therefore we always got to play on a rich man's front yard too.

Most every dollar my father used to make he'd turn into food. We put out the best meals in the neighborhood; at least we thought so. Everybody likes the way mother cooked. And that's the way it was at our house—those potatoes with the gravy, and a good steak on top of that. She was great on making preserves, and she was great on lemon pie. She'd put up all kinds of food in jars.

I was large for my age, and I was supposed to be fairly good on fighting because I was so strong. If I could get ahold of a fellow, I could wrestle him and get him down where I could hit him pretty good. But anybody that was real fast I had trouble with—like my brother, who was lighter than me even though he was older.

One time when I was attending high school I took my brother's shoes to go calling on a girl—nice-looking patent-leather shoes that he had sitting in the closet. He had very small feet, and I pulled and pulled and couldn't get those shoes on. Finally I grabbed ahold of the tongue, and when I pulled on that, I tore the tongue off. So I took some black tape and taped the tongue on.

Well, when I got over to her home this night, I was sitting with this girl; she was introducing me to her parents and everybody, and those shoes were really giving me pain. I looked down, and my heavens, that tongue had slipped off. So I had to sit and put my toes over the ankle where the tongue was. And I couldn't sit still because my feet were cramping me because of the pain.

So I made a hurried exit from the young lady's house. I forgot her good looks. And her family was very glad I was a wonderful boy and didn't stay too long.

After I got home I patched the tongue back on again and put the shoes in the closet. A few days later I heard my brother yell, "Mom! Mom! Has Charley been wearing my shoes?" (They called me Charley at home.) And she kept saying, "No, I don't think that boy could wear those shoes with those big feet of his."

I was in the kitchen, and I never said anything. But my brother came down and commenced raving. He said, "I know you wore them! You tore that tongue off of it!"

I got up with him, and he had a very good way with me. He'd take a crack at me in an argument, and then he'd start moving. And when he'd move I couldn't catch him, because with my legs and my arms I couldn't perambulate as fast as he could. He'd hit me and run, and by the time I'd get to him again I was short-winded.

My brother actually had a great disposition. He always got along with everybody. He never had any ideas on high finance. He would love to make $100 a month, and if he made the hundred he could live on the hundred. He had very good habits. Whenever he gambled, he was a ten-cent gambler.

First he worked for a feed store; then later he worked in my father's street-sprinkling business, driving the wagon. Grant enjoyed working with the horses, and he enjoyed scaring everybody that was a friend. They'd be walking along the street with their heads down, and he'd give a hard squirt over the curbstone and up on the sidewalk, and wet the shoes and trouser legs of the men or the bottom of the girls' dresses. And that tickled him to death.

My father told me, "If I hadn't put that boy on that water wagon, he'd have gone through high school and college." But Grant would rather make his money where it was fun with the work. He could have had a terrific job with a Buick agency, but he didn't take it. He finally ended up in the taxi business.

As far as my own schooling was concerned, I told you last week how I started out poorly because I was naturally left-handed and they insisted that I write right-handed. I eventually got to Central High School in January of 1906, when I was fifteen. I left in the spring of 1910 to become a ballplayer. I didn't graduate, but I did get enough credits to go to dental college the next fall.

The last two summers I was in high school—1908 and 1909—I went with a traveling team called the Kansas City Red Sox. We went as far one year as Ogden, Utah, and the next year to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Our pay was a dollar a day and an ice-cream sundae every night.

In Central High I was on the baseball team three years and on the basketball team three years. I was captain my second year in baseball. I was also on the football team the year we had one. I played fullback and I got elected captain for the next season, but then the sport was dropped.

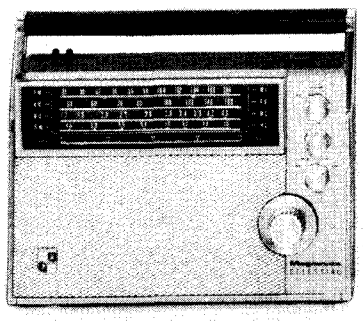
In 1909 we won the city championship in basketball and the state championship in baseball. I pitched the final baseball game against Joplin and won it in fifteen innings by a score of 7 to 6. I think this was what got the Kansas City Blues of the American Association interested in me. They signed me to start in professional ball in 1910.

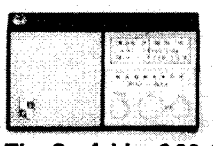
I worked very hard at their training camp in Excelsior Springs, Missouri, and then when I went out seriously and tried to pitch, I got slaughtered.

So I told them I was an outfielder. Actually, I had mostly been a third

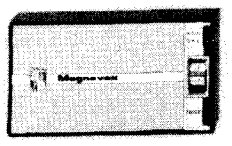
BEAUTIFUL TO SEE—MORE BEAUTIFUL TO HEAR

A. The Celestial, only $150

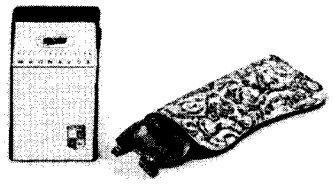




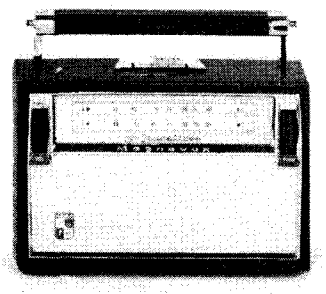
B. The Surfside, $69.95



D. The Bolero, $34.95

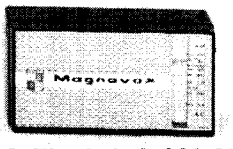


E. The Companion, $29.95



C. The Diplomat, $89.95

F. The Pocket Mate, only $19.95



G. The Safari, $29.95

A. Now you can afford the ultimate in portable listening pleasure: Brilliant FM, AM, world-wide Short-Wave and Marine band performance. Over 500-hr. battery life. **B.** Compact FM/AM radio with big sound. Leather carrying case and earphone. **C.** Powerful 10-transistor FM/AM radio with tone control; beautiful tone quality you must hear to appreciate. **D.** High performance AM radio with 8 transistors plus rectifier. Leather case and earphone. **E.** Tiny pocket-size personal radio with amazing sensitivity and tone quality. 8 transistors plus rectifier. Leather carrying case, earphone and battery. **F.** Carry it in pocket or purse. 6 transistors plus rectifier. With battery. **G.** Lets you enjoy finer sound; easy rotary-vernier tuning. With leather case and earphone.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT, DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR! Whatever your listening mood . . . world-wide Short-Wave, the rich, crystal clear beauty of FM music, Marine Weather Reports, even your favorite AM programs . . . you'll hear it *better* with a magnificent Magnavox all-transistor portable . . . so beautifully styled, so precisely engineered and built to the highest standards that make Magnavox the most desired the world over. See and hear them at your Magnavox Dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. Let him show you why Magnavox is truly the finest and your best buy . . . on any basis of comparison. You'll also see many fine FM/AM, AC-DC table radios from only $49.95.

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"Looks like it's going to be a Chrysler year"

See all the new ones from Chrysler Corporation on the World Series, NBC-TV.

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No fat...no dead weight...no foolin'

(a preview of the new Plymouth, Valiant, Dodge Dart, Lancer, Chrysler and Imperial on display at your dealer's Sept. 28)

Things are new at Chrysler Corporation. You'll see it in the '62 cars.

The price class doesn't matter: This year we are offering something extra in *every* price class.

From the spunky compact Valiant to the big Imperial that's so luxurious it's almost sinful, Chrysler engineers have come up with a line of cars with simple, uncluttered lines and long, lean hoods. They look as if they were going somewhere, instead of looking for a place to sit down.

The breakdown test that wouldn't work

We got an idea of what we had months ago when the engineers put the advance '62s through the standard breakdown test. This involves driving a car fifty thousand miles over the toughest possible roads to find out which parts show signs of wear first. When the engineers did this with the '62s, nothing happened. One of the test drivers reported afterwards: *"These are the best cars we've ever built."*

Something else came up the first time a car stopped for a light. To a man drivers gunned the engine thinking it had stalled. That's how quiet these cars idle.

Our engineers refuse to admit how fast they have driven these cars on the test track and they won't let us report any figures on gasoline mileage. They say such figures are misleading because they vary so widely depending on the way people drive. They will let us tell you that these cars will match or surpass anything else on the road of equivalent size and power.

The low-priced cars don't look like the high-priced ones—but they all look good

Valiant and Lancer, the two compacts, each will offer a new sports model with bucket seats and luxurious new interiors. Fifty five improvements in the Valiant and 52 in the Lancer add unseen values that pay off in the ride, the appearance, and the performance.

Each has room inside for a full-size family and a shaggy dog. And each is powered by the lively Slant Six Engine that enables you to pass with safety at turnpike speeds while treating gasoline as if it were rationed.

Plymouth and Dodge are both completely new cars.

They are garage-size cars for people-size families. Doors are larger so it's easier to get in and out. The transmission hump is smaller so there's more leg room. These are *full-size* cars, *right-size* cars.

You get better performance while using less gas. What makes this possible is that fat and dead weight have been engineered off. Virtually every pound of these cars is road-hugging "live weight." It makes 'em a joy to drive, with or without power steering.

The brakes are self-adjusting.

When you move up to Chrysler you have completely new looking cars that don't look like the low-priced end of the line. This will give you a notion of what to expect:

The "engineers' pet" is lower priced

For years our engineers have had a pet car which they called the Chrysler 300. It was built in limited numbers to provide maximum performance and handling for red-blooded men who love to drive and can afford to pay more for the privilege. This year you'll be able to buy a 300 with bucket seats for less than the price of a Chrysler NewYorker.

The Imperial has the well-bred individuality you have a right to expect at these prices.

No major lube job for 32,000 miles

As far as it's possible, trouble has been engineered out of these '62 models. You can drive 32,000 miles (that's at least three years of driving for the average family) before you need a major lube job.

These cars can go twice as far between oil changes as they did last year.

Once again Chrysler Corporation dealers will offer Certified Car Care. This is a plan our engineers worked out two years ago to give your car the same service their personal cars get.

Briefly, it tells you exactly what to have done and when to have it done and makes sure our dealers know how to do it.

Unibody Construction is back with even greater strength and durability (beam strength alone is up as much as 30%), even fewer squeaks and rattles.

The 7-soak rust protection will be continued this year, with the added help of galvanized metal in the door sills, where rust usually starts. More assurance your car will keep its looks and hold onto its resale value.

You'll find the people in charge at Chrysler Corporation giving more and more attention to things like this.

Don't say "impossible" before driving

Chrysler Corporation's famous exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride has been improved for 1962. We ask the automotive writers who have sworn this couldn't be done to withhold comment until they have had a chance to drive the new cars.

Still exclusive in 1962 will be the Alternator. This is the modern successor to the generator which keeps the current flowing even when the engine is idling. It's yours at no extra cost in every Chrysler Corporation car. Police and taxi fleets, where instant starting is vital, frequently pay many dollars extra to have their cars equipped with Alternators.

An automotive writer who saw this new line of cars in Detroit a few weeks back said, "Looks like it's going to be a Chrysler year." That's for you to decide. You can see them at your dealer's September 28.

Our engineers insist that if we can get you behind the wheel, we'll acquire another salesman free.

Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

PLYMOUTH • VALIANT • DODGE • DART • LANCER • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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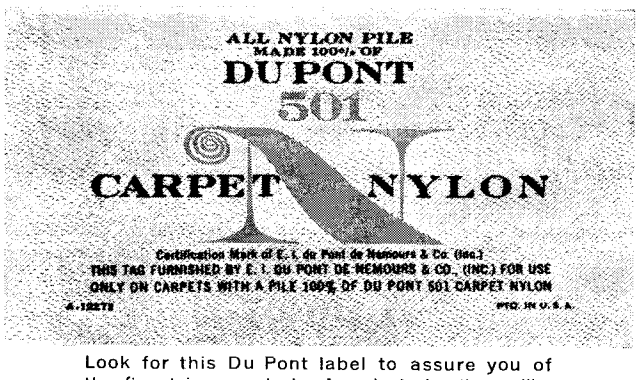
Marble sculpture of Aphrodite, 400-300 B.C. Courtesy of Carlebach Gallery, New York. Carpet is "Fontana" by Monarch Carpet Mills. ***Pile: 100% Du Pont 501 Carpet Nylon.***

For sculpture or fine carpets

It takes fine materials plus a master's touch

MONARCH crafts DU PONT 501 CARPET NYLON into "Fontana," an outstanding example of the carpet maker's skill. This specially engineered nylon, crafted by a master mill, gives you everything you want in carpets—outstanding durability, easy cleanability, no concern over mildew and moths . . . no annoying shedding and fuzzing . . . no carpet-caused allergies . . . and no worries about how it will look after cleaning. This is the satisfaction you can expect if your next carpet bears the official Du Pont 501 Carpet Nylon label.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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

WATCH "DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK," NBC-TV—SUNDAYS.

Du Pont makes fibers, not the carpet shown.

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baseman and a second baseman in high school before I became a pitcher, but I knew a left-hander couldn't play those infield positions in professional ball. So they tried me in the outfield, and I was all right until I had to go back, and I didn't have enough experience to catch fly balls over my head.

They'd say, "Why, that stiff, why don't he turn around and go and catch the baseball?" Danny Shay, the manager, told me, "Well, you're built like a horse anyway, with that big rear end of yours. No wonder you can't field."

They didn't have coaches then to teach the rookies, and there was nothing like the instructional school for young players we started before spring training in 1950 when I was managing the Yankees. But there were a couple of older players with big-league experience, Pat Flaherty and Spike Shannon. The three of us were left behind when the team made its first road trip, and Flaherty would hit fungos over my head and Shannon would sit on a chair in the outfield and give me instructions. At first I couldn't come close to the ball, but by the time ten days later when I was sent down to Kankakee, Illinois, in the Northern Association, I was beginning to improve.

Flaherty told me to keep working on my fielding at Kankakee, and he said, "I want you to go out and learn how to slide." I told him I wouldn't get a chance until the next year, that I'd trained all spring as a pitcher. He said, "You practice sliding."

So at Kankakee I'd get somebody to hit fly balls over my head, and I'd go field them and then throw the ball in as far as I could with accuracy. And while the ball was getting back the rest of the way to the man with the fungo bat, I'd practice my sliding. I'd put my glove down on the grass and run and slide into it on my right side. Then I would do the same to my left side, and then I would do the same thing sliding straight in.

Some people used to think I was crazy. But all that practice helped me. From not being a good slider, I got to where I stole sixteen bases in fifty-nine games. Then the Northern Association folded up on July eighteenth and I was sent to Shelbyville, Kentucky, in the Blue Grass League. The Shelbyville franchise failed, too, but it was shifted to Maysville, Kentucky. And after the Blue Grass League season ended I came back to the Kansas City Blues and got in four or five games there, which none of the record books seem to show.

My first two years in baseball I saved enough money to go to Western Dental College in Kansas City after the season. When I made the big leagues the third year, I dropped out. There were times later on when I thought of switching back to dentistry.

I'll never forget the dissecting class at the dental school. The work was naturally very serious, but once in a while fellows would fool around with those bodies when nobody was looking, and the first thing you knew you'd find an extra thumb in your pocket.

One time I went from the school to see my friend Harold Lederman at his father's cigar store. Harold is a great little guy, and still one of my best friends. Well, I shook hands with Harold and left an extra finger in his hand, and it almost scared him to death.

Another thing I remember about dental school is the time they had me pull a man's tooth in class. I tried to do it with a right-handed instrument, and I hadn't set the chair low enough. They'd taught us, "Just twist your wrist and take it out like a cork." So I was giving it that twist, but with the chair too high. When I went to pull up, the patient started raising up too. And I was worried, because that boy had tears coming out of his eyes.

The instructor said, "Would it do you some good to lower the chair?" So I lowered that chair down, with the whole class kind of snickering and laughing, and when I did that twist again, out came that tooth. And boy, I was a happy man, and I guess the patient was too.

I hadn't hit much in my first year in baseball—.251 in the Northern Association and .223 in the Blue Grass League—but in 1911 at Aurora, Illinois, I led the Wisconsin-Illinois League with .352 and stole a lot of bases. A Brooklyn scout by the name of Larry Sutton came over from Chicago to watch the Aurora club and he got Brooklyn to draft me.

Brooklyn put me at Montgomery, Alabama, in the Southern League in 1912. The shortstop there was Kid Elberfeld, a real tough old-timer who had just come down after thirteen years in the big leagues. He said to me, "You want to get to the big league, watch me." And I want to tell you, he'd get you there or get you in jail. Or get you out of jail. He'd stand up there at the plate and get in the way of the ball, and then to make it look good he'd run out and throw his bat at the pitcher. He'd say, "You threw at me on purpose!"

He tried to teach me how to execute the different plays when I was on the bases—the hit and run and so forth. In one holiday double-header I had a red-hot day. I got something like six hits in eight times at bat. But every time I got on I thought I could steal. And I must have thought that to steal a base I had to look at it, because I kept looking at the base instead of at Elberfeld, who was hitting behind me. At least three times he hit line drives that were caught, and I'd be running with my eyes on that next base and get doubled off.

The last time it happened I started from second base, and as I rounded third, who should I see coming down the line toward me but Elberfeld, waving his bat over his head and yelling. He chased me all the way back around those bases.

So here it was my third season in professional ball, and I was still learning things the hard way. And the year wasn't over yet. Before it ended I found myself up in Brooklyn playing my first game in the big leagues.

What happened on Casey Stengel's first day in a big-league clubhouse? When he fell in love? When he first tried his hand at managing? The Stengel saga continues next week. —*The Editors*

Casey Stengel with his wife Edna in the living room of their Glendale, California, home.

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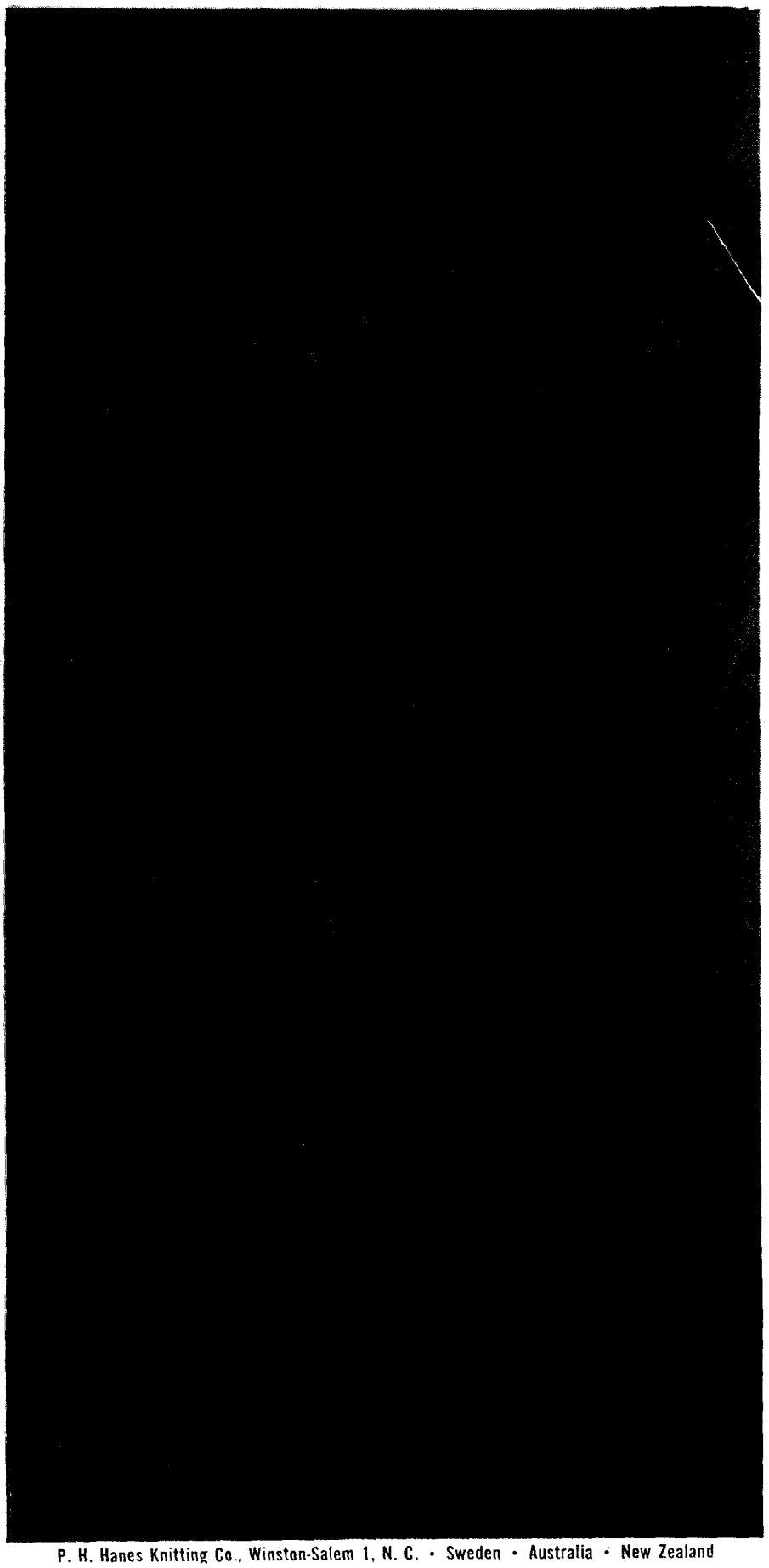

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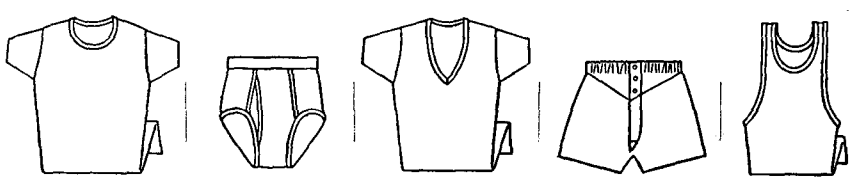

LET HIM DIE

continued from page 27

"Yes, sir," said Varner hopefully.

"What's a day's dose of morphine for you?"

"Five grains."

"Good Lord!" said Doctor Duncan. He ordered Miss Lawton conservatively, "Give him two," and went out, with another door slam. Even this order startled us. Our usual dose for a patient was a quarter of a grain.

Miss Lawton prepared the morphine and injected it into Varner's arm. Smiling and wheezing, he watched her do it with his long, narrow, gray-and-yellow eyes. "Thank you, sweetheart," he rasped.

"You're welcome," she said, but the words carried a reprimand and a warning.

Miss Lawton had tied on her surgical mask when the ambulance stopped outside. She usually did that. In the mask she looked like a

girl who would keep a Saturday-night party going till Sunday noon:

a Miss Universe type of body, green eyes full of craving, arched brows and short black hair. Without the mask she was hopelessly homely. Heavy, shapeless lips, too little chin, and her teeth, both upper and lower, protruded and in places interlocked. She wore the mask as much as she could. I used to watch her motionless at her desk, studying her masked face for minutes at a time in a little mirror; and then with tweezers she would pluck just *one* hair from an eyebrow.

She drummed on the enamel desk top a lot with her pointed, clicking fingernails and spoke rather sharply sometimes to the WAVES. She had authority over all of us enlisted people. We liked having her there. We had all had experience in the past with conscientious nurses, flirting nurses, taut-ship nurses and sweet nurses with Madonna smiles. We liked Miss Lawton because most of the time she attended to her nails and eyebrows, gazed out the window above her desk and let us alone to do our work.

An operating room in a Quonset hut lacks refinements, but ours at least was air-conditioned; after all, it was in the tropics, and you can't have sweat dropping into the patient off the doctors' eyebrows. But our workrooms, dressing rooms and hall were as hot as all outdoors, and often hotter. Though we didn't usually operate on Saturday mornings, we kept the surgery chilled anyway because the commanding officer, a fat man, liked to stand in it and chat and mop his face for a few cooling moments before finishing his rounds of inspection. But he would have no chance to loiter there today. When we had an emergency case to work on, the inspecting party passed us by.

We got into our work clothes—the WAVES changed their seersucker uniforms for shapeless blue cotton wrappers, and Sam and I put white pajama pants over our own white T shirts and shorts. Everyone working in an operating room, of course, wears a cap and a surgical mask.

As senior corpsman, I told Roberta and Sam to scrub and Mary to circulate. When you scrub for an operation, you scrub your hands and arms with a brush and soap and water for ten minutes by the clock, then put on a sterile gown and sterile rubber gloves and help the doctors. When you circulate you handle with bare hands all those objects which the scrub corpsman and doctors must not touch because they are not sterile—the patient (except for the area being operated on); the lights; the cranks which adjust the operating table; the cold, wet cloths for the patient's forehead; the basin into which he may wish to vomit.

While Mary brought in trays of instruments and Roberta and Sam stood in the back room scrubbing their hands, the commanding officer and his inspecting party blundered through the front door. They had not been told that we had an emergency case. They saw it soon enough, but our patient, still waiting in the outer room, was such a spectacle that they could not immediately bring themselves to leave.

"Good morning, Captain Cook," Miss Lawton said, but she got no reply. The commanding officer and his men just stared at Varner—at his tourniquets, his three wounds, his mud and blood and red-and-orange shirt—and listened to the strange sounds he made. Varner's eyelids lifted slowly and smoothly, like oyster shells under the sea. He looked up at the inspecting party from his stretcher.

"What happened here?" said Captain Cook in his neat little voice.

"This is an attempted suicide, Captain. A civilian," said Miss Lawton. Varner produced a remote and modest smile, like that of an actor taking a curtain call after an exhausting performance.

The captain stepped closer with his hands clasped behind him and bent over Varner. "How do you feel?" he asked, speaking slowly and distinctly, as if he expected to have trouble getting through.

"Sir, I'm fine," said Varner in a rasp so loud that the captain drew back, startled.

"You're very lucky," said the captain, nodding a half dozen times to show his wisdom and his knowledge of these things.

"Oh, I am," said Varner irritably. "Don't I know it? I'm all kinds of lucky. Can't you make these dopes git a move on?"

The commanding officer had been sheltered by protocol for years; if he was not treated with the respect due his rank, he simply collapsed. He looked at his men, but they offered no help.

"We are setting up now, sir," said Miss Lawton pointedly.

"Yes, of course," said the captain. "Of course you are." He glanced at the door of the operating room, beyond which was the only cool spot for miles and miles. But today it was out of bounds for captains. There were wet patches where his shirt was sticking to his back. The chief petty officer pushed the front door open with one arm and humbly drew in his chin and belly to let the captain pass. The rest of the inspecting party—a warrant officer and a small, frightened lieutenant j.g. with a notebook—followed him out into the hot sun.

"That was the commanding officer of this hospital," Miss Lawton told Varner, letting her glance fall on him like a blow. He didn't feel it.

"I thought so," he answered. "Come just to see me, did he?"

Mary called to us from the operating room. She didn't know what arrangements our case would require—we had not had one like it before. I found a long board and laid it across the operating

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table to support Varner's outstretched arms, and soon we moved him in and put him on the table and the arm rests. He lay spread face up, in the shape of a cross.

"You'll have to pay for that," he told me, when he saw me cutting his shirt away with scissors.

Doctor Duncan kicked open the rear door and came in, holding out his scrubbed hands while alcohol dripped from his elbows to the floor. After him, also dripping, came a man we had never seen before.

"Miss Lawton," Doctor Duncan shouted, "this is Doctor Walburg. He just reported for duty last night. He's gonna be with us a while."

Miss Lawton's craving eyes turned and craved Doctor Walburg for a moment, over the top of her mask. "How do you do?" she said. The new doctor looked at her with interest. He was a young man, probably thirty, and six and a half feet tall.

He made me remember another tall young man—a handsome lieutenant, strenuously groomed and polished, and as pure a playboy as the Navy ever commissioned. He came down from S.O.Q. one afternoon and wanted to know where the nurse was who had sat at his head while he had his appendix out.

He put his question to Miss Lawton. She blushed and admitted in a strange, prissy voice, "I guess that was me."

"Oh, no," said the young lieutenant—grinning, lounging and in other ways stepping up his output of charm. "I remember what this girl looked like. Don't you have more than one nurse around here?"

"No," said Miss Lawton. "There's only me." I watched the young man's face as the truth knocked the poise out of him: This *was* the same nurse, but without her mask.

Miss Lawton watched it too. With her hands on her desk top, she leaned a little toward the young lieutenant and said quietly, "Get out of here, you dirty louse." He and she and I were the only ones who heard it. After he left she sat for an hour staring out the window and cracking her knuckles. I had never seen her do that before.

Roberta handed towels to the surgeons. "Varner, how you feeling?" asked Doctor Duncan.

Varner was feeling fine. Maybe our morphine was a better grade than he was accustomed to. "You do a good job now, doctor," the patient piously ordered. "Take your time."

"I'll do that; I sure will," said Doctor Duncan, and he added cheerfully, "Lord, you're a mess. If it hadn't been for you, I'd 'a' played eighteen holes of golf today." But anyone could tell that Doctor Duncan would rather operate than play golf.

We began by washing the mud out of Varner's wounds with saline solution. We had no anesthetic that would work in his case. If we clamped a mask on his face and gave gas, he would simply refuse it and breathe air through the hole in his throat. He would have to manage on his morphine jag alone, which was why Doctor Duncan had ordered it for him in the first place.

"I tell you what, doctor," said Doctor Duncan to Doctor Walburg. "You start on his left arm, and I'll do his neck." Mary and I arranged white-painted iron stools for the two work parties and moved up their trays of instruments. Roberta and Doctor Duncan were one team, Sam and Doctor Walburg the other.

The long job began—tying off blood vessels; patient, meticulous sewing back together with needles and thread of the various tissues the linoleum knife had severed.

"I smoke," Mary said to me. "Holler." This meant that she was going outdoors for a cigarette and that I was to call if we needed her. Mary looked like a Cro-Magnon woman—like a Cro-Magnon man with a home permanent, really—and her intelligence, vocabulary and inclination to speech were limited. Swabbing decks was what she did best, better than any sailor; but she could circulate well enough if someone kept reminding her what to do next. She went out.

I watched the new doctor. He had the precision and assurance that good surgeons have. Each stitch and knot and cut was made decisively and at a good brisk pace. There was no hesitation. What was done was done and could be depended on.

My eyes stayed on the work while my mind wandered. I thought ahead to the evening, when some of us would lower the black-out curtains in the outer room and have a party. Only some of us corpsmen and WAVES; Miss Lawton would be among the wallflowers at a dance in officers' country. And Mary, who said she had never been kissed—we all believed her—would not be with us either.

We sailors wore fresh whites and even neckerchiefs for these occasions. The WAVES, determined somehow to express their individuality, did it by applying their favorite perfumes to their uniforms. We all sat around the work table, drinking ethyl alcohol and grapefruit juice—both supplied through the courtesy, or rather carelessness, of the Navy—in a night-club atmosphere which consisted of two candles burning in the blacked-out room and music seeping from Sam's cracked plastic radio. But it was all fun, because it was illegal.

I thought of this, and looked forward to it, while I endured the itching tedium of watching James Henry Varner, under the bright lights, being exquisitely stitched back together.

Miss Lawton sat in her official position at the patient's head, from time to time pumping up and letting down the blood-pressure apparatus on his arm. She didn't talk to him, as she usually did with patients.

We'd had hundreds of men in whose memories Miss Lawton remains to this day, I guess,

the lovely nurse who sat at the head of the operating table

and carried on a diverting chatter, while they, poor devils, conscious under a spinal anesthetic, tried to be brave and not vomit, and wondered what was really going on down there beyond the screen, where the doctors were working away on their hernia or appendix as happily as children in a sand pile.

"Scratch my nose," said Roberta, and I went to her and scratched her nose, because she could not touch her face with her sterile gloves.

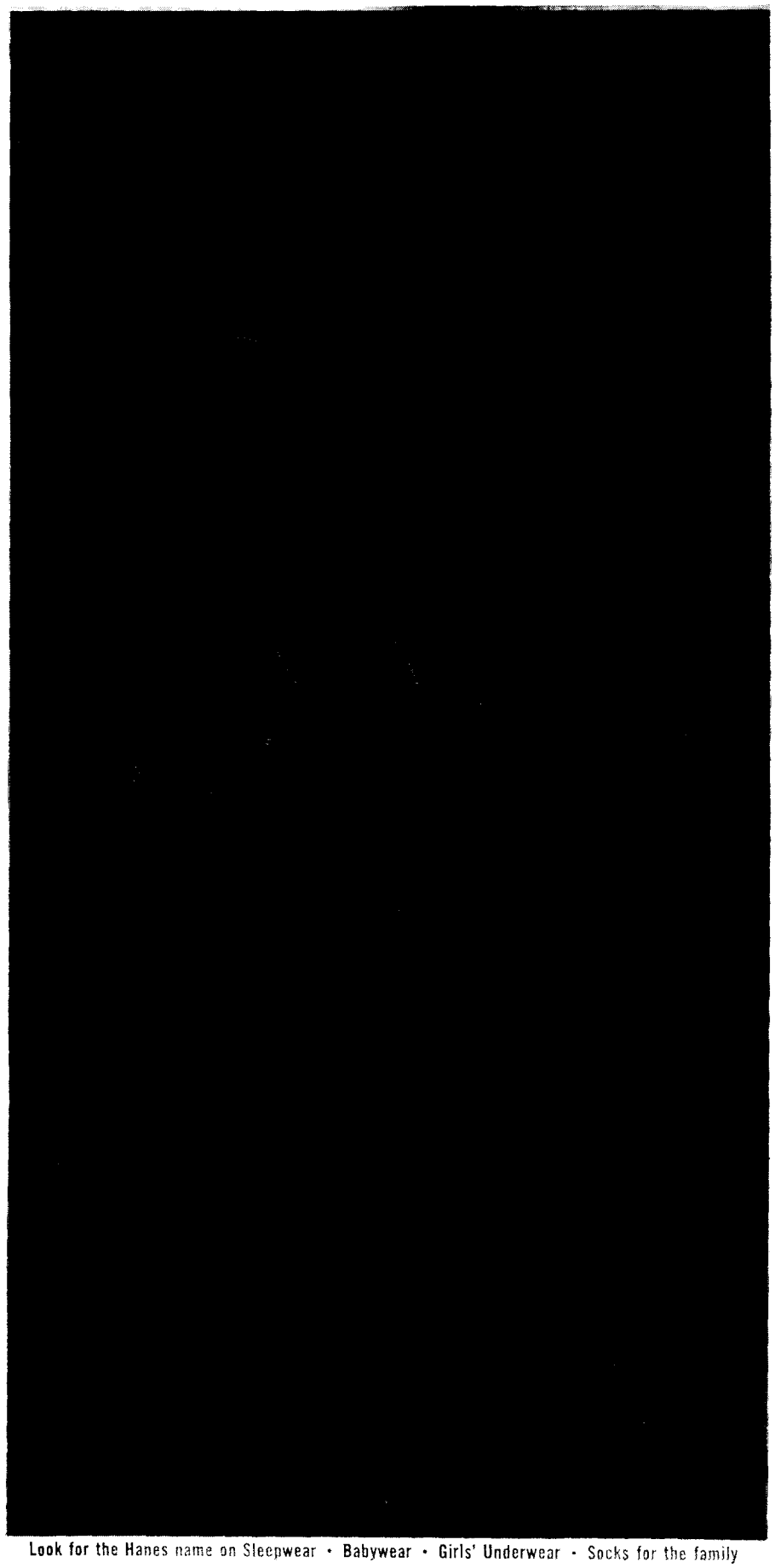
There was a clatter as Doctor Duncan threw a whole handful of dirty instruments onto the tray. The patient spoke. "Hell's *bells*," he said.

"We hurtin' you, Varner?" asked Doctor Duncan.

"Naw," said Varner. "I was just thinkin'."

"What were you thinking about?" asked Miss Lawton cozily, in a tone you

smart women buy it for them!



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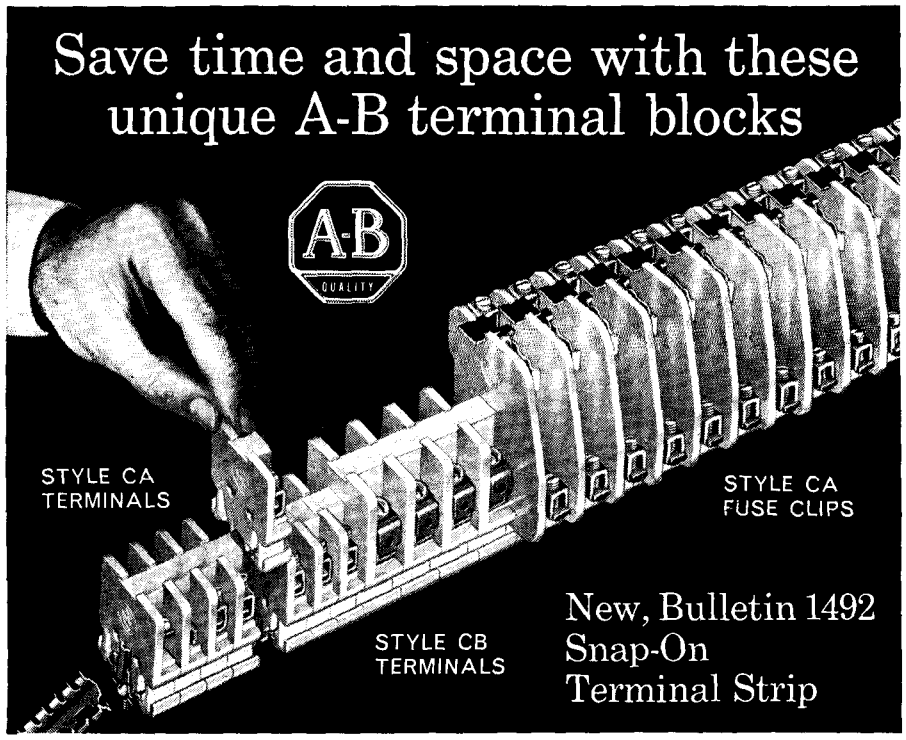

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might use in asking a child of five, "What games did you play in kindergarten today?"

Varner turned his head back as far as it would go, then rolled his eyes up, and so was able to see Miss Lawton's face, upside down, hovering over him there beyond his eyebrows.

"I was thinkin'," he said, and his eyes squeezed shut while he recalled what he had been thinking. Then he opened them again and they bulged furiously at Miss Lawton. "She took everthing I had," he croaked. "Everthing I had give her, and everthing I owned. She even took my clothes—took my good suit and give it to *him* to wear." He snored faster.

"Well, don't worry about that now," said Miss Lawton hastily. "We'll have you in bed before long, and you can sleep."

But Varner began to cry. I would not have thought a man in his condition would have the resources left to cry, but he had. His shoulders shook, sobs turned his long. easy snore into a series of short honks, and—since he was lying on his back—his tears ran straight from his eyes into his ears. Miss Lawton dabbed at them with a towel.

"I give her my love," sobbed Varner, "and she laughed and run off with a little old pants presser."

Doctor Duncan was interested. "Is that how come you messed yourself up this way, Varner?" he asked, still sewing.

Varner stopped sobbing at once. Miss Lawton blotted up the last tears, and you'd have thought he had not cried at all. "Oh, no, doctor, that was sebmteen years ago she run off like that," he called, gazing overhead with bulging eyes as if he saw the doctor's face up there.

"You don't have to holler," said Doctor Duncan mildly. "I'm right here at your Adam's apple. I can hear you."

"Well," said Doctor Walburg, "let's have a dressing." He and Sam had finished with the left wrist. They went out to the scrub sink, scrubbed again and returned. Using a forceps, I handed them new gowns and gloves. Then I arranged their stools and a fresh tray of instruments at Varner's right arm.

Mary came back. "Go," she said, but I stayed. Varner's snore changed its tone and presently stopped altogether. Doctor Duncan had closed the hole in his throat, but still a lot remained to be done.

"Say something, Varner," Doctor Duncan ordered. "Let's see what you sound like now. Say 'Mary had a little lamb.'"

"I'll be damned if I will," said Varner distinctly, in a voice that was almost normal.

"Fine," said the doctor. "That's just fine."

"Cursing now," said Mary with disapproval.

"I want another shot," Varner announced flatly.

"Now don't start that," said the doctor. "You're chugful of that stuff already."

"I wasn't talking to you," said Varner. "I was talking to this pretty nurse I got up here with *me*. How about it, sweetheart?"

"Everybody takes orders from the doctor around here," said Miss Lawton. "And don't call me sweetheart, *please*."

"Shoot, I thought you was a sport," said Varner, talking straight at the ceiling. "You ain't nothing but a dadburned old maid. I bet if you took that thing off your face you'd be ugly as sin."

His words hung in the silent room as if a little skywriter had put them there. All work stopped. Heads came up, but no one turned to look at Miss Lawton. It would have been better if we hadn't made so much of it, passed it off as nonsense from a patient on a morphine jag. But after five seconds of heavy silence, it was too late.

"Now listen here, Varner," Doctor Duncan growled. "You just simme down. We don't want any more uncalled for remarks out of you. You hear me?"

Pink patches appeared on Miss Lawton's forehead, and she sat rigid, squeezing one hand with the other, batting her eyes, looking at a blank space on the wall. The doctors and Sam and Roberta went back to work. Without meaning to, we had hurt Miss Lawton as surely as if, one after the other, we had used daggers. Her homeliness was all around her, in the minds of all of us.

I could not stay. I told Mary to watch both teams and went into the workroom. As soon as I got there, the phone rang. "Operating Room A," I said, for there were three others on the compound—B, C and G.U. It was the officer of the day. The commanding officer had given

Don't Miss CONNIE FRANCIS on page 38

orders, he said, that the civilian we were working on could not be admitted to our ward, but would have to be sent on to the civilian hospital as soon as we had finished with him. We were to let the O.D. know when to order an ambulance.

Replacing my mask, I went into the operating room and gave this news to Doctor Duncan. "What?" he roared in disbelief. His blue eyes nailed me to the bulkhead. You would think *I* had given the order. I repeated the message.

"Just forget about all that," he told me. "I'll call the captain when I get through here."

"The captain don't want me neither," said Varner. "Don't *nobody* want me."

"You're staying right here, my boy," said Doctor Duncan. "Don't you worry."

"Aw, shoot," said Varner. "Y'all just put them knives and thangs up and go home. Just leave me alone. Go on, now."

"Oh, well," said Doctor Duncan, trying to tease him into a better mood, "I missed my golf game anyway. I might as well stay here and finish this job on you."

I went out. I knew something of Doctor Duncan's concern for his postoperative patients. He fretted over them as if they were sick children—his children—and came to the ward late at night to make sure they were there, alive and not too uncomfortable.

I went outside and stood on the rough, roofless porch, three feet above the street. Down past the baseball diamond the Pacific swung and foamed at the shore. A cloud had slid down from the mountains behind the hospital. Through it the sun burned dim, looking like a

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Christmas-tree ornament. The air was moist and a degree or two cooler than before. This was as near to a change of season as the place ever came.

I heard Doctor Duncan's heavy stride shake the workroom. I went inside. Still in his cap and gown, he was at the phone. His conversation with the commanding officer was a battering against a mind as primly made up as a maiden lady's bed. Admitting civilians was against regulations—though, of course, we had done it before.

"Sir, I surely would like your permission to keep this man Varner here ——"

"Yes, sir, I realize that, but I feel he ought not to be moved any farther than ——"

"Very poor. He's gonna need a special watch. He's high on morphine right now, and we can't tell what ——"

"Well, sir, if you could just see your way this time to ——"

And then, with angry formality, "*Yes*, sir." He hung up.

"Call the O.D.," he told me in weariness and disgust. "Tell him to order the damned ambulance." For a moment I thought this kind, homely, middle-aged man, with one grandchild already and a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year practice back in Akron, was going to cry. He didn't, though. He just left, gown and all.

Children are adorable, but they have a disillusioning habit of developing into adults.

John Nixon Jr.

But in a moment he stuck his head in the door and told me, "I'll go with him in the ambulance."

When Doctor Walburg finished with the right wrist we moved Varner out to the workroom to wait a few minutes for the ambulance. He lay on the wheeled cart we used for bringing patients from the wards. The tough, dark skin of his face was twisted. He was in pain now.

We had him under blankets. A bottle of plasma hung from a rack at his feet, and its tube led down to a needle and a vein in his ankle. "What's that thing, son?" he asked me, and I told him.

"Take it off of me," he ordered. "I'm gonna die. Don't you know that? And I don't want to die with that nasty stuff in me."

"No you're not," I said. "You need it. That's just as important as getting sewed up. You lie still."

Miss Lawton was seated at her desk, filling out the record book. I went into the operating room to help Roberta and Mary and Sam clean up. Emergency cases nearly always make a bigger mess than scheduled cases, and this one had been extra messy. We all knew what to do.

We worked in silence for a few minutes. Then I happened to look into the workroom through the diamond-shaped peephole in the door. I stared for some moments at what I saw out there before I could believe it.

I saw Varner from the back. He had risen from the cart and was walking, somehow, toward the front door. He had nothing in him to walk with—not the strength nor the blood nor even the plasma. Yet he was doing it. He still wore his khaki work pants. Except for the thick white dressings at his wrists and throat, his body was naked above the waist. In one hand he carried the plasma bottle. Its tube still ran down to his ankle, and the plasma dripped precisely through the glass bulb and into his veins.

Miss Lawton sat at her desk, half-turned in her chair. Over the top of her mask she watched Varner with empty green eyes.

Still at the peephole, I waited for her to move or scream. Could I never stop studying the girl? But she did nothing, nothing, while Varner lurched and staggered across the room.

He was putting out his hand to open the screen door when I started after him. I had waited too long. He was outside, on the bare little porch under the sky. Standing at the very edge of it, he threw the plasma bottle down into the street. It shattered on the asphalt paving, and the thick, cider-colored liquid spread a little way and stopped. Then Varner's legs folded slowly, and he fell into the street and lay there, with his long, thin arms and legs awry, like a huge smashed insect. I jumped down there beside him and put my hand over his heart. It did not beat, of course; he was dead. I looked up at the screen door. Miss Lawton was standing inside it. She had taken her mask off now. "Oh, Miss Lawton," I cried. "Miss Lawton."

But she didn't answer. She only looked down with a face as dead as Varner's, ugly, empty and cold. One by one the other faces appeared up there too—to the right or left, in the windows or, peering around Miss Lawton, in the door.

THE END

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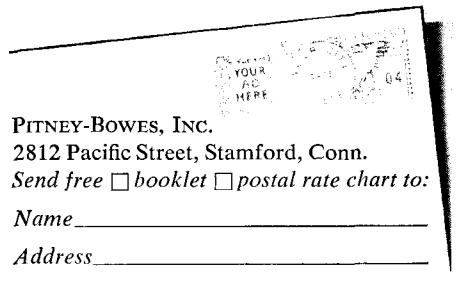

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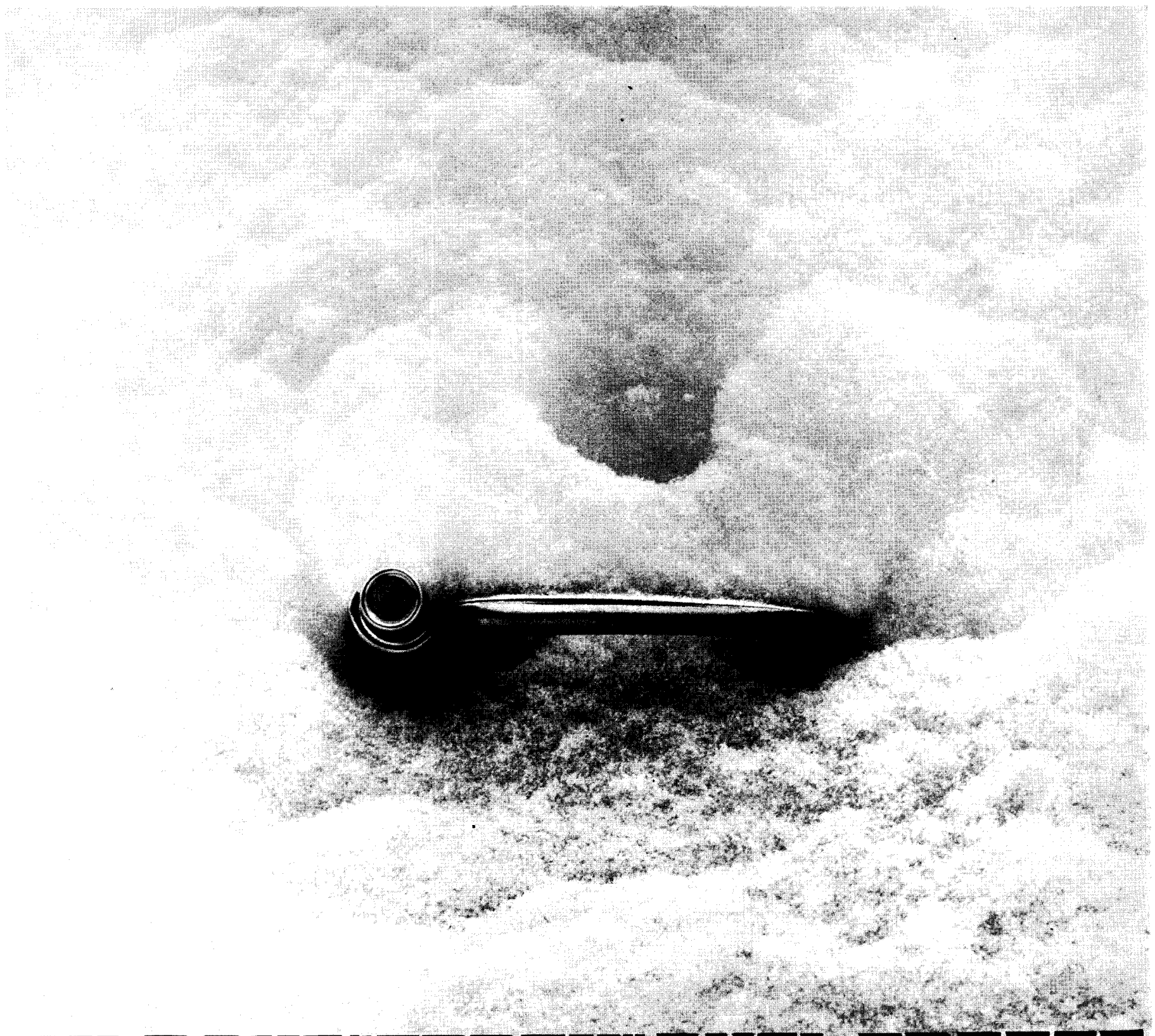

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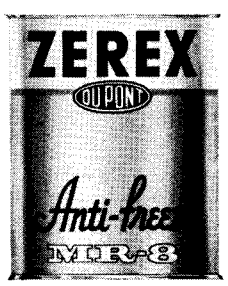

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A. J. B. Kiddell, expert in Japanese and Chinese art for Sotheby's, personifies the firm's shrewd knowledge of *objets d'art*.

STATUS SYMBOLS FOR SALE

How Sotheby's venerable London auction house sets prices and tastes for highbrows.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

The 217-year-old firm of Sotheby & Co., now the world's leading auction house for works of art, has had another banner year. Closing its books on July 31, 1961, it could announce a turnover of $23,635,000 for the October-to-July British auction season. As they compared this all-time record with the results of the preceding seasons—in round figures, $9,000,000 for 1957–58; $16,000,000 for 1958–59; and $19,000,000 for 1959–60—the firm's nine worldly owners agreed that Sotheby's was going places. Still, exactly where it was going they would not even attempt to guess; the price of art already has outzoomed all calculations and predictions and is well on its way to outer space.

Sotheby's sells anything from medieval armor to rare books, from antique furniture to chinaware, from rugs to snuffboxes to walking canes, from silver salvers to pearl necklaces. But the commodity for which it is best known and which accounts for more than half of its turnover is fine art. Art dealers and collectors everywhere now look at Sotheby's as the ultimate clearing house where new price levels are established and where new trends in taste can be discerned. And members of the London stock exchange claim that it is at Sotheby's that a new international business cycle—boom or dip—first manifests itself.

Indeed, if London has in recent years regained its place as the world's central art market—a position it had temporarily surrendered to Paris and New York—credit for this accomplishment is due largely to Sotheby's. For one thing, Sotheby's fees work out at approximately half those charged in New York and Paris. For another, a string of sales involving great American

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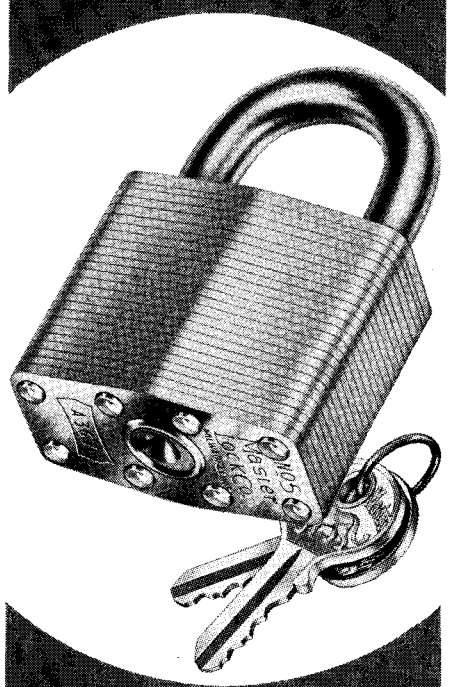

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art collections has firmly established Sotheby's reputation for obtaining top prices. Among these glamour auctions were the Goldschmidt sale of 1958, at which no fewer than seven French impressionist paintings—the property of New York financier Jakob Goldschmidt—were sold in less than half an hour for a staggering $2,186,800; the Chrysler sale of 1959, at which assorted pictures belonging to automobile magnate Walter P. Chrysler and other collectors fetched $1,025,000; and the Goodyear sale, also of 1959, which brought the Goodyear family of Buffalo, New York, the tidy sum of $1,929,096

Nearly one half of Sotheby's gross income is now derived from the United States. Sotheby's American business assumed its present two-way pattern in 1954 when the British Treasury relaxed some currency restrictions, making it possible for British auctioneers to pay a foreign seller in his own currency. Two years ago, for the convenience of its ever-growing American clientele, the firm set up an office in New York which can transmit bids by teletype directly into headquarters.

Today it is not exceptional for an old master or a Louis XV commode from an American collection to be shipped clear across the ocean for sale at Sotheby's, only to take the next boat back graced with the label of a new American owner. Sotheby's best customers for antique silver are two anonymous American collectors who telegraph their bids before each sale, having picked what they want from the illustrated catalogue. When Sotheby's staged its first button sale last May—old buttons now being a collectors' item—three New York dealers flew to London and bid furiously against one another, raising the total of the sale, which comprised 3169 buttons, to a fat $18,518.

Behind the dazzling panoply of Sotheby's world auction records stands the collective genius of nine personalities—eight men, one woman—who own the business among them. Each of them, as a Sotheby director, enjoys almost unlimited discretion in running his or her department. Each is bound to relinquish, on retirement from active duty, his or her portion of the stock. Only directors may accept objects for auction and only they may "take a sale"—officiate as auctioneers.

Having entered the business as cataloguers, numberers or handlers, all Sotheby directors are wizards in their fields who can tell—usually at a glance—whether an item is worth selling. Some of them, like Anthony Hobson of rare books, Jim Kiddell of chinaware and Frederick Rose of jewelry and silver, are internationally famous experts and appraisers. In spite of their diversity of background, temperament and age, all partners of the firm display the same lighthearted, easy manner, implying a suggestion of "don't take us seriously—we are just playing shop" that has charmed many a reluctant seller into trying his luck at Sotheby's. Above all they are lifelong, dedicated students of that fascinating species, the snob.

There is the hard sell and the soft sell and the Sotheby sell. The very month of June—the sweet and showy season of garden parties and the Ascot races—is made a Sotheby stage prop, bestowing on some of the firm's most businesslike auctions the guise of gay social events. Last June, for example, a beautifully illustrated catalogue, sent to several thousand

Prospective clients and Sotheby director Carmen Gronau (top, right) scrutinizin

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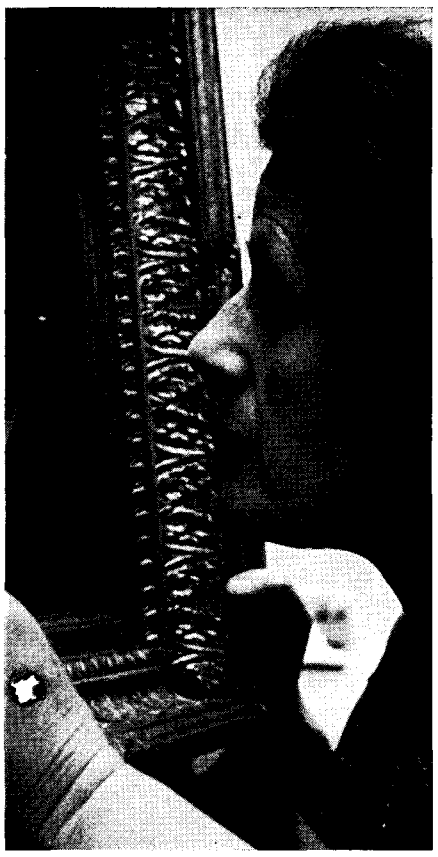

welry and paintings prior to an auction.

clients all over the world and available at Sotheby's for $1.40 heralded the sale of the fourteenth as "important"—an adjective not to be trifled with at Sotheby's. The little book further disclosed that the 120-odd paintings put up for auction included works owned by His Grace the Duke of Leeds, film actress Elizabeth Taylor (Mrs. Eddie Fisher), Miss Sonja Henie and assorted other titled and untitled personalities. For a full week prior to A-Day, the paintings were exhibited in Sotheby's sales rooms.

Every morning of that week ladies in blue chiffon and gentlemen with white carnations in their buttonholes ascended the flight of stairs that leads straight to the auction rooms. By noon the climate became that of a well-managed cocktail party in full swing, with everybody present having taken notice of who else was there.

"My dear, I *knew* I would run into you at Sotheby's!" one could hear a countess coo. Here a mustached brigadier stepped back like a matador to get a better look at a Madonna. There a stout man in tweeds with a no-nonsense air about him pulled out a magnifying glass to study some bewitching detail. As animated groups wandered from one great gleaming canvas to the next, the conversation drifted toward prices—those heady figures with long trains of zeros that made the firm's forty-eight-year-old chairman Peter Wilson smile his impenetrable smile as he moved back and forth among prospective buyers. And the prospective buyers, gently led by Mr. Wilson, would suddenly find themselves staring at the prize item of the show, a Goya portrait of the Duke of Wellington.

The 20-by-25-inch panel painting was possibly not the great Spaniard's finest effort; besides, two other Goya portraits of the Duke were in existence. But no matter. Placed on an easel in a recess of its own, flanked by two ancient bronze cannons, backed by a glittering tapestry and brought to life by a small spotlight, the painting seemed irresistible; and the mere fact that it was actually on the market made heads swim.

On Wednesday the fourteenth at eleven A.M. sharp the auction began. Gilt chairs had been rented for the occasion. Sotheby's principal auction room, accessible by invitation only, was jam-packed with a Who's Who of the world's art dealers, collectors and tycoons, with the right seasoning of British peerage. A spill-over of poor relations, bringing the total audience up to nearly 1500, was accommodated in three other sales rooms and kept in touch by closed circuit television. Among those present were the owners of the Goya and of thirty-five other pictures to be auctioned, the Duke and Duchess of Leeds—she a ravishing young beauty, all peaches and cream and wearing an enormous floppy hat.

Wilson himself was on the rostrum. Six feet two-and-a-half inches tall, blue-eyed and blond, cool and perfectly turned out in morning coat and striped trousers, he seemed the very image of the British ruling class. Socialites in the audience could take comfort in the fact that he was one of them, the son of a baronet and cavalry officer, and a product of Eton and Oxford. As he began to call out bids in cultured accents, there was no doubt that he had the audience with him. Hard-headed dealers, raptly watching the broken bit of ebony that served him as a gavel, threw caution to the winds and bid, bid, bid. There was no sales talk, no "going, going, gone"—only the crisp,

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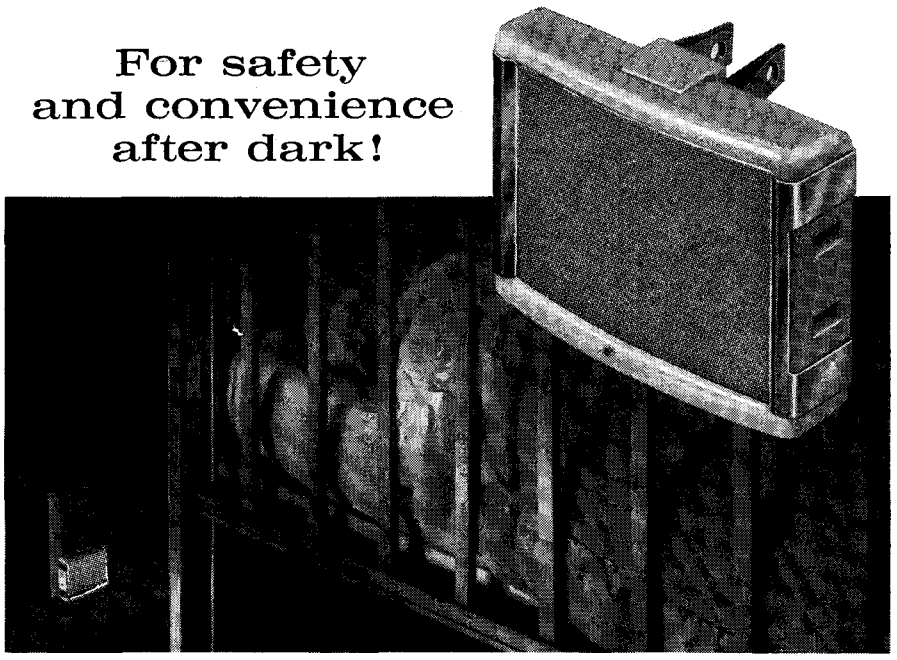

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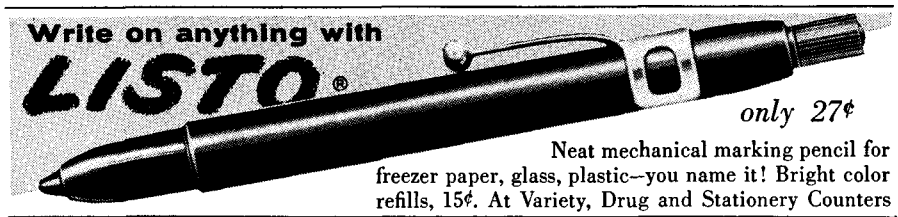

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electrifying beat of mounting figures. Confronted with that smile, exposed to that subliminal appeal to catch a picture now, before it was too late, one understood why an enraptured lady had once called Peter Wilson "the Toscanini of the auction room."

Only on rare occasions will the audience freeze and mulishly refuse to go on bidding—an awkward situation, particularly when the owner in secret instructions to the auctioneer has put his own "reserve price" on a picture below which it cannot be sold. At the June-fourteenth auction a portrait by Frans Hals from the collection of the late producer Michael Todd, put up for sale by his widow, Elizabeth Taylor, got stuck at $44,800, far below the "reserve." The unexpectedly low figure visibly shook Wilson, who only six months earlier had sold a London dealer a similar Frans Hals for a cool $509,600. There was nothing for Wilson to do but follow the approved procedure for such cases and knock Miss Taylor's Hals down to a nonexisting bidder; he'd have to charge the disappointed owner 2½% per cent of the last bona fide bid.

Bidding for the prize Goya started at £10,000—$28,000—and leaped in just under two minutes up to a fabulous £140,000, or $392,000. Sotheby's, which had hoped, as a staff member later intimated, to sell the picture for "as much as £90,000," was understandably delighted. The Duchess of Leeds smiled her shy and lovely smile. And the new owner, Texas oil magnate Charles B. Wrightsman, a trustee of the New York Metropolitan Musuem of Art and a successful art collector on his own, was clearly not a man to flinch at the idea of dropping a few hundred thousand dollars for a thing he liked.

Alas, his pride of ownership was not to be of long duration. The British government, stirred into action by the publicity that had accompanied the sale, would not permit the Iron Duke to leave the country. Invoking a rarely applied statute by which it may refuse an export license for a work of art that has been in the British Isles for more than fifty years and is considered of importance to the British nation, the Board of Trade detained the Wrightsman Goya. And London's National Gallery of Art managed to raise enough money to match the Texan's bid and thus, in accordance with the law, become the picture's rightful owner. Dramatically rescued from oblivion, the painting broke into the news again only a few weeks later, when a thief managed to lift it after gallery hours, leaving no clue behind.

Like many gilt-edged British institutions, Sotheby's does not wear its glamour on its sleeve. The narrow, dirty white three-story front that overlooks New Bond Street seems a deliberate understatement. Once past the salesrooms inside, the visitor is faced with chaos. Space is at a premium. Paintings are stacked ten deep against the walls of the cavernous basement. Priceless old furniture clutters every corridor. The eighty-odd members of the staff find one another—few of them ever being where they are supposed to be—by wandering along dark passageways, calling out names. There is an air of permanent excitement about the place—an air of always being on the verge of making some discovery or setting a new record.

Until a thing comes up for sale at Sotheby's, even the experts may not know what it is worth. The editor of a British art magazine, a knowledgeable collector of rare glass, recently left an eighty-four-dollar bid at Sotheby's for a fine English drinking glass. It went for $1960. In 1953 a seventeenth-century book of English poetry, *The Temple* by George Herbert, was sold by a London dealer to a private customer for the then record price of $250; the next copy of *The Temple* to appear on the market fetched $2380—at Sotheby's.

All day long, hopeful citizens come trudging up to the worn oak counter at Sotheby's lugging a battered suitcase or mysterious package containing something "very rare" that "has been in the family for generations." More often than not the verdict is politely negative. "We think it is a copy, sir." Or "What century—er—did you think it was?" But now and then somebody does strike oil.

A turquoise glass cup weighing less than an ounce, whose owner timidly inquired, "Is it worth anything?" turned out to be a fifteenth-century Venetian masterpiece. It sold for $13,440, and you can now admire it in London's Victoria and Albert Museum. A small white porcelain owl brought in by a retired colonel who had kept it as a knickknack on his mantelpiece proved to be a rare sample of early Chelsea—worth $8400. And a bound set of forty-one drawings someone had bought as a "mere nothing" in Ireland was identified as a series of long-lost originals by the hand of Fra Bartolommeo. Sotheby's sold the lot for $310,800, with many of the splendid drawings going to art museums and public libraries in the United States.

Not one of Sotheby's departments has been passed over by the bull market; the value of rare books, to mention just one category, has doubled in the last ten years. But it's the picture business that has seen the most violent upsurge. Some French impressionists, for example, are selling at four or five times their 1950 prices. However, in evaluating so-called auction records, one does well to remember that the greater part of the world's picture trade is handled quietly by private dealers, often at prices well above those reached at public sales. The auction record of $375,000 set at a 1929 New York sale by a Piero della Francesca *Crucifixion* remained in fact unbroken for nearly thirty years, during which period it was surpassed by more than one dealer-to-customer transaction.

Sotheby's own top price, up to 1957, was $86,800 for a landscape by Van Gogh. The firm did not hit the big money until the Goldschmidt Sale of 1958 when a Manet fetched $316,400; a Van Gogh, $369,600; and Cézanne's glorious *Boy in a Red Waistcoat*, $616,000. The following June Sotheby's proudly offered "one of the most important pictures ever to come up for public sale," a Rubens *Adoration of the Magi* from the Duke of Westminster's collection. The sheer size of the canvas, some eighty-five square feet, obliged the auctioneers to cut a hole in the salesroom floor through which the picture could be lifted. After spirited bidding the item was knocked down for $776,000—roughly 3600 times as much, Sotheby's figured, as Rubens had received for it in 1634. The buyer, London dealer Leonard Koetser, later revealed that he had fronted for a virtually unknown British art collector, building contractor Alfred Allnut. It is this painting, since donated to Cambridge University, which at the moment holds the international auction record. But the world's most expensive picture to this day is Raphael's *Alba Madonna* bought in 1931 from the Soviet Government by Andrew Mellon for 1,166,000 solid dollars and now one of the wonders of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.

Unlike past generations which gave their preference to this or that particular style, today's public will buy almost anything that is called "art." Sotheby's has registered six-figure prices for painters as disparate as Gainsborough, $364,000; El Greco, $201,600; Renoir, $201,600; and Picasso, $154,000. Dozens of lesser masters, of whom few people had ever heard until Sotheby's put them into one of its better sales, are moving into the top bracket.

Where will it stop? In expounding his belief that picture prices will go up and up indefinitely, chairman Wilson likes to remind the would-be buyer that quality art is getting scarcer by the minute. "Not only do more people collect pictures than ever before," Wilson explains, "but new art museums spring up every day, especially in the United States. And once they buy a painting, it is in captivity. Really fine old masters have become almost unavailable, and good impressionists aren't far behind."

Still, Sotheby's allows that this is not merely a matter of too much money chasing too few goods. Pictures are status symbols. In our affluent society, where a nice house or a nice car no longer sets the rich apart from everybody else, collecting art is your best chance of getting there. Moreover, you don't just pick up the phone and tell your broker to buy art. Sotheby's enhances the transaction with the prestige of its own name and it throws in the sporting chance of outbidding the best of them for a coveted canvas.

It is significant that Wilson, a partner of the firm since 1938, was elected chairman by his fellows in 1958, shortly before the Goldschmidt sale that was the first of Sotheby's golden series. Much of the firm's success these last few years is no doubt due to Wilson's empire-building ways. Catching the smell of something good cooking in a far corner of the world, he'll be airborne before nightfall to snatch the prize from his less agile competition.

His favorite gambit is to assure potential sellers that Sotheby's can get the highest price for what they have to offer and then back up his boast with a quick estimate. A few years ago he and his brilliant coadjutrix, old-master expert Carmen Gronau—the lone woman among Sotheby directors—hurried to Scarsdale, New York, in order to nail down the paintings of art collector Wilhelm Weinberg who had just died. Wilson went through the Weinberg house one way and Mrs. Gronau, the other—each jotting down evaluations. "When we compared our totals," Mrs. Gronau recalls, "they were less than ten per cent apart. And the price we eventually got for the collection—just under a million dollars—topped our adjusted estimate by ten per cent."

Still, even at Sotheby's, half the items sold fetch less than seventy-five dollars apiece. As many as three auctions may be run simultaneously in adjoining rooms and most of them are unspectacular, routine affairs during which bidders lounge around a green-baize horseshoe table or walk about the room. You do not have to watch more than a dozen of these bread-and-butter sales to recognize the steady clientele. Whether rugs, books or china are on the agenda, the great majority of the bidders is made up of

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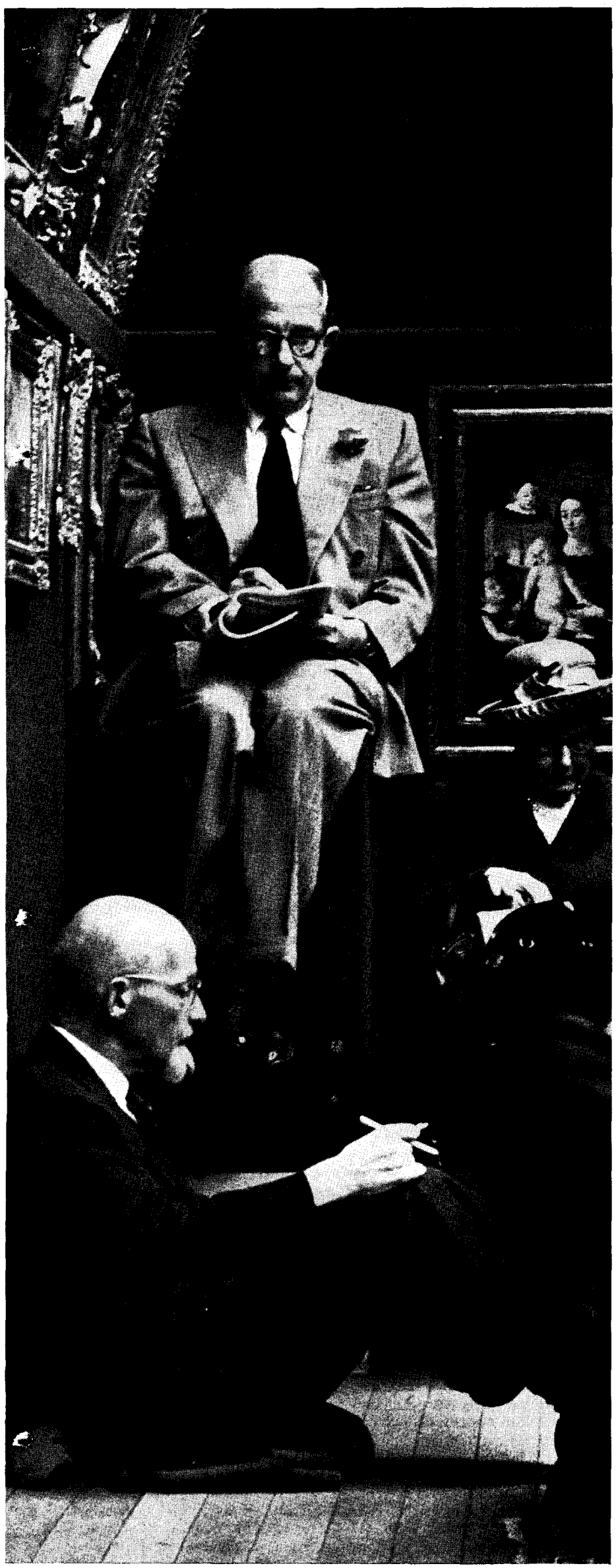

Awaiting the start of a sale, bidders study catalogues in a crowded corner.

professional London dealers who are in the habit of replenishing their stocks at Sotheby's.

Buyers beware. "Messrs. Sotheby & Co.," says the conditions of sale printed in every catalogue, "are not responsible for errors of description or for genuineness or authenticity of any lot or for any fault or defect in it. Messrs. Sotheby make no warranty whatever."

In other words, should your purchase turn out to be a phony, you have no legal recourse. This rule is applicable in New York as well, but not in Paris, where buyers get their money back if they can prove within thirty years after an auction that what they bought is not what they were told it was. True, Sotheby's does its best to minimize your risk. A picture listed in the catalogue as a "Francisco Goya y Lucientes," for example, is in the firm's considered judgment an original, while a curt "Goya" may stand for anything done merely in the painter's style.

When Sotheby's is baffled by an object, it investigates. A wood-carved portrait bust of a young woman stated to be the work of Paul Gauguin was sent in recently by a French nun who owned it. Gauguin sculptures are rare and precious items, and Sotheby's packed the thing off for an expert opinion to the botanical gardens at Kew. The experts went to work and, having scrutinized three slivers of the wood, pronounced it Solomon Islands cedar, a tree whose habitat includes Tahiti, the artist's island paradise. The little masterpiece fetched $32,200.

There is no case on record of Sotheby's having knocked down a phony for the real thing, but there have been a few close shaves. A little panel painting listed recently as the work of the much-admired Renaissance master, Benozzo Gozzoli, which Sotheby's expected to fetch some $25,000, had to be withdrawn the day before the sale when it was found to be a fake.

How much is in it for Messrs. Sotheby and Co.? No published figures are available, the firm being a personal partnership. But as commissions average ten per cent, gross earnings in excess of $2,000,000 for this year would be a reasonable estimate. Even after deductions for overhead and payments for three adjoining properties the firm has bought with an eye to expansion, one still arrives at a substantial profit to be distributed among the partners.

Most of them own, however, no more than a few shares and for their living depend on their director's salaries of approximately $18,000 a year, before taxes, plus a small dividend. It is chairman Peter Wilson who, having bought stock in driblets ever since he joined the firm—most of it from retiring partners—holds the controlling package of the capital and consequently is entitled to most of the net profit. None of his eight associates begrudge him his supremacy; without his style, his salesmanship and his uncanny knack for ferreting out high-grade merchandise, Sotheby's, they are sure, would still be struggling along on less than $10,000,000 a year.

Every Monday afternoon the nine directors have tea together in the austere white board room on the top floor of Sotheby's. Looking back over the last few dizzy years they may well congratulate themselves. And as a man who lays down half a million dollars for a picture presumably knows what he is doing, they may rejoice in the heart-warming thought that their success isn't hurting anyone.

THE END

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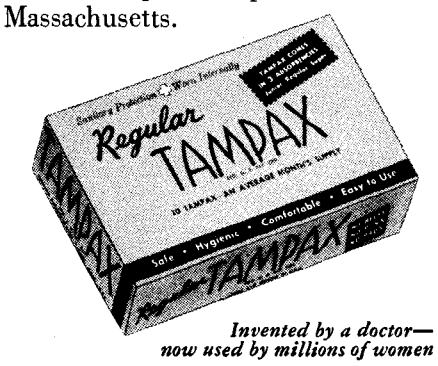

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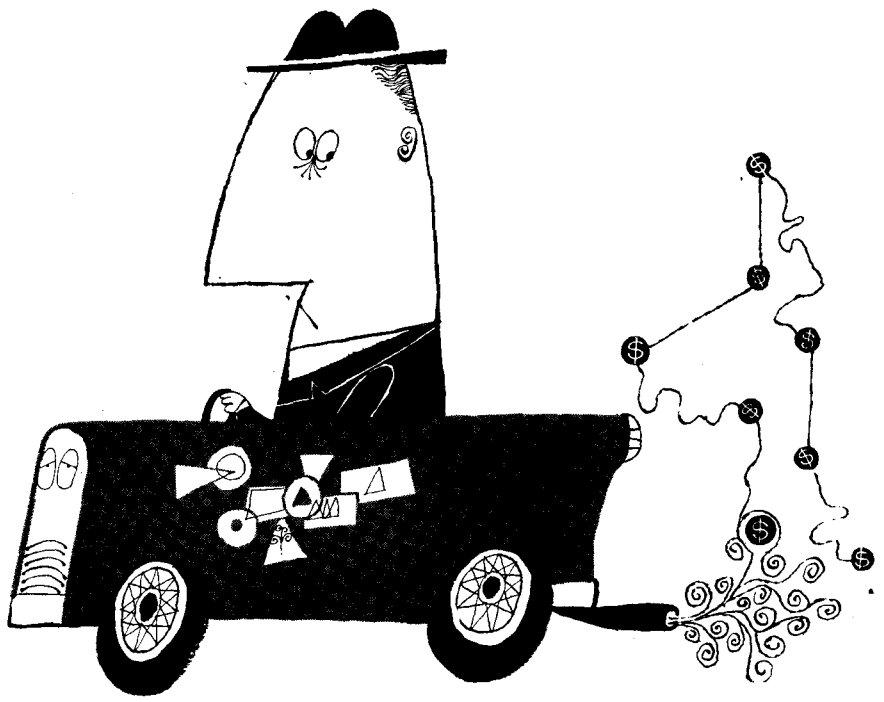

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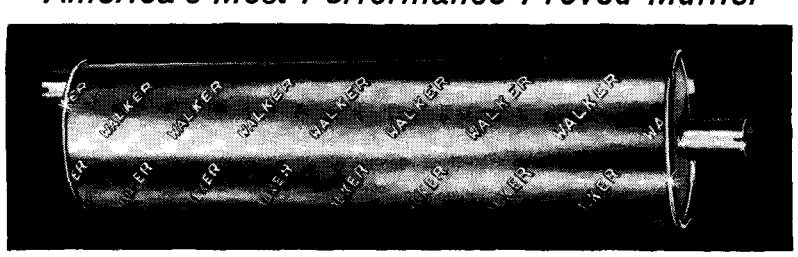

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PSYCHIATRISTS & CLERGYMEN: ENEMIES OR ALLIES?

continued from page 35

God." Even more widespread is the tendency to view such problems of a sick society as alcoholism, delinquency, divorce, as symptoms of a sickness of soul, curable only by a spiritual reawakening. Communism is continually diagnosed as a form of "godlessness," as though there would be nothing to worry about if only Khrushchev went to church regularly. This outlook seems removed from responsible theology, and even runs counter to theology, but it prevails in America today.

While clergymen thus "spiritualize" psychotherapy, many psychiatrists strive to meet them halfway. For instance, Carl Jung and the so-called "existential psychoanalysts" regard the human condition and man's struggles to transcend it as part of the clinical picture of psychopathology. Bishop Sheen quotes Jung as saying that he has never had a patient over thirty-five whose problem in the last resort was not "finding a religious outlook on life" and "none was really healed who did not regain his religious outlook." In this view, the human personality cannot be understood apart from its religious aspiration, and the cure of mental illness lies in the fulfillment of that aspiration. Therapy, in short, is a search for the soul. Such concepts offer some basis for the observation that psychoanalysis derives a good deal of its popularity by serving as a religion for those who have been alienated from the traditional forms of religious life.

When spiritual fulfillment becomes a goal of psychotherapy, as it has for Jung, the analyst's chambers are too easily seen as a church for lost souls who have damned themselves and can be redeemed by psychoanalytic insight. Even some Freudian analysts blur the distinction between therapeutic and religious goals. The "superego," for example, an abstract concept in the psychoanalytic theory of the structure of personality, tends to be equated with conscience, the crystallization of concrete moral and religious experience. Both analyst and patient thus mistake the therapy of the superego for moral re-education. This is like thinking that to tune a TV set improves not just the reception but also the program.

Not only the goal of such therapy but the therapy itself threatens to substitute psychiatry for religion. In Freudian theory the analyst is supposed to be as impersonal as a surgeon. But this remains theory, not always easy to attain in practice. In other schools of psychoanalysis, especially under existentialist influence, the analyst tries to bring his full humanity to the treatment of his patient. The search for the soul proceeds through an encounter between two human beings. In this way, the "I-Thou" relationship which Martin Buber sees at the heart of the religious experience reappears in a clinical setting—with the existential analyst seemingly playing God.

Of course, psychoanalysis itself, Jungian or any other, does not purport to replace religion, but at most to facilitate and encourage the religious experience. A living religion, however, is everywhere the expression of a community of the faithful and finds substance in its own history. People worship the God of their fathers. In our rootless society it is inevitable, I suppose, that many who have lost the sense of community hope to recover it in therapy. From the standpoint of psychoanalysis, this hope is itself part of the neurosis to be analyzed and overcome. To make the analyst's couch a confessional and the analyst a priest is to abandon the basic aim of insight into the unconscious and to replace it by seeking rationalizations for a self-conscious religiosity.

No doubt the spiritualizing tendency of modern psychoanalysis has made a contribution to religion by exploring the power and richness of religious symbols of myth and ritual. But for this contribution we have paid a high price in scientific rigor and objectivity. I am by no means denying that religious aspirations are important and even central to the human personality. Neither practitioner nor theorist can put the moral and spiritual side of man into a separate compartment and file them away for future reference; they are part of the material he has to work with. But this does not mean that to deal with them he must become an amateur theologian, any more than he must become a comedian to study the psychology of humor.

Science remains a matter of reason even when its subject matter is faith. It may well be that the human mind cannot be fully understood without attention to mystic impulses. Still, this does not justify mysticism in a science that claims to illuminate the workings of the mind. The psychoanalyst's patient may be helplessly caught in a tangle of personal problems, including a problem of religion. But the analyst's problem is the scientific one of explaining how and why the patient got entangled, then using the explanation to help him extricate himself.

As therapies these movements may well have achieved some success, comparable perhaps to that of the more scientific schools of psychoanalysis. Yet the improvement of therapy ultimately depends on advances in theory. Such advances are hard enough to achieve when problems are posed and tackled in strictly scientific terms. The prospects are poor if psychoanalytic theory must formulate and answer religious questions as well.

So much for the tendency to think of mental health in religious terms. What about the tendency to view religion from a psychiatric standpoint and to ground moral and spiritual values in the psychiatrist's findings? Leaders of all three American faiths have reflected this tendency. The late Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman was impressed with "how closely psychiatry documents religion." A recent editorial in

COMING
THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL
a powerful new story by SHIRLEY ANN GRAU
in next week's POST

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a national Catholic weekly points out that psychiatry "is now stressing more and more heavily the necessity of religious convictions for a sound and useful life." A Protestant minister, writing in *The Christian Century*, observes, "We are discovering that the principles being laid down for us by these secular sources are remarkably like what the Carpenter of Nazareth taught and practiced." Another writer maintains, "The depth psychology of recent decades has indirectly provided evidence for the relevance of the Christian faith to man's fundamental nature."

Does faith need such evidence, and can psychiatry provide it? Among psychoanalysts, Erich Fromm is especially concerned with the religious implications of psychoanalytic theory. His approach is by way of a humanistic concept of religion, in which morality is central, and he attempts to ground moral principles in basic elements of the human personality. Just as the prescriptions of hygiene are justified by physiology, biochemistry and other medical sciences, so might those of morality and religion find justification in a scientific psychoanalysis. This view has played an important part in philosophy from Aristotle to John Dewey. The dynamic psychologies of our own time give it new depth and substance. Certainly it deserves serious consideration.

But whatever its merits as a theory, it involves the great danger in practice that the therapist might impose his values on the patient, confusing his personal ideal with impersonal scientific truths. In psychoanalysis the patient often develops a certain exaggerated admiration for his analyst—the so-called "transference relation." The danger here is that the analyst may accept the role of omniscient moral authority in which the patient casts him. The 1960 report of the Committee on Psychiatry and Religion of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry warns against molding the patient to the psychiatrist's values, rather than helping him discover and live by his own values.

Undeniably, however, psychoanalysis throws a great deal of light on moral standards and conduct. It can uncover the irrationalities often involved in our moral convictions. The demand for capital punishment, for instance, may have as much to do with controlling our own unconscious impulses as with protecting society from the criminal. Psychoanalysis can illuminate the workings of conscience and show that a conscience too severe may be as harmful as one too permissive. A man may feel free to tyrannize others because he tyrannizes himself, which is sometimes true of those under a compulsion to impose on everyone else their own standards of "decency." Psychoanalysis can help explain why the moral exhortation characteristic of the American evangelical tradition so often accomplishes little beyond a momentary uplift. In short, psychoanalysis can contribute to morality by imparting self-knowledge—to achieve virtue we must abandon our innocence.

But psychoanalysis cannot tell us what is virtuous and what is not. It cannot establish premises to deduce the principles of morality. The facts of human nature are always relevant to ethical questions, but what characterizes human nature is the great range of its potentialities. Man has boundless capacities for both good and evil, and his nature is the sum of those capacities. Like other branches of medicine, psychiatry presupposes the value of health. But I believe it a serious mistake to assume that what differentiates mental health and illness can also serve to differentiate virtue and vice, good and evil.

In a lecture before the New York Psychoanalytic Institute last year, Dr. Heinz Hartmann called this mistake, this notion that there are no moral or immoral people, only healthy and sick ones, the fallacy of "health ethics." To use the word "maturity" for both mental health and morality, as so many people do nowadays, is to beg the question. The confusion of health and morality, Hartmann pointed out, far from being a logical consequence of psychoanalytic theory, is actually pre-Freudian. It expresses the wishful thinking that what is "bad" in human nature can easily be identified and eradicated. I believe, for instance, that racial segregation is immoral, but not that all segregationists should have their heads examined, nor that if they did, the whole problem would vanish.

What clergymen often fail to realize is that when they appeal to psychiatry for a justification of moral and spiritual values, they reduce those values to a purely psychiatric content. A psychoanalyst once told me how deeply shocked he was to hear the friends of a young woman, who asked him to treat her, attribute her "illness" to her refusal to break her engagement and seek "a healthy heterosexual relationship" elsewhere, after her fiancé contracted a fatal disease. When love and loyalty become symptoms of disease, not much remains to give meaning and value to health.

Neither as theory nor as therapy can psychoanalysis provide moral standards.

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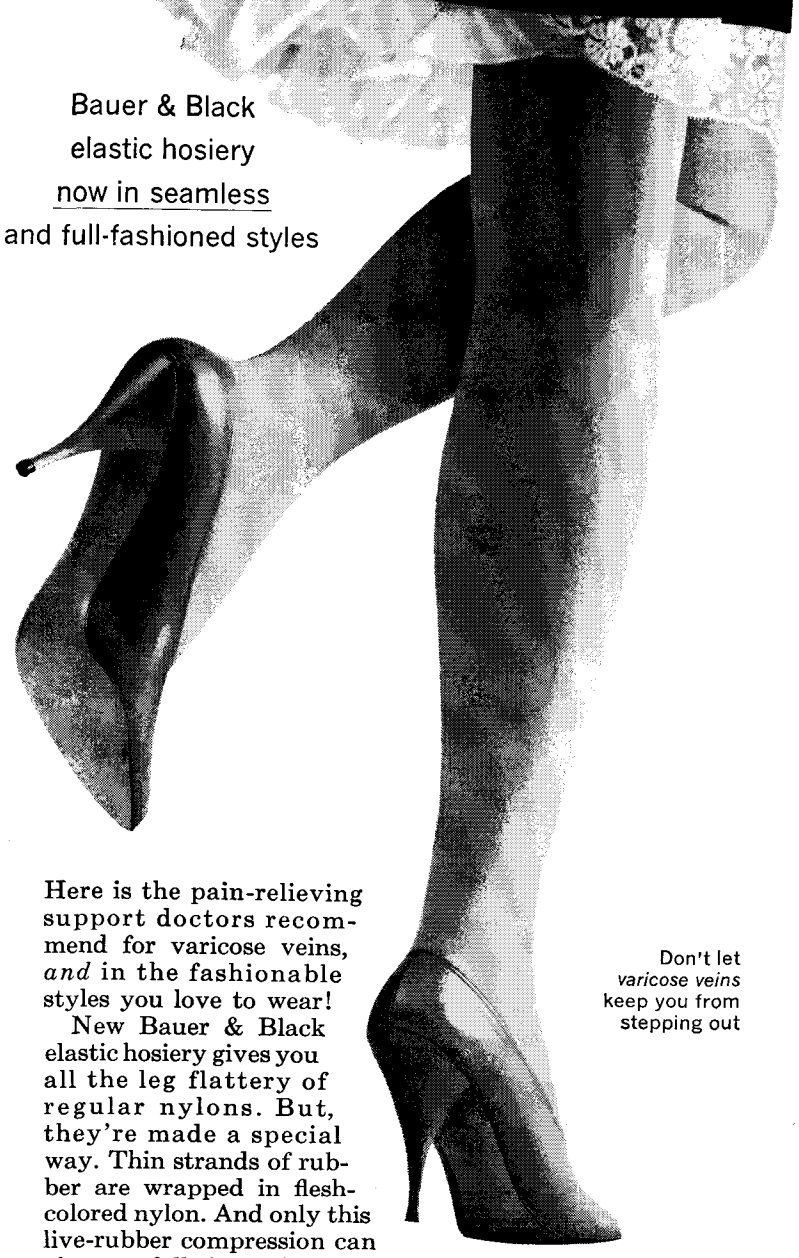

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As theory, it is concerned rather with the conditions that must be met for moral standards to be relevant at all—the absence of compulsion and inner conflict. As therapy, it aims rather at producing a morally responsible person, one responsible both to himself and to others. It can stimulate the capacity for moral choice, but it cannot make the choice.

Some immoral behavior, to be sure, arises from destructive neuroses, as in drug addicts, alcoholics and rebels without a cause. If therapy succeeds, it provides a basis upon which to erect a new system of values. But not every scoundrel is neurotic, nor every fool either. While psychoanalysis makes moral choices possible, it certainly does not make immoral ones impossible. The removal of unconscious conflicts does not rescue us from the specific moral dilemmas we all face. It merely enables us to face them in full possession of our faculties. And to redefine moral issues in psychiatric terms does not resolve them. It merely enables us to weigh whatever factors of mental health and illness may be involved in the issues. Psychotherapy can free us, it cannot show us how to use freedom. Here ethics and religion must take over.

But today we confuse the roles of psychotherapy and religion. Bishop Sheen has described theology as "in a certain sense, a psychology, since its primary interest is the soul." Erich Fromm, in turn, regards the psychoanalyst as "a physician of the soul" and so "concerned with the very same problems as philosophy and theology." Such statements may be only a manner of speaking—Fromm, in fact, explicitly rejects the view that psychiatry and religion have an identity of interest as well as the view that they are irreconcilably opposed. But one thing semantics has taught us is that what begins as a manner of speaking often ends as a way of thinking. Some therapists do give the impression of practicing a secularized religion, while some clergymen seem to practice a spiritualized therapy.

It was in this confused atmosphere that my troubled student wondered whether to consult a psychiatrist or a minister. Both these professions have much to say about parental authority and sexual conduct. But there is a crucial difference between a neurotic conflict and a perplexity about a situation in which basic values conflict. Such situations underlie every moral dilemma; to recognize them indicates moral sensitivity, not illness.

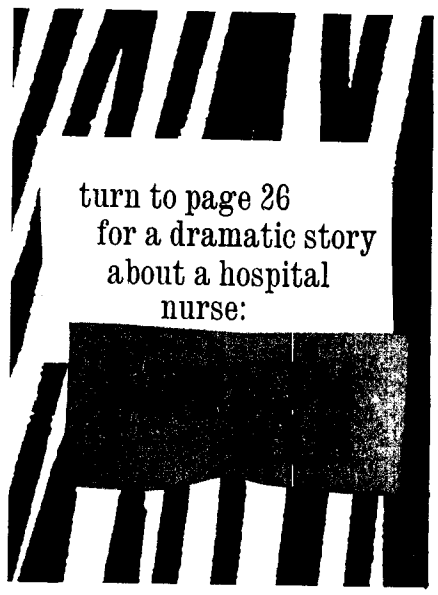
The psychiatrist might help the young man achieve a mature emotional independence of his parents, while the clergyman might reinforce the injunction to honor his father and mother. Either effort or both might be appropriate; they would not necessarily be opposed. Yet they would not be just two different ways of achieving the same end. What is more important, the chaplain might be as incompetent to cope with the first sort of problem as the psychiatrist might be to deal with the second. As the Committee on Psychiatry and Religion observes in its report, "training in psychiatry provides no competence in theology." The reverse is equally true.

The "cure of souls" is, after all, only a metaphor. Paul Tillich observes that the root of the word "salvation" means being healed and whole. "Saving the person," he maintains, "is healing him." The analogy makes of such "healing" a powerful religious symbol, one often used in the Bible. But an analogy is not identical with its subject, and the differences are as important as the similarities. The progress of medicine, especially the treatment of mental illness, depends on differentiating the two sorts of "healing," which is not always easy.

Religion itself insists on this differentiation. The peace of mind psychoanalysis can achieve is quite other than the peace that passeth all understanding. On the contrary, the whole aim of psychoanalytic theory and therapy is to provide understanding. The peace psychoanalysis may confer follows the resolution of unconscious conflict within the self, not a conflict between man and God.

Of course, both spiritual and psychic illness involve the personality's depths, what Tillich calls its "ultimate concerns." But "ultimate," too, means something different in psychiatry and in religion. In psychiatry it means as far as science can lead in the study of a particular personality and its history; in religion, as far as theology can lead in grasping what is universal in the human condition. It would make no sense to call everyone who has not been psychoanalyzed neurotic. True, if a psychiatric patient had been raised differently, if he had escaped certain traumas, if he had been subjected to different social patterns, he might not need therapy. But there are no "ifs" in spiritual needs.

turn to page 26
for a dramatic story
about a hospital
nurse:



All men, for instance, must confront the inevitability of death and in their grief must learn to accept and understand death as a condition of human life. The Lord gives and the Lord takes away. That is the consolation of faith. But some men suffer from pathological grief as a way of punishing themselves for their own unconscious destructive impulses, a way of coping with their neurotic sense of guilt for the death they lament. To such men psychotherapy can teach acceptance, but it cannot justify God's ways to man.

The present efforts of American clergymen to "make the ministry relevant" strikes me as quite proper. In this age of psychiatry it is understandable that such relevance should be sought by emphasis on the bearings of religion on mental health, and emphasis on the validation of religious teachings by the findings of the psychiatrist. But when putting religion in this perspective, one must guard against blurring our vision of religious values themselves, just as the scientific content of psychiatry may suffer when entangled with theology.

The tendency to claim for religion a secular payoff merits no encouragement. Slogans like, "The family that prays together stays together," imply a religious solution to problems that are not truly

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religious and they appeal to motivations far from spiritual. A faith sustained only by expectation of rewards—a mental or physical cure in the individual or in society—indicates a real sickness of soul. The devout Communist also may attain peace of mind, and the Communist family that works together also may stay together.

The Rev. George C. Anderson, head of the National Academy of Religion and Mental Health, points out that many regular churchgoers "like to think of religion as a tranquilizer, when it has to be a way of life." To be sure, the times are troubled, and we need all the help we can get. But our religion is not revitalized when we turn to it only for what we can get out of it. "When religion is sold as medicine," Bishop James Pike recently declared, "it is being sold short."

Religion *can*, I repeat, serve a therapeutic end. So can music. But it is not as medicine that they enrich life. Unfortunately it has become easy to confuse spiritual fulfillment with a secular by-product. A young man or woman may be matured by the sobering responsibilities of marriage—a valuable by-product of the marital relationship. But a marriage contracted in the hope of thereby achieving maturity has poor prospects.

Technology invades every sphere today. We make of everything a means to something else; we stress the perfection of the means, rather than the enjoyment of the end. And religion, whose province is the kingdom of ends, we risk corrupting. There have even been experiments to measure the effect of prayer on the growth of plants.

I do not suggest that religion should divorce itself from personal and social welfare. Just the contrary. When the symbols and rituals of religion become wholly self-contained, they merely close an empty circle. The spirit cannot feed upon itself, but must find sustenance in all the experiences that give life value—moral, political, aesthetic. But religion cannot be reduced to a device for achieving the goals of morality, politics, art. The ministry is a calling in itself, not amateur psychotherapy or social work.

Religion is not childish, as Freud claimed, but immaturity may express itself childishly in religion as in everything else. And what typifies the child is that he learns how to take before he learns how to give. Prayer is never only petition. It is also an expression of gratitude and of the humility that stems from a mature awareness of one's limitations and dependence. There are no atheists in foxholes, so the saying goes. But it speaks poorly for a faith if we turn to it only because nothing remains to believe in or to hope for. We continually approach God on crutches that He may take them from us. Should we not also approach Him on our own two feet, bearing gifts?

Mental health is the point of departure for religion, not its destination. The security and integrity of the personality are preconditions, not fulfillment. For how can a man love God if he hates himself? How attain peace of soul when in conflict of psyche? How be spiritually whole when psychologically crippled? It is not that religion makes us healthy, wealthy or wise, but that a healthy, rich and wise personality finds channels to express religion.

Psychoanalysis remains essentially as Freud conceived it—an attempt to help the patient realize his capacity to love and to create. When the analyst finishes, it is up to the patient to use these new-found capacities, and in doing so he may achieve true religious faith. Religion begins where therapy leaves off, or rather, religion works through what health is given us. It takes a healthy maturity to see all things as miraculous and the world as a revelation. Religion culminates in that sense of awe in which the Greeks saw the birth of philosophy, and in which Judaism and Christianity find the life of the spirit.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Kaplan, Abraham
The New World of Philosophy
Random House, Inc.
$4.95

Freud, Sigmund
The Future of an Illusion
Anchor Books
$.95

Fromm, Erich
Psychoanalysis and Religion
Yale University Press
$.95

Hartmann, Heinz
Psychoanalysis and Moral Values
International Universities Press, Inc.
$3.00

Hofmann, Hans
The Ministry and Mental Health
Association Press
$5.00

Jung, Carl G.
Modern Man in Search of a Soul
Harvest Books
$1.15

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California—Sacramento
Lewis & Bristow Builders
Wilhaggin East

California—San Bernardino
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California—San Marcos
Butler-Harbour Construction Co.
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BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

they fought with a fury the enemy could not match

The U. S. Army's advance up the Italian boot was blocked by a German garrison entrenched on the heights of Monte Tereccia. Brig. Gen. Dave Mosby was given the job of capturing the citadel and ending the stalemate.

Mosby decided to make a surprise attack, moving a battalion of infantrymen up the sheer 1500-foot cliff of Il Bastione while the main body of the regiment stood poised to strike Monte Tereccia from the front. Leaving Lt. Col. Pappy Harriman in command of the regiment, Mosby led his party to the top of Il Bastione at night, and prepared for the stiff German resistance to come.

CONCLUSION

By noon Thursday the second battalion was in fair position, occupying strong points along the low ridge which formed the northern edge of the plateau on Il Bastione. The surprise attack up the face of the cliff had gone better than he'd dared hope, Dave Mosby was thinking as he moved back to the C.P. he shared with Asa Hankins. So far German activity from the timbered slopes of Monte Tereccia had been limited to a few probing patrols which had retreated to the shelter of the woods as soon as fired on.

There'd be counterattacks, though—vicious ones, because the Germans couldn't allow Il Bastione to remain in hostile hands. Even so, Mosby felt confident that the battalion could hold until the rest of the regiment came up. Those counterattacks would have to come across 150 yards of ground, the latter half of it climbing toward the low ridge without cover. So Dave was thinking as he slid down into the hole, dug in behind one of the patches of scrub, which served as a C.P. for the battalion.

Lieutenant Colonel Hankins was on the phone back to Dan Beersheba, commanding the heavy-weapons company. "Nice work, Dan," Hankins was saying. "Here's where I want your mortar concentrations."

Dave listened absently, reviewing the events of the morning, as Hankins talked on, giving Beersheba data and instructions. Garbo and Cobber's parties had cleaned out the watch posts and blown up the O.P.'s along the rim; they'd taken a few prisoners now under guard in the mountaineer's hut. Then the Scout Company had moved toward the notch and, now and again, dull explosions and sporadic rifle fire said that they were clearing the last of the bunkers there. Hankins put down the phone and turned to Dave.

"Dan has got all his stuff up," Asa said, satisfaction showing briefly in his rawboned face. "He's siting his mortars in—his heavy machine guns can cover the slope ahead of us with overhead fire—provided we keep our noggins down," Hankins added dryly.

Mosby nodded. "He won't have long to wait," he said.

Nick Ballou, stooping as he moved through the scrub, came from the hole where the communications section had established a skeleton setup. A stubble of red beard marked Nick's cheeks and his eyes were bright and satisfied. "Garbo just radioed in," he said, sliding down to squat beside Mosby. "He's got the left side of the ravine cleaned out of bunkers, he says. He's taking his party across to help Cobber who's held up by a big one on the right, sir. Garbo thinks it's the last one in the regiment's way."

Mosby nodded his satisfaction. "Has communication been established with Colonel Harriman yet?"

Ballou spat sourly. "Regiment's radio is as dead as a dodo, general," he said flatly. "Lootenant Cadiz has been trying to raise 'em for an hour. No luck."

Mosby's face showed nothing, but he was thinking, *Pappy should easily have closed in the corridor north of the town before daylight, and we should have been in touch with him before now. What the devil's gone wrong* ——

Hankins, watching with his glasses through the screen of scrub, broke into Dave's thoughts. "We don't have to worry about the German reaction any more," he said. "It's about to spill all over us, I think."

Mosby turned his own glasses toward the edge of the timber; men moved there—many men. A solid line of gray infantry was exploding from the shelter of the trees and coming at a yelling run down the far slope. Behind it came another line.

Fox Company was near the center of the line on the ridge. In one of the foxholes Marko Ferris—a BAR man—tapped the ready magazines beside him and snugged the stock of the weapon to his cheek.

"Company, girls," he said to his assistant, Private Doorn. "Here the buzzards come. See that rock down there that looks like a bench? I start shootin' when the first of 'em gets to there."

Rifle fire was going out to meet the attacking waves now, the *spang* of the M-1's solid in the noon. Some of the charging gray shapes went down; more came on. Far back, in the boulder field, the heavy machine guns of the weapons company opened up, the sound like that of a bunch of faraway crazy kids who run along an endless picket fence dragging sticks against the palings.

Then gouts of flame, trade-mark of the mortars, spawned black smoke on the slope. "Holy Jericho," Doorn said, his voice awed above the noise, "I wouldn't want to be out there."

"You ain't seen nothing yet," Marko said, settling himself more solidly in the hole. "Watch this, boy!"

The BAR started its steady *thump-thump-thump*, and down there by the rock that looked like a bench men fell, scythed by the steel-jacketed bullets. The attacking waves broke in the hollow beneath the ridge and ebbed back toward the timber.

In the command hole Hankins lowered his glasses. "One down," he said quietly. "How many to go, general?"

"Plenty," Mosby answered soberly. "The next time they come it will be with a co-ordinated attack, Asa. They'll hit George Company on our flank and try to roll us up from there. Meanwhile, before long they'll have their artillery rezeroed in. It'll be plastering us soon."

The first of the artillery shells crumped down a little later while Mosby was in the communications hole trying to raise Harriman. The Germans had perfect observation from the shoulders of Monte Tereccia, Dave knew. The battalion could hang on for a while under artillery pounding and counterattack. By this time tomorrow, though, it would be eroded away so that another mass attack would go right over it. The rest of the regiment had to come soon.

Down in the notch Jeff Cobber, Morehead and a dozen men with him crouched in the brush as they watched a party under Sergeant Eigg work its way along a shallow draw on the flank of the last of the bunkers which guarded the approach to Il Bastione. MacInness was with Eigg, Cobber saw; there was Willie Martelino and a half dozen others Cobber could name.

"O.K.," Cobber said to the men fanned out on either side of him. "Cover them—I'm about to signal Eigg in!"

Morehead was resting on one knee, his face bright and interested as he looked across the ravine that the bunker guarded. "Wouldn't do it just yet, old chap," he said mildly to Cobber. "Something not quite dinkum here. Could be a trap, you know."

Cobber turned his hard, wind-burned face to stare at Morehead. "What's the matter, English?" he asked. "This too sticky for you, what?"

He turned back and swung his arm to Sergeant Eigg; then crouched, firing with his carbine, as bullets from the M-1's began to chip away at the ports of the bunker. Morehead saw the men in the gully come to their feet and start forward at a run, grenades ready in their hands as they angled toward the bunker entrance.

Too late the covering party saw the jerk of leaves to the left as a flanking machine gun opened up. Its bullets kicked little jets of dirt around Eigg's feet, and then he went down in a loose fall that said he was finished; Willie Martelino and two others died in that rip of cross fire. Then the rest of the demolition party was down in the draw again, trying to press into the earth and away from that lethal hail that cracked overhead.

The control, which had been seeping away from Jeff Cobber since Bullwinkle

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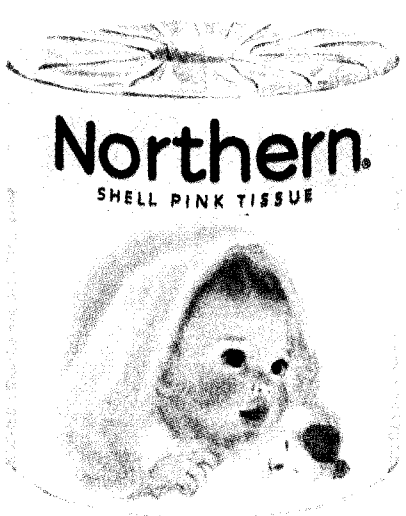

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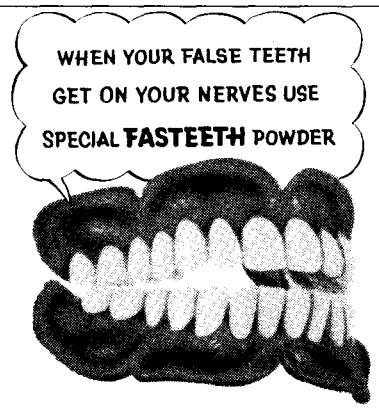

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had been killed, let go entirely now. "I'll get those lousy murderers!" he yelled, his voice cracking. "Cover me, damn it! I'll get them!"

He was gone, ducking through the brush, before anyone could stop him. Machine-gun fire came now from the main bunker. It stitched the Cobber across the belly, and he fell on his face, the momentum of his running skidding him across the dirt.

The firing stopped, and for a moment the ravine was quiet.

Morehead could see the faces of the men in the gully looking hopelessly toward him; he turned his head, and the eyes of the covering party were on him, shocked and questioning.

"Lie doggo a minute, you chaps," he said, his voice not diffident now. "I'll be back."

He slid noiselessly away through the brush, and five minutes passed—another five. Then a grenade put its wicked *baroom* into the silence; it was followed by a second explosion, and smoke drifted from the far side of the ravine. Percy Morehead was suddenly at the gully on the flank of the bunker.

"Come on, you chaps," he said.

It was over swiftly. The bunker was taken, powder fumes sifting from its ports. Four dead, including Sergeant Eigg; the Cobber still lived, shot half to pieces. Morehead assembled what was left of Cobber's platoon on the level ground to the right of the bunker as Garbo, leading the other platoon, came through the trees.

"Right nice goin', boys," Garbo said. His words trailed away as he saw Cobber on the ground, Morehead gently opening the front of Jeff's stained field jacket. Garbo came to drop down on one knee beside him.

"Bad," Percy said. "Brave thing he did, though. Went after a machine gun single-handed. Damned brave."

A trickle of consciousness remained in Cobber, and he heard the words—Percy had hoped he would. "You got . . . machine gun . . . didn't you . . . English?" he asked, his words slow and painful.

"Wouldn't have," Morehead said. "You made a diversion. Gave me a chance to bomb it out. 'Normously simple when you have a diversion, old chap. Damned brave—you, I mean."

"Like to believe . . . that," Jeff Cobber said, his voice barely audible now. "So long, English. Sorry I called you . . . pantywaist. Made a mistake . . . sorry."

Well, maybe that confession would buy Cobber a seat on the right hand of God, Garbo thought tiredly as he got to his feet. "Report the ravine clear," he said. "Let's get back."

Three miles up the stream corridor and twelve miles from the top of Il Bastione the rest of the regiment lay in the timber and watched afternoon begin. There was a dull thunder coming from the heights above. The regiment knew the second battalion was fighting up there on the rock. Why in the devil weren't they moving? Why weren't they on their way up there to support the Second?

In the improvised message center Capt. Edgar Capehart fumed. For the past three hours calls had been coming through from Valley White, the code name for the second battalion. They had gone unanswered because Colonel Harriman had imposed radio silence as a security measure. Now Textor, the S-3, came through the trees with a worried expression on his face. "Valley White still calling?" he asked.

"You're damned right they're still calling!" Capehart said, his voice rising to a squeak. "And who will get blamed because we don't answer? I will! Mosby will say that communications have broken down! Where's Harriman, anyway?"

The worried expression deepened in Textor's face. "He went back to straighten out that attached battery of pack artillery," he said glumly. "It was late getting up here—took the wrong canyon at the creek. Pappy went back personally to put it right."

Unnoticed by the two others, Lieutenant Colonel Burr, commanding the first battalion, had come up and had heard the last of Textor's words. Burr was a gaunt man with a temper that flared now. "You mean to tell me Pappy's off doing a lieutenant's job somewhere while we sit on our duffs here?" he demanded in an outraged voice. "Damn it, the second battalion's liable to call any minute now—you know that!"

Sergeant Gutherie, who had taken Sergeant Bullwinkle's place, was at the radio. "Sir, the second battalion has been callin' for the last three hours," he said. "We ain't answered."

"For Godsake, why not?" Burr demanded.

Capehart answered. "Colonel Harriman gave me orders to observe radio silence until he lifted it," he said. "He said the Germans on Monte Tereccia were liable to intercept, sir."

"Well, I'll lift that radio silence," Burr said in a grating voice. "You get Valley White as soon as the Lord will let you!"

"Yes, sir!" Gutherie said in a relieved voice. He spoke into the microphone cryptically. "Valley White, this is Valley. I read you loud and clear. Over."

A dozen yards away Pappy Harriman came through the trees now, his short legs making enough time so that an orderly had to work to keep up.

Pappy saw the little group by the radio, peered through his steel-rimmed glasses and headed toward there. Sergeant Gutherie was repeating his message to Valley White.

"I gave orders for radio silence," Pappy said testily. "Why'd you break it, Capehart? Damn it all, do you want to tell the whole German army that we're coming?"

"I gave orders to break radio silence," Burr said.

Harriman bristled feistily. "You took unwonted authority on yourself, colonel!" he snapped. "I'm in command of this regiment!

I expect my orders to be obeyed!"

Sergeant Gutherie's face was a little scared as he turned his head toward Harriman. "Sir," he said, "General Mosby's on the other end—he wants to talk to you."

"All right! All right!" Pappy said, reaching for the handset. He said, not bothering with code, "Harriman here. Over."

"Where the hell have you been?" It was Mosby's voice, edged and angry. "Are you in trouble down there? Over!"

"Had a little trouble—I got it straightened out," Pappy said complacently. "That fool artillery outfit that's attached to us took the wrong canyon. Wouldn't have happened if we'd had time to issue proper orders and co-ordinate every——"

Dave's voice was disbelieving. "You mean you've been off chasing mules while we've been trying to get you?"

"Told you I had it all straightened out, Dave ——"

"Never mind what you told me!" Mosby's voice was flint hard now. "You get the rest of that regiment up here to Il Bastione as fast as ever God will let you! Understand?"

"Roger, Roger," Pappy said, unperturbed. "Don't you worry, Dave. We'll be there."

Enough of the conversation had leaked through so that Burr knew its general import. "Shall I lead out with the first battalion, sir?" he asked. "We're all ready to go."

"Can't move out until that fool pack battery closes up," Pappy said blandly. "It'll take a little time—maybe an hour. I'd be open to serious charges if I went off and left it. You know what the book says."

Burr swung away, his face flushed and angry. He said something under his breath about what they could do with the book, but Pappy didn't hear.

As Mosby had predicted, the second counterattack, which had come in a little after 1400, had hit at George Company's flank while a holding attack had fixed the two other companies. For a few minutes it was a near thing; then Garbo, with the Scout Company, had arrived at a run, and the situation had been restored.

Mosby went tiredly back to the hole that sheltered the C.P. Lassitude seemed to hold him so that it took an effort to move; his conversation with Harriman still rankled. He tried to shake his feeling of depression away as he dropped beside Hankins. He told the latter about Pappy—he had to tell somebody.

"He was off chasing a damned mule battery!" Dave exploded—then controlled his temper with an effort. Some snow had slid into the hole, and it felt cool and good against his palms. "That means the rest of the regiment won't start arriving up here until well after dark. It'll be after midnight before it closes."

If then, Hankins started to say, but didn't. He said instead, "We got hurt pretty bad in that last counterattack, sir."

"I know," Mosby agreed soberly. "Where'd you put your aid station, Asa? I'll look in on the people there presently."

"In that mountaineer's hut," Hankins said. "I told Doc Stein he could use the prisoners to help him out. The krauts won't knock the place down without a direct hit from a one-fifty."

"I'll talk to Garbo on the way," Dave said, fighting off his desire just to remain still. "His Scout Company is all of the reserve that you've got as of now, Asa. Things ought to be quiet for a little while—but damn that doddering Pappy!"

"Amen to that last," Asa Hankins said.

Garbo was sitting in a hole, spooning cold chopped-pork-and-egg mixture from a K-ration can as Mosby slid down beside him. "How're things goin', chief?" Garbo asked. His eyes seemed set too far back in his brown face, but his gaze was still placidly mournful. The war was still bushwa.

"About as we expected," Mosby said. "You did a nice job this morning. How's the company making out?"

Both knew what he meant—how many of the company were left? "It could be worse," Garbo said, taking his time about answering. "Seven dead—ten wounded. The Cobber bought it down in the notch."

A quick regret stabbed at Dave; despite Cobber's rough ways and lone-wolf personality, Dave had liked him. "How about Morehead?"

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Garbo grinned his slow, pleased grin. "He was O.K. the last time I seen him—sacked out in a hole over there." Garbo jerked a thumb. "That guy can go to sleep anywhere."

"He's a good boy," Mosby murmured absently. "You were right, Xerk, about Pappy. The rest of the regiment hadn't started up here because Pappy was off nursemaiding mules."

Garbo's face darkened for a moment, then his wry grin came back. "That's Pappy," he said. "Didn't let me down."

Nick Ballou came sliding down into the hole, his usually carefree face worried as he looked at Mosby. "I got a hole fixed where you can get some rest, sir," he said. "You ought to sack out a little, while you got a chance."

The words further edged Dave's temper, he knew; he wondered why things should irritate him so today. "Later on," he said shortly. "I want to visit the aid station first. Come on."

The stone house had been cleaned out—German gear heaved out into the snow—and Lieutenant Stein, commanding the attached battalion medical section, moved with his corpsmen among the wounded who lay on the dirt floor or were propped against the walls.

Seeing Mosby, Stein came up, his eyes dark and intent behind his glasses. "How does it go, doc?" Mosby asked.

"Not too bad," Stein said. His professional gaze noted the too-high color in Mosby's face. "I've got twenty-odd cases that need evacuation, though. Any chance of that, sir?"

"Maybe," Dave said heavily. "We may be able to take them down the notch after the rest of the regiment gets here."

"When will that be, general?"

"God knows," Dave said sharply. "I wish I did!"

Again that professional look came into Stein's face. He pulled a thermometer from a pocket; before Dave knew what was happening, the doctor had popped it into his mouth. "Sit down and smoke on that for a little, general," he said sharply. "The war will keep for a minute."

Ordinarily Dave would have refused curtly and told Stein to stick to his patients. Now, however, that lassitude was worse in him, and he sat down as he'd been told. Not for long, though. Nick Ballou put his head in the door. "Looks like the show's about to start again, sir," he said in an even voice. "The kraut artillery has stepped up its clobberin' of the ridge—that's a bad sign."

Mosby put the thermometer down on the stool where he'd been sitting and started his plod back toward the battalion line with Ballou at his heels. In the hut Doc Stein picked up the discarded thermometer and looked at it. Keller, his assistant, came up.

"I thought so!" Stein said angrily. "Almost a hundred and two! He'll have pneumonia in another twenty-four hours—if he hasn't already got it now! Find him, Keller, and stuff him full of sulfa tablets—there's no damn use in telling him to take it easy!"

The counterattack came in as the others had come; it was thrown back. Only, this time, it was not thrown back as sharply as the others had been. Clouds covered the sky as the day died, and the good weather was gone, for it was starting to snow again. There was a last counterattack as night came down; it, too, was repulsed, but not before the defense line had been penetrated for a brief time.

"I don't think they'll hit us again tonight," Hankins said. He'd been hit in the hand, and his face was smeared where he rubbed a cheek. "That could be wishful thinking, Dave."

Mosby beside him agreed tiredly. "Those people over there will be reinforced tonight—they'll hit us early tomorrow."

"No sign of the rest of the regiment yet. Ought to be showing up soon—the leading elements, anyway."

"Yeah," Dave said.

He wasn't so sure. By 2100 there was still no sign of the regiment when Mosby returned after a leaden-footed tour of the defenses on the ridge. He crouched beside Hankins in the hole. "I'm going after the regiment, Asa," he said. "It should have arrived before now."

His words sounded like those of a stranger, and the thought of that trip down the notch through the snow was almost more than Dave could contemplate. Still it had to be done.

"I'll send somebody else!" Hankins said angrily. "Damn it, Dave, why should you be the one to ——"

Mosby straightened, fighting off the sickness that the sulfa tablets had put into him. "Because I'm the one who didn't relieve Harriman in the first place, Asa," he said heavily.

"This is my fault—you're in command till I get back."

The shadows had been thick in the canyon when the regiment had finally started its advance to the notch. The pack battery had joined, but there'd been more delay while Pappy Harriman had checked and rechecked the details of the advance. Now the regiment inched upward in approach-march formation, scouts out ahead.

Harriman, with his command party, marched ahead of the first battalion. Colonel Burr came up beside him and spoke, his voice angry. "We're making a mile an hour. At this rate it'll be after daylight when we reach the top!" he said furiously.

"You seem to forget that we're making a march in the presence of the enemy, colonel," Harriman told him, his voice wholly serious. "And I'm damned if I'm going to be caught because I didn't take proper precautions."

"Precautions!" Burr said bitterly. "No, you won't be caught because of that—God help Mosby and the second battalion!"

It was after midnight when Dave, Nick Ballou with him, was met by the first-battalion advance guard. The two rested in the snow until Harriman and his command party came up. Then Mosby got to his feet with an effort, and anger, that he allowed to run freely in him now, drove some of the weakness away.

"Well, Dave, like I said—here we are," Pappy said cheerfully, tramping forward. "No need for you ——"

"Still six miles from where you should have been by midafternoon," Mosby interrupted, his voice as brittle as broken glass. "You're relieved of command, Harriman! Where's Burr?"

"Here, sir," Burr's voice said out of the night.

"You're in acting command of the regiment as of now," Dave snapped. "Tell your exec to take the first battalion to the top as fast as he can get it there—he'll barely make it by daybreak, at that. By that time we'll be getting hit by two regiments of German parachutists! Got it?"

"I got it," Burr said briefly. "The first battalion is on its way. It'll get there."

"Confound it, Dave." It was Pappy's querulous voice at Mosby's shoulder again. "I've been proceeding according to ——"

"You haven't been proceeding at all," Mosby told him bleakly. "The Old Man wanted to relieve you—I should have listened to him. O.K., Nick, let's go!"

"What do I do now?" Harriman asked, his tone plaintive.

"I don't care what you do," Mosby told him brutally. "Just stay out of my sight!"

He must have been semiconscious during most of that long climb back to Il Bastione, Dave guessed when they finally reached the top just as the sky was graying. The first battalion, climbing on rested legs, had passed him, and the remainder of the regiment, driven hard by Burr, was close behind. It still snowed. It was a long time later when he joined Asa Hankins in the hole.

The first battalion extended the Second's line to the cliff edge on the right. No counterattack as yet. It would come, though. If his estimate was right, Mosby knew, that timber up on the slope was already alive with German reinforcements assembling for that attack. Captain Capehart came to announce smugly that the pack radio was set up and had already contacted division. Dave thrust scribbled co-ordinates into Capehart's hands.

"Tell division that I want that area clobbered by every gun that can reach it!" he said hoarsely. "Corps stuff too! Artillery, man! Artillery! Get going!"

"I hope to heaven it comes in time," Hankins said.

Minutes ticked by; Capehart, a little subdued, came back. "Division acknowledged the message, sir," he said.

The wait went on. Mosby, field glasses unsteady in his hands, expected any minute to see the spaces beneath those trees over there begin to fill with men. But the wait was almost over. Far back, behind Maliore ridge, breechblocks snicked open; shells clattered as they were rammed home, and powder bags followed. The breechblocks snicked shut, and guns rocked back in their cradles as though pulled by the lanyards of the gunners.

Up on Il Bastione a high *whuffle* passed overhead through the falling snow; it was faint at first, now it grew louder. Explosions ripped the air, and black smoke crawled up through the trees over there on the slopes of Monte Tereccia. The *whuffling* became continuous, as though a flock of great birds winged by overhead. Fire jumped and flickered through the trees.

"That'll hold their counterattack for a little while," Mosby said, forming the words with an effort. "Nick, you suppose you could promote a little coffee around here?"

By noon the first and third battalions held the line on the low ridge; the Second, badly mauled, had been pulled back into reserve. Anger at the knowledge they'd loafed on their duffs while the Second had been taking a beating yesterday ran white hot through the two fresh outfits. When the counterattack finally came, it was met by a vicious fire that stopped it in its tracks.

Dave slept a little after that. When he awoke it was past midafternoon, and a chill shook him as he got stiffly to his feet. Ballou ducked across the scrub. "The Old Man's on the radio," Nick said.

It seemed endless miles over to the hole where Capehart, bustling about efficiently, had established a message center of sorts.

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Sergeant Gutherie held out the handset to Dave.

"Mosby," the latter said. "Over."

"My Lord, it's good to hear your voice!" Duffy said. "Until your call for artillery fire came through—damn it, I've got too much imagination! You all right up there?"

"We're all right," Dave answered.

"Can you hold until Sunday?"

May as well go for broke. The expression ran crazily through Dave's mind. "We can hold," he said.

"You sure you're all right? You don't sound too good to me." A newly worried note had crept into Duffy's voice. "How's that shoulder holding up, Dave?"

With a little surprise Mosby remembered that he hadn't thought about that shoulder for a long time. His whole body was one big ache now. "It's O.K., sir," he said. "Over and out."

Two more counterattacks were repulsed that day. Between counterattacks German mortar and artillery fire probed wickedly at the thinning line along the ridge. Doc Stein, needing additional room, had moved his aid station to the ravine. Mosby listened to casualty reports as the second day on the plateau died, only half-hearing what Hankins was saying. It wasn't good.

"Over thirty per cent casualties in the regiment as a whole," Hankins concluded soberly. "Another day of this and we'll not have a regiment any longer, general."

The words seemed to reach Mosby from far away, and then Hankins was saying, his voice shocked, "Dear Lord! He's passed out! Get some coffee, sergeant!"

"I got something better than that," Ballou grunted. He got his canteen to Dave's lips, and the brandy was like a hot poker in Dave's throat as he coughed and came back from the far places he'd been.

Asa Hankins's rawboned features were worried as Mosby coughed again and spoke hoarsely. "Must have gone to sleep," he said. "Hell of a note—what were you saying, Asa?"

Back at the division C.P., Duffy Grimes paced up and down his map room. The corps commander, a gaunt man who looked like a mild-mannered schoolteacher, sat by the map table. He watched Duffy with eyes that were sympathetic and understanding while he waited for Duffy to speak.

"I talked to Mosby—he said he'd hold," Duffy said, wheeling to a halt in front of the corps commander. "Damn it, Hugh, he's trying to do it on guts alone! I talked with Burr, too, who's second in command. I talked to Nick Ballou, who used to be my driver! They told me things Dave didn't mention."

"Such as?" the corps commander asked gently.

"Such as the outfit's suffered almost forty per cent casualties and the Germans are probably reinforcing for an all-out attack tomorrow," Duffy said violently. "Such as Dave is a damned sick man! I want permission for this division to jump off a day ahead of time. I want to go tomorrow, general!"

"The timetable for this operation was set by somebody higher up than me," the corps commander said patiently. "You know that, Duffy."

"Then the orders stand?" Duffy Grimes asked heavily.

The corps commander was shrugging himself into his coat. "The orders stand, general," he said, his voice almost prim. "Of course, if you should decide it's necessary to make a reconnaissance in force tomorrow—well, I'll be going now."

Duffy Grimes waited until he heard the outer door close; then he sucked in his breath to bellow for his aide. "Caldwell!" he yelled, and the aide came into the room.

"Yes, sir?" he asked.

"Get me the chief of staff. On the double!"

The night passed—an uneasy night during which the Germans kept up a continuous shelling. One of the shells landed in the hole where Capt. Edgar Capehart had his message center; it smashed the last of the pack radios so that the regiment no longer had a link back to division. Captain Capehart didn't care now. His worries about communications were over forever.

Mosby, alternately shivering and burning up, slept now and then, but his sleep was disturbed by dreams. He

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would hear Percy Morehead's voice back there on the cliff: "Stand clear—afraid I'm going, chaps." Or he'd be back at West Point as a cadet again. "Sir, Cadet Mosby reports to the commandant as ordered, sir."

Nick Ballou sat beside him through the night—fed him small sips of brandy when Dave awoke. The brandy warmed his stomach, and Dave would sleep again. Once Doc Stein, leaving his aid station in the ravine, came and slid silently down into the hole. He listened to Dave's breathing and felt his pulse, then got up again. "Pneumonia," he said, his voice sharp. "If he isn't back to a hospital within twenty-four hours, he'll be as dead as any German bullet can kill him. I suspected it yesterday."

"How does he get back?" Nick asked. "Fly?"

Doc Stein used the same words Nick had used as he'd knelt beside 'Lonzo Bullwinkle back in the town beneath Il Bastione, "Damn them! Damn them all!" Nick didn't remember.

The snow had stopped and a cold wind was whipping across the plateau as another dawn began to come. Colonel Burr, second in command now, came with his own face drawn by fatigue as he slid down to where Dave was sitting, holding himself up with an effort as he fought away the tempting inner voice that said, *Lie down for just a little longer—it won't hurt to rest a few minutes longer.*

"Saturday—one day and one night to go," Burr said, rubbing unsteady fingers across the stubble on his cheeks. "Part of another day. It's a long time. I've put the second battalion back on the ridge again, Dave. The line had worn too thin up there. We've got only the Scout Company left as a reserve."

Dave made himself consider that. "O.K.," he said finally, his tongue so thick that he had trouble forming the words. "This will be a bad day, Hal. We've got to stay stuck."

"We'll try," Burr mumbled, rubbing his face again. "It won't be easy. There's a lot of them—and we've got no artillery except the pack battery. Radio contact with division is gone."

It took a long while for Dave to digest that information. "That's too bad," he said then. "We'll stay stuck anyway."

Burr turned away, but Mosby's voice stopped him once more. "Hal, get some rest," Dave said. "I'll take over now."

Later he went along the line, crawling from hole to hole with Nick Ballou following. He spoke a word here, a word there, forcing a cheerfulness into his voice. The grapevine had already preceded him, and men avoided his eyes. The Old Man was dying, the grapevine said. Not from a bullet; from something more mysterious and hence more dreaded. The Old Man was dying from a bug that clogged his lungs and choked his life away.

Somehow that seemed worse to the men on the ridge than the death which lurked over there in the timber did. At least you could see that come. You could take your chances with it, for it would come with the scream of a shell or the shock of a bullet. It wouldn't creep up on you from within.

After Dave had passed the foxhole where he lay, Marko Ferris touched the familiar stock of his BAR. A dirty bandage, darkly stained, bound his head, and he had a new assistant now—Private Fulmer. Benny Doorn had been killed yesterday.

"That's a hell of a way to die," Marko said to Fulmer after Dave had gone. "I wouldn't want it."

"Any way's a hell of a way to die," Fulmer said philosophically. "I know—my old man's an undertaker back home."

Marko gave him a sour look. "I ain't got enough trouble," he said. "I got to have an undertaker's son for an assistant. Why don't you get lost? I got a feeling this ain't my day."

"My old man gets a lot of 'em that come in with pneumonia for a ticket," Fulmer went on, unabashed. "I heard him talkin' with Doc Johnson once about it."

"What'd he say?" Marko asked, interested in spite of himself. "About pneumonia, I mean?"

"I don't remember all of it," Fulmer said. "Just enough to know that it takes a hell of a lot of guts for Mosby to be movin' around still the way he is."

"Amen to that," Marko said piously. "He looks like the old guy with the scythe, himself."

Two probing attacks came during the morning. Neither was pushed home. There was only a trickle of answering artillery fire from the pack battery. That was what the Germans wanted to find out, Dave guessed in the moments when his mind was wholly clear. Without artillery to shield that thin line that held the ridge,

another mass attack would roll over what was left of the regiment

and Il Bastione would go. Well, they could only hope. . . .

It came a little after 1300—a line of field gray, dirty against the snow, exploded from the timber and came yelling down the slope. Dan Beersheba's mortars, only half of them speaking now, tore gaps in the advancing line; Dan's heavy machine guns, chuckling their evil laughter, swathed down gray shapes. More gray shapes came on. Hundreds of them.

"Company, girls," Marko Ferris said in his foxhole. "I'll open up when they get to that rock that looks like a bench ——"

He didn't, because a mortar shell left the hole a smoking crater of torn ground. The German mortars lifted; they began to pound the rear as the wave, its front eroded and uneven now, flowed up the rising ground which led to the ridge. It broke through George Company's position. . . .

Pappy Harriman died there; he died as he had lived—by the book. He knelt on one knee, carefully aligning his sights and squeezing the trigger of his .45 the way the manual said, until a mortar fragment, slashing across his throat, toppled him backward. His last thought was that he'd have wanted it this way.

Back with the tiny reserve, Dave Mosby lifted his carbine, knowing that he was using up his final bit of strength. Dimly he saw the faces of the men around him; he knew that Garbo was there, Leftenant Percy Morehead and Nick Ballou.

"Let's go," he said.

"Stay back here, damn it!" Garbo was yelling at him. "We can take care of it, chief!"

"Let's go," Dave said again.

He went ahead of the Scout Company at a stumbling shuffle, and the grapevine ran before him to carry the news. Tight-lipped, the regiment heard it.

"The Old Man's out on his feet, but he's leading the attack! Let's get the buzzards! Let's get the buzzards!"

It was a shot of Adrenalin to tired men—they fought with a fury that the Germans couldn't match. Garbo, beside Dave, went down, tried to get up and fell back. Nick Ballou went to his knees, blood gushing from his mouth. Anger was cold as ice in Dave now. He plodded on with a final spurt of furious strength. "Come on! Come on!" he said.

Then, at long last, it was over. The regiment had held a final time. Dave vaguely knew that as he lay on his face in the snow; then, just before consciousness ebbed away from him, he was aware of something else. A fresh battalion was debouching from the notch and coming on to reinforce the ridge. Higher, to the left, new firing told where a flanking attack bit into the Germans on the slopes of Monte Tereccia. Dave smiled faintly as the dark closed in on him. The fight for Il Bastione had been won.

The division had come.

Voices woke Dave. He kept his eyes closed and listened, and suddenly knew that something was different. The dreams had gone and, although he felt weak and wrung out, his head was clear now. He wasn't lying in the snow, but was in a bed, and that puzzled him for a little as he tried to remember how he'd got here.

"He'll do," one of the voices was saying. "The fever has broken; I don't mind saying that for the past six days it's been touch and go. The bullet in his leg didn't help any."

The next voice Dave recognized. It belonged to Captain Lodi, the ward officer that Duffy Grimes had shooed out of his office on a long-ago afternoon.

"Anybody else would have been dead now," Lodi was saying tartly. "Generals—they give me a pain in the neck, doctor!"

Footsteps went away, and Dave opened his eyes a little to see the two doctors retreating down the aisle between the beds. Another voice spoke, this one well remembered.

"How, chief. Damn if this isn't a lazy man's war."

Dave turned his head—it was Xerxes Garbo in the cot next to him, bandages not hiding his easy grin. "I thought you were dead," Mosby said soberly. "I'm glad you're not."

"I'm hard to kill," Garbo said. "This hospital's bushwa."

"What about the division?"

"Knocked off Monte Tereccia day before yesterday," Garbo said, giving Dave his melancholy regard. He brightened as a nurse passed along the aisle, smiling at him as she went by. "Now, that I like, general—that I could go for but good."

Someone who had been sitting on the far side of Garbo's cot stood up now. It was Leftenant Percy Morehead, and pleasure ran through Dave again as he heard the other's voice. "Oh, I say, you chaps really do do yourselves nicely when it comes to nurses, don't you?" Percy was saying. "One I had after Anzio was a frightful old crow. Glad to see you're better, sir."

The afternoon sunlight came through a window to lie across Dave's bed. He smiled a little as he turned his head back. For a moment he was content to know that those two were all right. "I'm fine," he said finally. "Just fine." THE END

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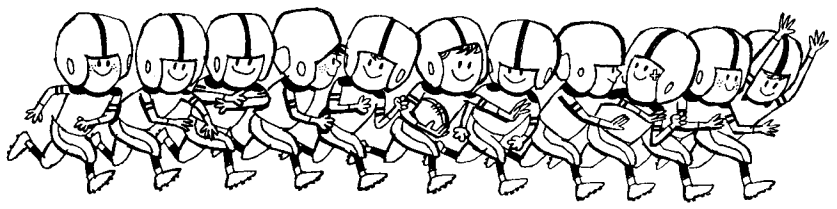

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General Mills, Inc.	Betty Crocker Cake Mixes Bisquick Gold Medal Flour
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Kraft Foods Div. National Dairy Products Corp.	Kraft Spaghetti Dinner
Lever Brothers Company	Contest
Libby McNeill & Libby	Libby's Tomato Juice
National Biscuit Company	Nabisco Premium Saltine Crackers
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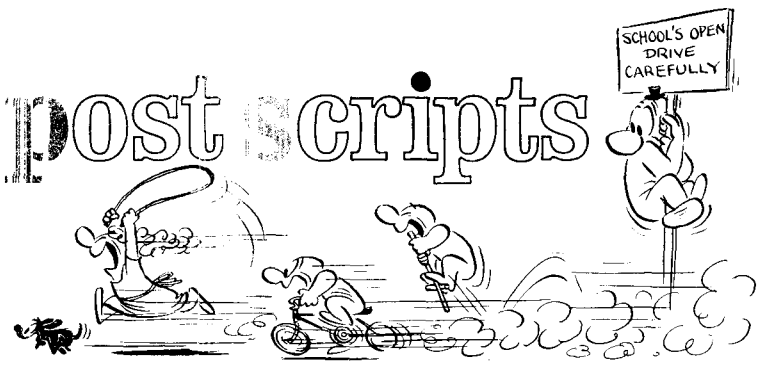
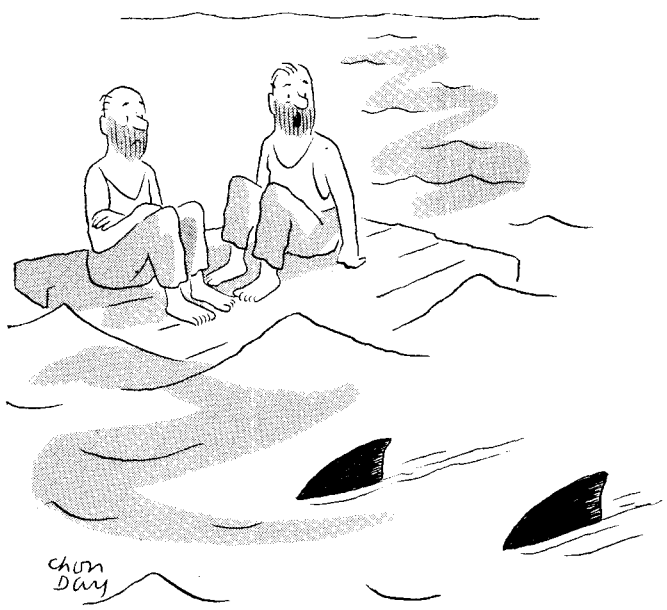
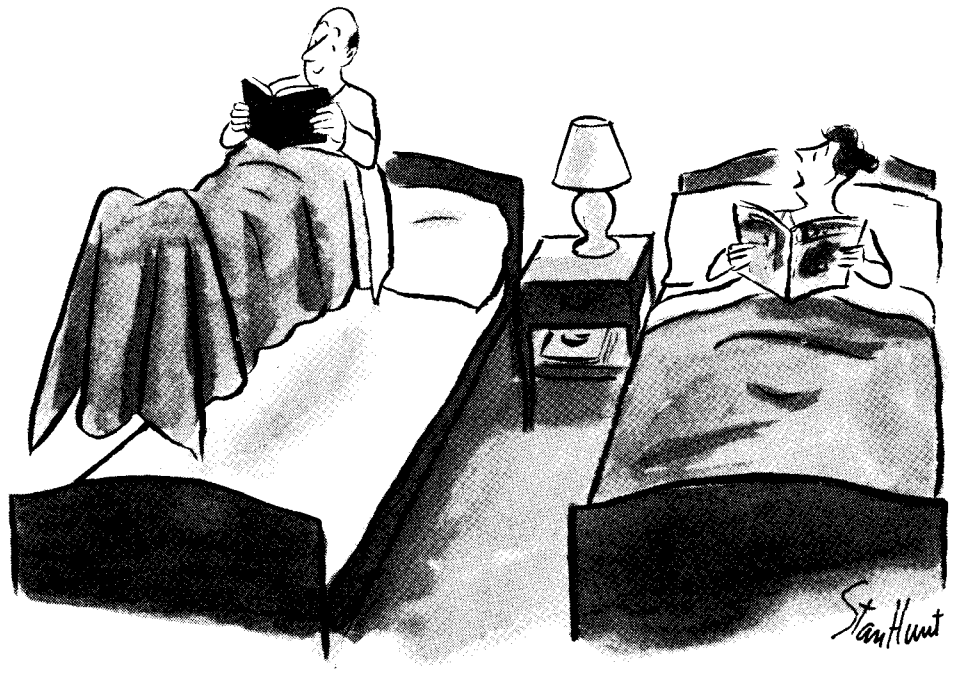
post scripts

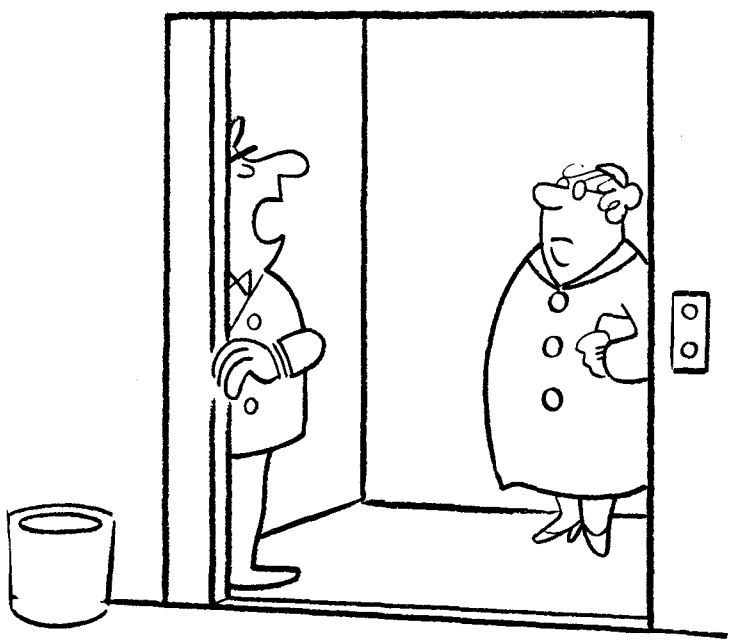




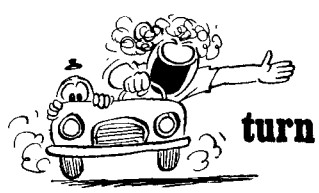
"Well, it's either sharks or someone in a '59 Caddy."



"Brighton, what *are* you reading?"



"This car doesn't go down the hall, madam."



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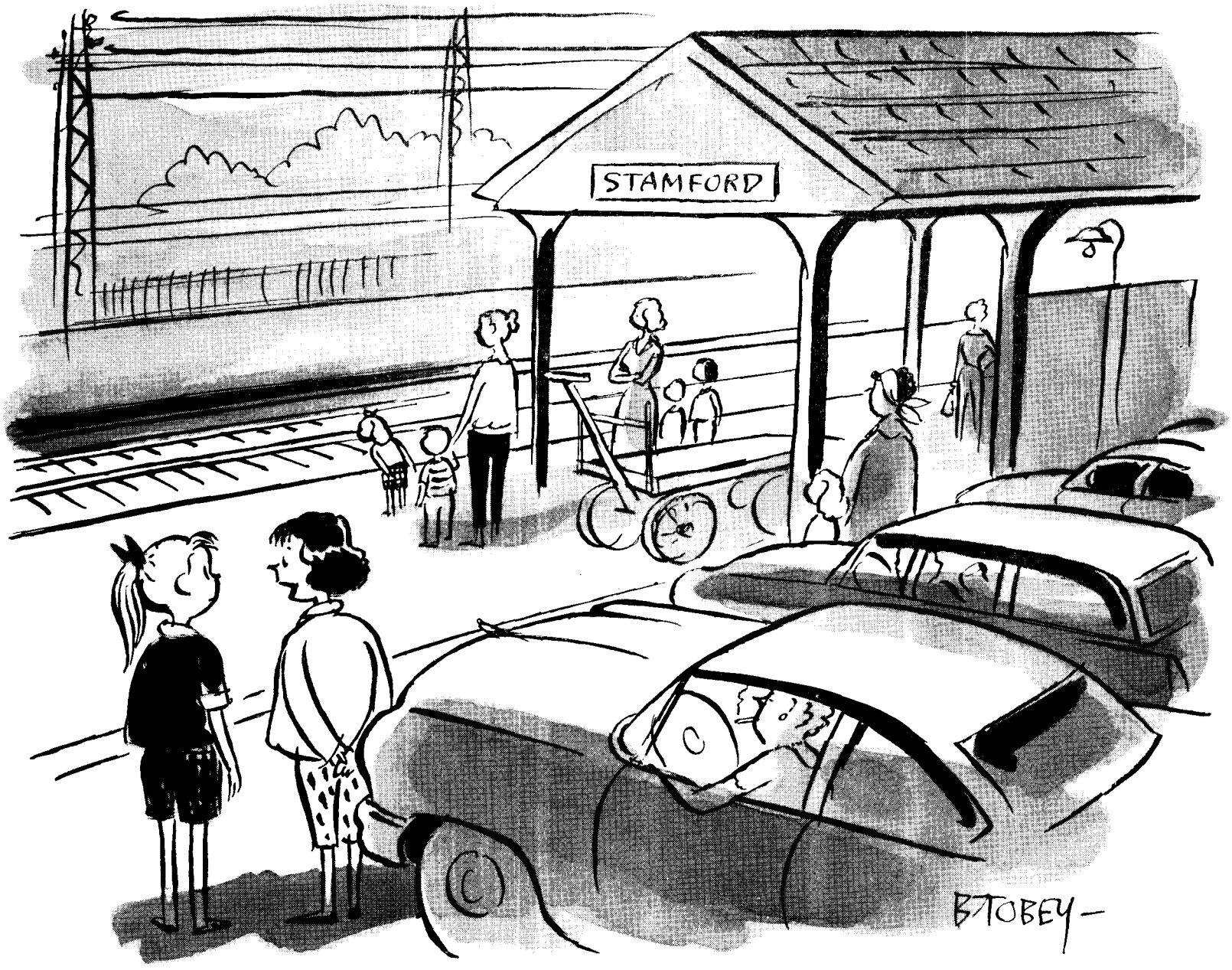

"How long does it take *your* daddy to unwind?"

"...then, I thought, why not let my wife ask you for my raise; after all, she handles the money in the family."

SUMMER RECESSIONAL

Farewell, farewell to summer!
Farewell to the gay resort
Where we idled a giddy fortnight
With pleasures of every sort.

Farewell to the friendly mosquitoes
That sang us to sleep each night.
Good-by to the rocks in the mattress,
And the bed lamp that wouldn't light.

Au 'voir to the poison ivy
Festooning the bridle paths;
To the tepid soup and coffee;
To the frigid rooms and baths.

Adieu to our fond illusions
And matrons in Capri pants;
To the bores who crawled
from the woodwork,
And several million ants.

Farewell to the sodden golf links
And weather suited to ducks.
Farewell to Bide-a-Wee Haven
And a good four hundred bucks!

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

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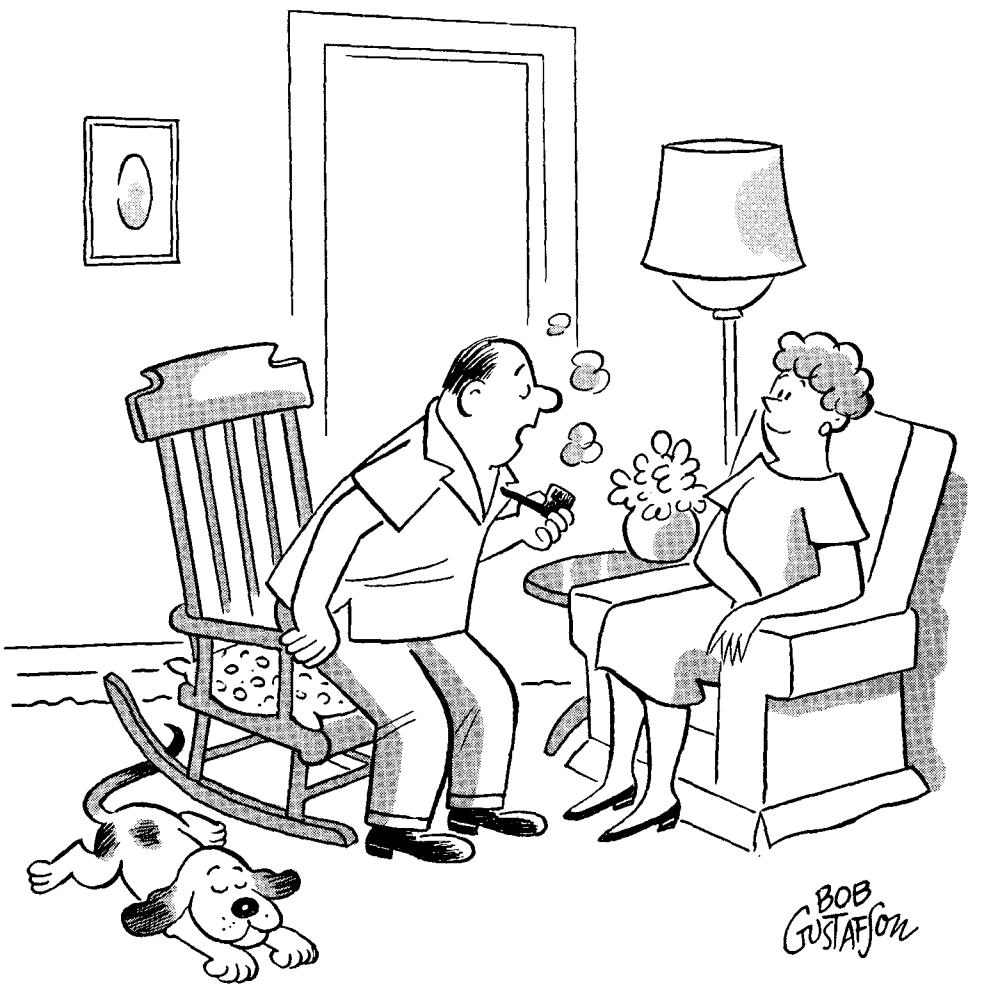


"Sure is quiet without the kids around!"

I SAID I'M SORRY, DIDN'T I?

(THE SUPERMARKET)

A few days ago in the supermarket I saw a new check-out counter open up, and quitting the line I was in I wheeled my cart into the new lane. I am sorry to report there was a little trouble.

I didn't regret my remarks at all, I said to the check-out clerk firmly. He had given no indication that he had to change the roll in his cash register, and frankly I felt I had been deceived.

There was nothing funny about the fact that the people in my old line refused to let me back in, I pointed out. I also found it necessary to remind him that check-out clerks had been reported to managers for less than this. I said I recognized an impudent laugh when I heard one.

Of course, I hadn't meant to unload the potatoes on the light bulbs, I said. It was a store-connected accident, and I'd have to ask to have the light bulbs replaced.

I said it looked as if we were having quite a lot of trouble with light bulbs, didn't it? I was sorry it slipped out of its box, and I remarked that it was a good thing we were both wearing glasses.

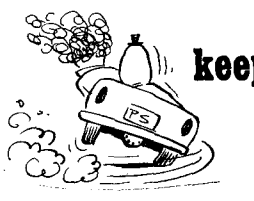
Why ask me how the milk carton got impaled on a piece of the light bulb? I inquired. Of course it was an awful mess, but I pointed out he was lucky it was only a quart container.

I asked to have my change directly from the cash register, since the bills he had placed on the counter were wet. Also, I said I was afraid the trading stamps had stuck to the counter.

Yes, I replied, I knew where the other stores in the chain were located. Why did he ask?

Caskie Stinnett

"Oh, my! You make me feel positively dowdy!"



keep turning

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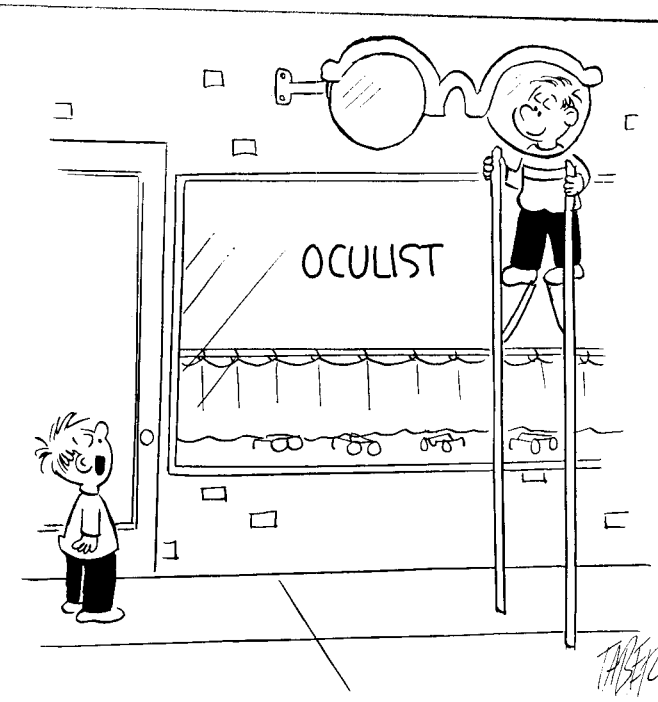
"I've just been offered two cows and a sheep for you!"

"Pop had a couple of quick ones before you got here."



"I think they make you look very distinguished."

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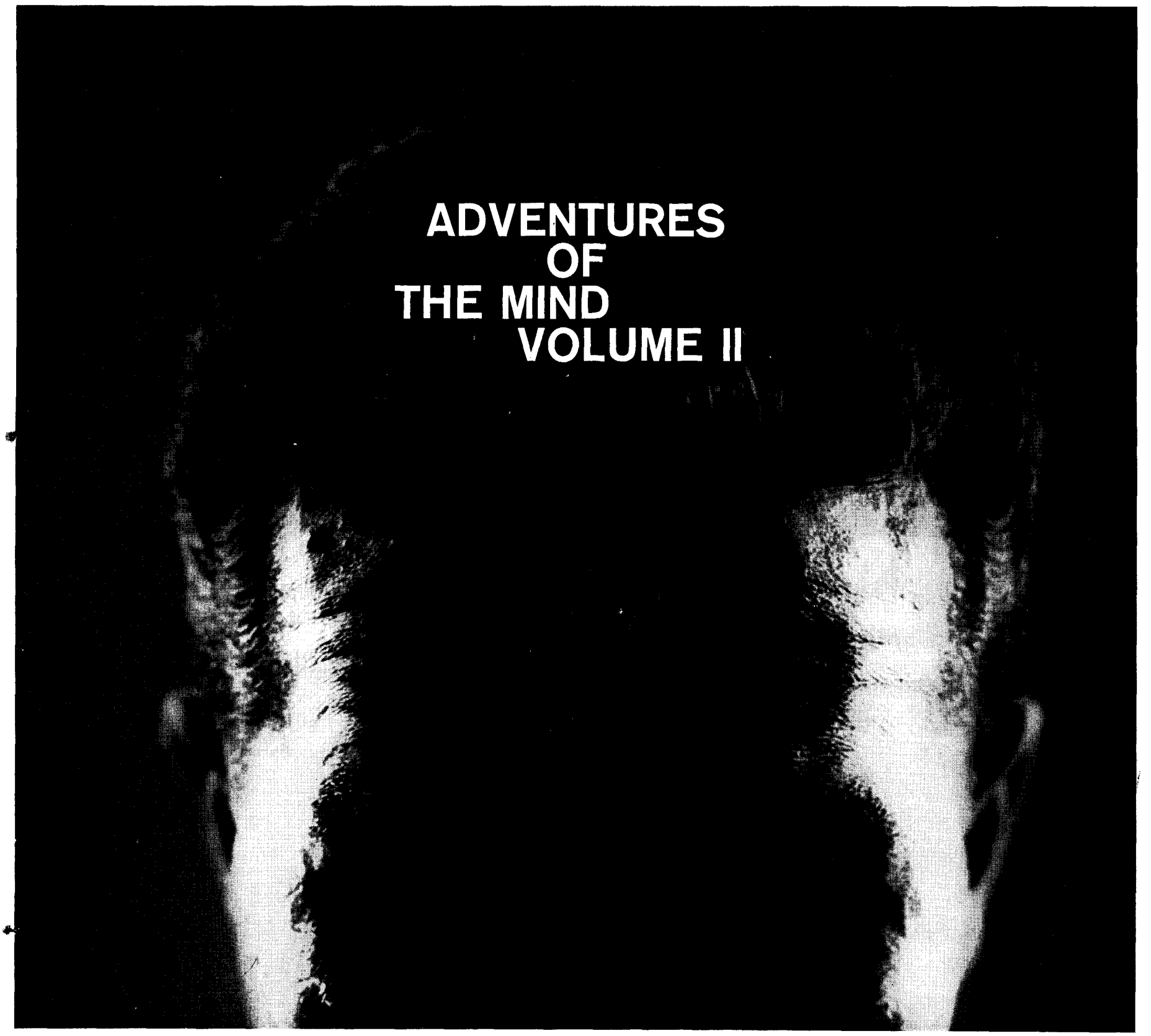

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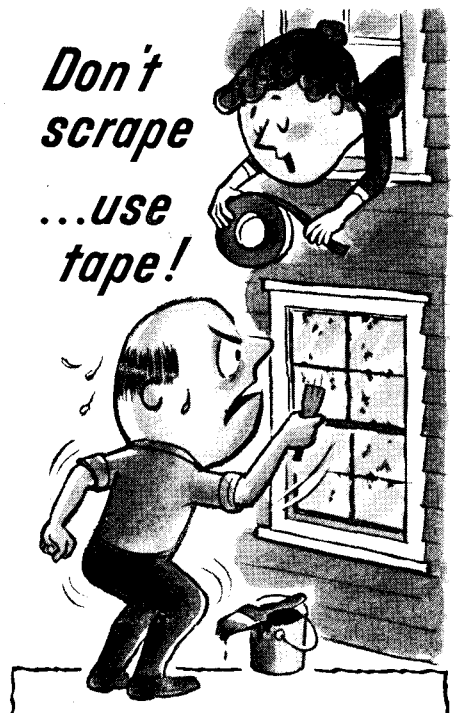

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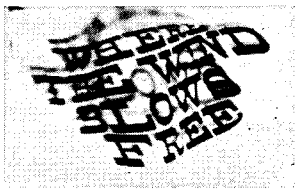

continued from page 37

people of the best Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Back in Philadelphia Mr. Wagner had owned a prosperous brewery, lived in a fine house and circulated with gentlemen of means. Yet Jeff Clayton dared interrupt Mr. Wagner's nap and stand in Mrs. Wagner's presence without even doing her the courtesy of removing his hat.

Mr. Wagner, who always conferred with his wife on important decisions, glanced at her questioningly. "What do you think, mamma?"

Her sharp eyes surveyed the young man. "How much pay do you ask?"

"Four dollars a day."

"Two is plenty."

"Four, ma'am. Take it or leave it."

Freda stifled a gasp. Mrs. Wagner would send him packing, of course. Such insolence from a hired servant could not be tolerated! True, the guide that had brought the twelve wagons in the train this far had quit a week ago and headed for the California gold fields. Guides did seem to be a necessity in this country, and the enforced layover was making everyone restless. But she was certain what Mrs. Wagner would say. She felt sorry for Jeff Clayton, despite his arrogance, for he looked as if he badly needed the job.

Mrs. Wagner's eyes snapped. "Three. That is all we will pay."

Jeff Clayton turned to his horse. "Oregon lies due west. Good luck."

There was a murmur of discontent from the emigrant families that had gathered around. Mr. Wagner scowled, conferred in whispers with his wife, then said, "Wait. We will pay you four dollars. But only on our terms."

The black eyes were amused. "And what might they be?"

"That you do not quit us whenever you feel like it, as the other guide did. That you take us safely through to Oregon City before you receive one dollar of your pay."

"Fair enough." Swinging into the saddle, he gave the Wagners an informal salute. "Now if you'll excuse me I got some business to do at the fort. See you in the mornin'."

Because she knew what it was like to be without money, a job or friends, Freda was glad that Jeff Clayton had found work, despite his lack of manners. She determined to teach him the Wagners' ways so that he would not offend them. Being far too timid to speak directly to a man she had barely met, she found an errand to do at the fort that afternoon and said her piece haltingly to Jim Bridger, whom she knew to be a kindly, understanding man.

When she was done, he gave her a searching look. "Kind of took to Jeff didn't you?"

"Oh, no!" she said hastily, coloring. "It is just that I want to help him."

"He'll be obliged, ma'am."

Freda had cooked and served the Wagners their breakfast, next morning, when Jeff Clayton came nonchalantly riding into camp. One horrified look told Freda her well-meant advice had been completely ignored. He had not trimmed his hair, bathed, shaved or changed his filthy buckskins, as she had told Bridger he must do. His eyes were bleary; he complained of an aching head and a stomach full of butterflies; he scorned the good breakfast she had kept warm for him; he drank three cups of coffee, but said it was too weak; and then, when she indignantly refused his suggestion that she snitch a pint of "old man Wagner's whisky" and sneak it to him as an eye-opener, he stalked off muttering profanely that if he'd knowed this was going to be a dry drive, damned if he'd have hired on.

Freda was so angry she hoped the Wagners would fire him. But both Mr. and Mrs. Wagner were too preoccupied to notice his condition, and the wagons moved out in good order. Under his apparently casual guidance they made good time across the high, sage-covered plains lying west of Fort Bridger, struck Bear River and followed its lush valley northwesterly, left it where the river swung south, and wound through the rough, lava-strewn country beyond. Reaching the juncture of the Portneuf with the Snake two weeks later, Freda heard Jeff tell Mr. Wagner that it would be wise to camp here for a few days, readying the wagons and resting the oxen for the tough going of the Snake River desert ahead.

After breakfast next morning Mrs. Wagner said, "When you have finished the dishes, Freda, the clothes you will wash. You will need the big tub, wood for the fire and lots of hot water."

"Yes, Mrs. Wagner."

Hurrying through the dishes, Freda put them away, went over to one of the wagons and struggled to lift down the big wooden tub resting on the high tail gate. It proved stubborn to move. She heard Jeff, who was lying on one elbow near the fire, say to Mr. Wagner, "That's a heavy tub, Lucius."

"Yes," Mr. Wagner agreed. "It is a good solid tub." He raised his voice. "Your shoulder you should put under it, Freda."

Freda flushed. "Yes, Mr. Wagner."

She heard Jeff give a grunt of disgust. He rose, crossed to the wagon and lifted the tub to the ground for her. She thanked him with her eyes, turned and hastily picked up bucket and ax. To her amazement he

snatched them roughly out of her hands. "No need for you to do that

with all these husky kids standin' around. Adolph, fetch some water. Ludwig, go chop some firewood. Hustle, now!"

Freda whispered urgently, "Jeff, please!"

Mrs. Wagner's eyes shot fire. "You will give no orders to my children, Mr. Clayton."

"Wal, they wa'n't doin' nothin', so I thought ——"

"That is servant's work. . . . Freda!"

"Yes, Mrs. Wagner! I go!"

"You wish she should have help, Mr. Clayton?" Mrs. Wagner said with an icy smile. "Very well. You help her."

Freda saw Jeff's jaw drop. "Me? You're orderin' me to carry water and wood like an Injun squaw?"

Panic-stricken, Freda took bucket and ax out of his hands and ran toward the river. Catching up with her, he grabbed her arm, stopped her and said angrily, "Now, what'd you go and do that for?"

"Please, Jeff, you will lose your job! Four dollars a day is a great deal of money!"

She saw his black eyes flicker, angry at first, then amused, then thoughtful. "How much are they payin' you?"

"Oh, I am paid nothing. I am indentured servant."

"You mean to tell me you work for free?"

"They give me my meals and bed."

Jeff gave a snort of derision. "They do that much for their oxen. How come you put up with it?"

As he cut wood and carried water for her, she told him. Back in Sweden, her homeland, her father had been a gunsmith, and the tales he had read about Oregon had fascinated him. A year ago he had brought his family to America, determined to make his future in that bright new land; but shortly after the family reached Philadelphia smallpox had taken everyone except Freda. She had been barely eighteen, homeless and frightened. With no money, no relatives or friends in this country and a hazy notion that Oregon was a place where all dreams came true, she had found the Wagners planning to emigrate there and indentured herself to them as a servant.

"For how long?" Jeff asked quietly.

"Five years."

"Then what'll you do?"

Shyly she lowered her eyes, her voice warm and full of hope. "If I am a good servant, perhaps when my time is up they will give me a little dowry. Then I can find a husband."

"What the devil's a dowry?"

She stared at him in amazement. "You do not know? Why, it is what every girl must have before she can get married!"

His eyes surveyed her from head to toe. "'Pears to me you've already got all a gal needs—and then some."

"Oh, Jeff, do not joke! A dowry is a gift to her husband—a cow, a little house, a piece of land, a sum of money."

"You mean to tell me the fella gets *paid* to marry her?"

"It is not pay. It is a start for married life. How else can a young couple get a start for married life?"

He rubbed his chin, thinking that over. "Why, it's plumb easy. If a fella's got any gumption at all, he shakes the dust of his folks' farm off his boots, takes his gun, his horse and his ax and travels west till he finds a piece of land that suits his eye ——"

"Who gives him this gun, this horse, this ax?"

"Nobody. He buys 'em."

"Where does he get the money?"

"Wal, his arms ain't broke, are they?"

Puzzled, she gazed at him. "What do you mean?"

"Jest that a little money ain't hard to come by if he ain't scared of work. He can take a job ——"

"Why should he? His folks have land, yes? Why does he not stay home and work there?"

Her innocent questions appeared to irritate him. "You don't get the idea at all. Take me, for instance. My folks had a good farm back in Ohio, but we had a big family and my foot took to itchin'. So I said the hell with farmin', came west and started trappin' beaver ——"

"You were poaching?"

"Huh?"

"Who did the beaver belong to? Who gave you permission to trap them?"

Before he could answer, Katrina and Peter, the youngest of the Wagner children, came running up and told Freda mamma was wondering when she was going to start the washing. Jeff gave them a message to carry back to their mamma that made Freda cover her ears with her hands; then, as he leaned over and picked up an armload of wood, he grunted,

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"You got a lot to learn about this country, young lady. Like it or not, I'm going to be your teacher."

"And you," she said primly, picking up the bucket of water, "have much to learn about manners. Perhaps it will be I who shall teach you!"

That settled, they went back to camp.

Jeff meant well, Freda knew, but the sad truth was he was short on patience. He was always preaching what a great thing it was to be free, but when she'd say, "Free from what?" he'd blow up and ask her what fool system of government had she been raised under, anyway? His bluntness hurt her; she would quit speaking to him; he'd come to her and apologize, saying he hadn't meant it personal, that it was he that was stupid, not her, and why didn't she please learn him some manners?

She tried. For instance, she said, it was very rude of him to stare blankly off into space, pretending to be deaf and dumb, when Mrs. Wagner asked him to do some task. He disagreed. Just because he lent Freda a hand when her chores got too heavy for her seemed to give Mrs. Wagner the notion he'd jump when she said frog. But damned if he would. Only way of curing Mrs. Wagner of ordering him around was by giving her the deaf and dumb Injun treatment.

"But must you make her so angry?"

"I ain't her personal servant."

"Her husband pays your salary."

"As a guide, that's all."

"But if you displease her, she will make her husband discharge you. Then what will you do?"

"Wal, I won't starve, you can bet on that.

"How can you be sure? Who would take care of you?"

He threw back his head and laughed. "Hell, gal, 'long as a man's got his health, a gun and a lick of sense, he can't possibly starve in this country. Beaver, buffalo, antelope, deer—why, they're all free for the takin'. So is the land."

"What land?"

"Most all of it." His dark eyes sobered. "Why, honey," he boasted, "if I had a mind to I could claim three hundred and twenty acres in Oregon. If I had me a wife, I could claim a whole square mile. After I'd lived on it long enough to prove I intended to stay, the Government would give me title to it free and clear. I could cut down trees, build a house, farm, raise cattle or do anything else I was man enough to do, without asking leave of nobody."

She thought that over. "How much land could Mr. Wagner claim?"

"The same as me, no more."

That, she guessed, was an outright lie. But she let him think she believed it, just to keep the peace.

One evening in early September the wagons made camp in a grassy valley on the western slope of a range of mountains which Jeff said was the Blues. When Freda had finished her chores, he took her for a walk. In the twilight they stopped and sat down on a rock. As Jeff filled his pipe, Freda gestured into the purpling distance. "This is Oregon?"

"Eastern edge of it, yeah."

"Where is the free land?"

"All over."

"Here—right here?"

"Far as I can see, nobody's claimed this valley yet."

She sat quite still, her eyes taking in the wide, grass-covered meadow below and the sparkling stream wandering across it. The soil looked deep, rich and free from stones, and, overlooking the valley, tall, straight pine and hemlock trees, much like those of her own country, covered the higher slopes as far as her eyes could see. Her voice filled with awe. "Jeff."

"Yeah?"

"You could take a square mile of this valley for yourself?"

"Sure—if I had a wife."

"Why don't you?"

He puffed silently on his pipe for a time. "Wal, I guess I ain't ready to settle down yet. I mean, I'd have to find the right sort of gal."

"Don't you want a wife?"

"Someday."

"Where will you look for her, Jeff?"

"Ain't give that much thought."

She averted her eyes. "I hope you find one with a handsome dowry."

"Why would I want one with a dowry? My arms ain't broke."

She looked at him. "You have said that before. I do not understand what it means."

"It means I've got some pride. I'm able to put clothes on her back and a roof over her head. Long as she had some git-up-and-go to her,

I wouldn't care if she didn't have a dime."

Despite her efforts to master the English language, there were still occasional phrases Jeff used that Freda failed utterly to comprehend. This was one. Before she could ask him to explain it to her, Mrs. Wagner called from camp, "Freda! Freda, come here at once!"

Hastily Freda got up and went; but from the look Jeff gave her she gathered that this wasn't the kind of *git up and go* he'd meant.

There was the damp chill of early autumn in the air when the wagon train made camp at The Dalles, some days later. Westward, Freda could see tall mountains looming, slashed by a wide, rapids-filled river. She heard Jeff say to Mr. Wagner, "We got a choice to make here, Lucius. Oregon City lies a hundred miles west, beyond the Cascades yonder. But there's two routes we can take."

"Which is easiest?"

"They're both mean. We can take the wagons apart and raft 'em through the gorge. Or we can cross the mountains on Barlow's toll road, which is jest one notch better'n no road at all. If we stick to the river, we'll get mighty wet. If we cross the mountains, we'll have some stiff climbin' to do."

"You are the guide, mamma says. It is for you to decide."

"Wal, I'd rather climb than swim."

Mr. Wagner smiled and clapped Jeff on the back. Freda was pleased to hear him say, "You have been a good guide, Jeff. Tonight we will have a little party to celebrate the nearing end of our journey."

It was a nice party, Freda mused as she watched the couples dancing and the men chatting jovially around the whisky barrel which Mr. Wagner had set out despite his wife's frown of protest. Eying Jeff with concern, she hoped he would remember his place and not drink too much, for with things going so well between him and Mr. Wagner she had begun to entertain a secret dream. Mr. Wagner would be an important man in Oregon, no doubt about that. If Jeff chose

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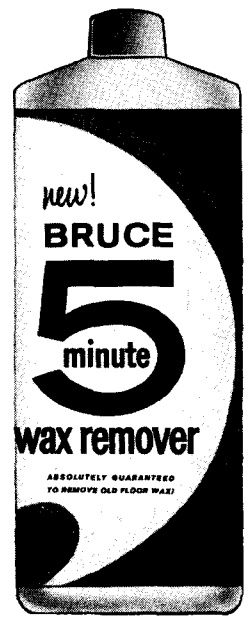

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to settle down, perhaps Mr. Wagner would give him a job in his brewery. If Jeff worked hard, was sober, industrious and thrifty, then by the time Freda's five years were up . . .

She sighed in dismay. Urged on by the menfolk, Jeff had jumped into the center of the firelit circle and was doing a wild Indian war dance. That overcame whatever inhibitions he may have had against sociable dancing, and he snatched Freda to her feet and gave her a whirl that left her breathless. Well aware of what Mrs. Wagner's attitude would be toward having a servant girl join the party uninvited, Freda tore loose from him, but Jeff, unperturbed, grabbed first one, then another of the ladies and cavorted with them. To Freda's horror, one of his partners was Mrs. Wagner, which caused whoops of laughter from the onlookers. What Mrs. Wagner thought of that, Freda had no chance to observe, for now Mr. Wagner, carried away by the spirit—or spirits—of the evening, jubilantly seized Freda and danced with her.

That surely must have shocked Mrs. Wagner, Freda thought, panic-stricken. But Mr. Wagner wasn't done yet. As the dance ended, he picked Freda up, whirled her around until her skirts flew, and then gave her a juicy, alcoholic kiss square on the lips.

Mrs. Wagner broke loose from Jeff's grasp and crossed the circle. With a cry of outrage, she slapped Freda hard, jerked her husband around, planted an open-handed blow against his startled face, then, her face like a thundercloud, read the riot act to all present. "Enough! Enough of this disgusting drinking, dancing and kissing! No more will I stand for!"

The party ended. Her face aflame, Freda stared down at her shoe tips. "I am sorry, Mrs. Wagner. So sorry!"

In the sudden silence Jeff strode to her side, put his arm around her quivering shoulders and said hotly, "What's to be sorry for? No harm was intended nor done. . . . If you want my opinion, Mrs. Wagner ——"

"Your opinion you will keep to yourself, Mr. Clayton! You are a paid servant, no more!"

"Wal, that's your notion," Jeff said, the anger in his voice so deep it frightened Freda. "But mine happens to be a sight different. Any old time you start slappin' Freda around ——"

"Jeff!" Freda begged, frantically squeezing his arm. "Be still! Please, be still!"

He gave her a long, searching look. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and stalked off into the dark.

It took two weeks to make the mountain crossing. In all that wearying time Jeff walked not once with Freda of evenings. Nor did he associate with or speak to the Wagners except in the strict line of the business at hand. He was angry, she knew, and he was hurt. That he could be hurt touched her deeply; that she had hurt him while he was trying to protect her and she was trying to protect him made it all the worse.

The last hill down which they must descend was so steep the only way to get a wagon down was to tie a log behind its rear wheels as a drag, lock the wheels, and ease the vehicle downgrade by means of ropes belayed around the trunk of a thick fir on the height. Ordering the women and children to stand clear, Jeff supervised the men in the slow, hard, back-breaking work with a skill that made Freda marvel at his ingenuity. He got all but the last of the wagons to the bottom of the hill without incident. Then, as it inched along, halfway down, a frayed rope broke, and the wagon went tumbling end over end down the slope, landing on an immense rock that splintered it into kindling wood.

Jeff took it calmly. After making sure no one had been injured, he said to Mr. Wagner, "That's the first one we've lost. We're lucky, Lucius."

"Lucky?" Mr. Wagner stormed. "It was *my* wagon!"

"Wal, you started west with two, and you've still got one left. Outside of the wagon itself and a barrel of busted dishes, there's no damage done."

Down on her knees in the wreckage, Mrs. Wagner let out a frenzied howl.

"You know how far he's walked today?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lucius! Those dishes were my Sunday-best china!"

The glint in Jeff's eyes warned Freda that he had been pushed almost as far as he would go. But Mrs. Wagner failed to see it. Lighting into him, she tongue-lashed him for five solid minutes before she paused for breath. He didn't interrupt, but his eyes got darker and darker.

When Mrs. Wagner was done, he looked at her husband. "Know what I'd do with that mouthy squaw of yours if she was mine?"

"Lucius!" Mrs. Wagner screamed. "Did you hear what he called me?"

"I'd cut me a length of sapling, like so," Jeff said, measuring off the proper length with his hands. "Then I'd lay it onto her good and proper. Makes 'em quit every time."

Freda saw Mr. Wagner's face turn red, then white. She saw him gaze vacantly off into the forest, as if looking for something. Then, recovering himself, he exploded. "You are discharged, Mr. Clayton!"

"You don't have to fire me. I quit." He pointed west. "The road's clear and easy the rest of the way. You can't miss it. Give me my pay, and I'll be riding."

Trembling with anger, Mr. Wagner fished his purse out of his pocket. "I'll be happy to. How much do we owe you?"

"Ninety days I've put up with you. That's three hundred and sixty dollars."

"Wait, papa!" Mrs. Wagner said. "Remember the bargain? No pay was he to get until safely we arrived in Oregon City. We have not arrived. Yet he quits. So no pay do we owe him."

"You are right, mamma." Mr. Wagner smiled at Jeff. "That was the bargain."

Freda gasped, for Jeff had got his rifle. As he started to speak, an involuntary movement on her part drew his eyes to her. "Lucius," he said quietly, "how much is Freda worth to you?"

Mr. Wagner stared at him blankly. "Freda? You ask how much she's worth?"

"Yeah. That indentured-servant guff don't shine out here. If she had the gumption, she could take her freedom. But she won't. She's scared to. So I'll buy it for her. Lucius—give me my pay in cash or give me Freda. You got jest ten seconds to make up your mind."

Mr. Wagner looked uncertainly at his wife. "Mamma ——"

"Servant girls we can get any day," she said scornfully. "Cash money is hard to come by. Give her to him."

"You heard that, Freda?" Jeff said.

"Yes."

"Go pack your things. I'll take you to Oregon City."

She did not move. "And after that?"

"Why, that's up to you, I reckon," he said irritably. "I got no use for a servant. But you'll have your freedom."

"What will I do with it?"

Jeff stared at her. "Do you mean to tell me you won't take it?"

"Not this way. Not by having you buy it."

"Wal, what difference does it make how you get it," he demanded, "jest so long as you're free?"

"A great difference—to me."

Anger flared in his face. She wanted desperately to cry out, *Please, Jeff—please understand!* but no words came. With a grunt of disgust he turned and picked up his horse's trailing reins, jammed his left foot into the stirrup and roared, "Wal, like it or not, you're free! . . . Your debt to me is paid, Lucius. I'm headin' back to give old Jim a piece of my mind for ever tellin' me herdin' pilgrims beats trappin' beaver. But you let Freda alone, 'cause if I ever get word you or your wife are pesterin' her ——"

"Jeff!" Freda cried, running toward him. "You must understand why I said what I did! You can't go this way!"

"Watch me! Jest watch me! I'm goin' back to the mountains, I am, and find me an Injun squaw ——"

A horse always senses the mood its master is in, Jeff had once told Freda; thus, the wise man controls his temper when approaching his mount. But right now he was so mad he threw wisdom to the winds. Just as he swung his right leg over the horse's back, that usually calm-natured beast snorted, stuck his head between his forelegs and humped his body violently. Freda screamed as she saw Jeff sail through the air, do a slow half-turn, then pile into the ground with a thump.

She ran to him and helped him sit up. "Jeff! Are you hurt?"

He stared down at his limp right arm. "Busted a wing, seems like."

"Just what you deserve," Mrs. Wagner said unsympathetically. "Come, Lucius."

As the Wagners moved toward their wagon, Freda started to protest, but Jeff muttered, "Let 'em go. I'll make out. Now if you'll just fix up my arm ——"

But Freda had a much more urgent matter on her mind. Getting to her feet, in a clear, firm voice—not at all a servant's voice—she called, "Mr. Wagner!"

Surprised at her tone, he paused. "Yes?"

"Before you go, there are three things I want of you."

Amused, he asked, "What are they?"

"First, my clothes."

"You may have them."

"And my freedom."

"That you have already. Didn't you hear the agreement we made with Mr. Clayton?"

"I heard it, yes. But I am not a cow to be sold in the market. I am taking my freedom for myself. Do you understand?"

He shrugged. "Very well, you have it. Why argue how you are getting it?"

"Because," Freda said quietly, "if I am taking my freedom for myself, if no one is buying it for me, you still owe Jeff three hundred and sixty dollars. And before you leave, I insist you pay it."

Mr. Wagner laughed. "Insist all you like, my dear. It will do you no good. Now get your clothes and let us go."

Freda lost her temper. She picked up Jeff's rifle and cocked it. "The money, Mr. Wagner—I want it right now."

Mr. Wagner reached for his purse. . . .

After the preacher in Oregon City had married them, Jeff said the sensible thing to do was wait till spring before they filed a homestead claim on that valley in Eastern Oregon. By then, he said, his arm would be healed and he'd be up to doing heavy farm work.

Freda said, "No, we need not wait. Let us go at once—tomorrow."

"But, Freda, all that work ——"

"Who's afraid of work?" she murmured as she kissed him. "We're both free now. And *my* arms aren't broke."

Wal, Jeff said, 'long as they had three good arms between 'em he guessed they'd make out. THE END

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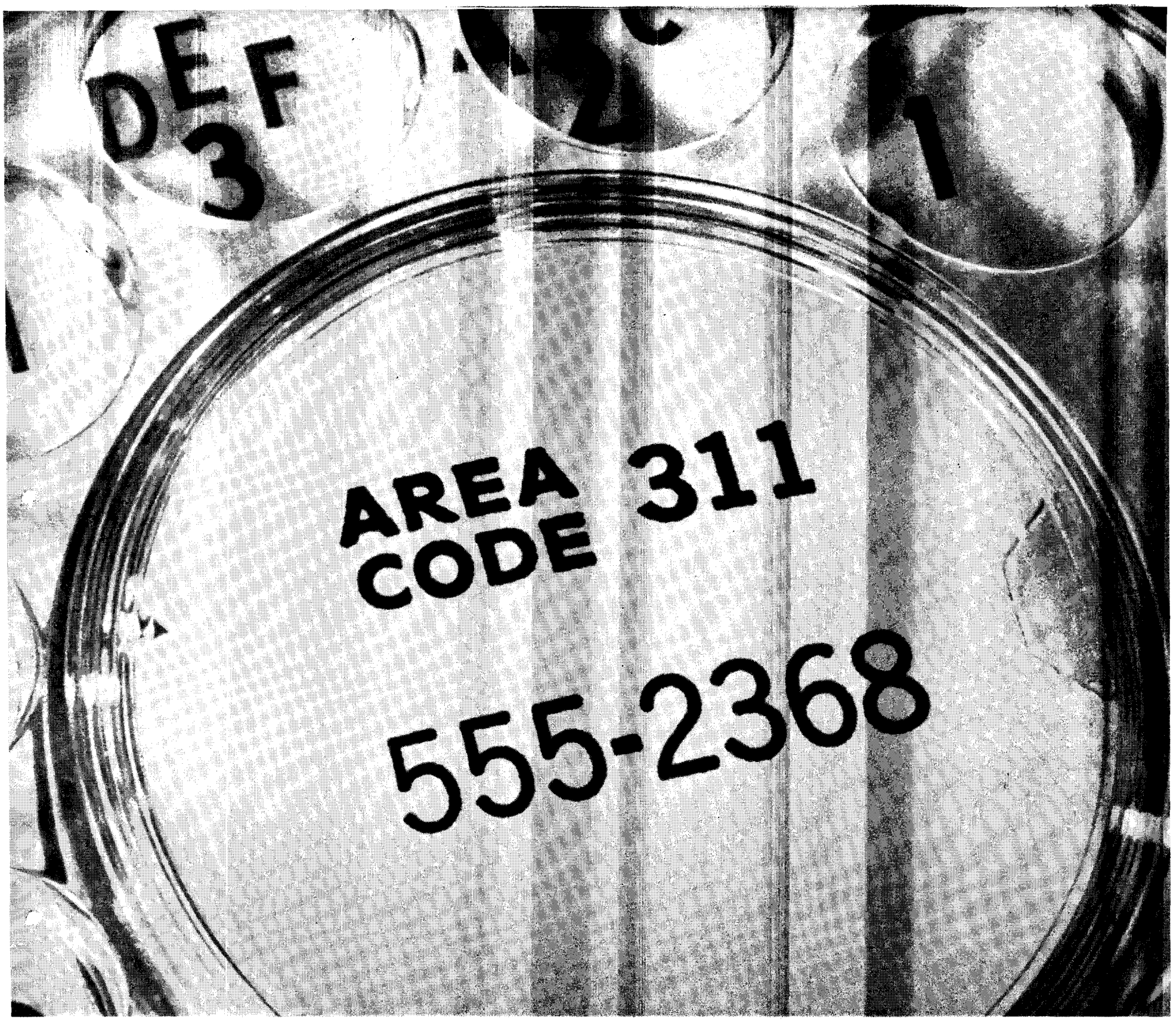

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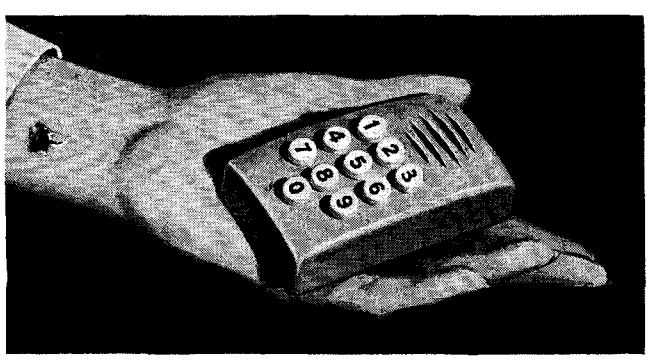

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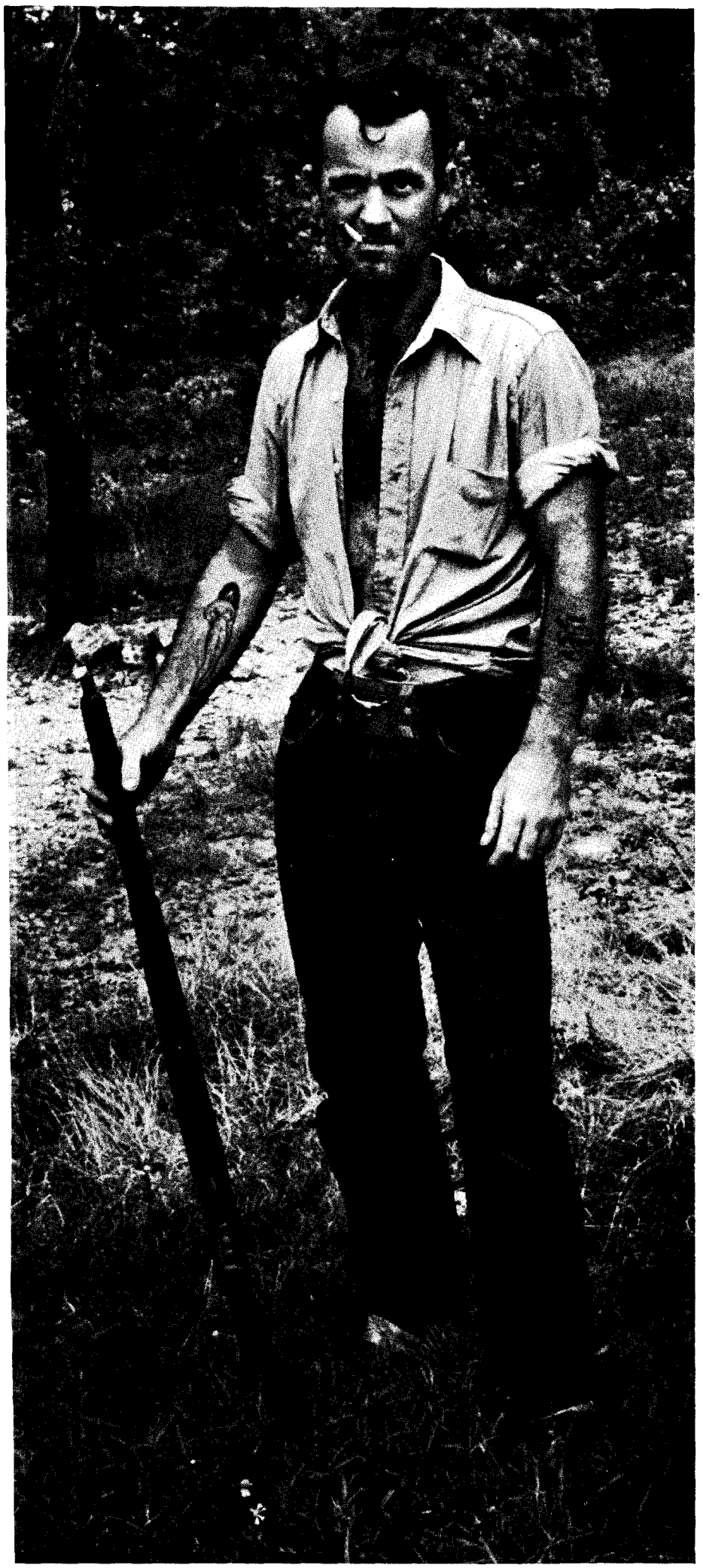
The Vanishing Hillbilly

By BERNARD ASBELL



Ken Mooney, 28, of Eminence, Mo., wants the Federals to stay out.

Photographs by Joe Clark

Last April the wild timberlands of Shannon County, Missouri, at the eastern edge of the Ozark Mountains, were blazing up in one forest fire after another. State forestry authorities saw each fire as another sign that extremists among the mountain folk were resuming their war against the Twentieth Century. As in previous skirmishes, the mountaineers' tactic was to set the woods on fire.

It was not altogether surprising that Shannon County was the place, and last spring the time, for the resumption of hostilities. In faraway Washington a committee of Congress was about to consider a bill to buy up the best fishing and hunting lands in Shannon—plus more in surrounding counties—and throw them open as a national park. The bill may pass next spring.

The park is sure to bring the first whiff of prosperity to Shannon County, the most impoverished in the state. But the mountain folk, descendants of frontiersmen who axed their way through the wilderness almost 150 years ago, want to be left alone—free of tourists and Government meddlers. The Government, they know, deplores forest fires; so they choose incendiarism as their gesture of defiance. State foresters claim that fully one third of Ozark forest fires are set deliberately.

The fierceness of the opposition became evident last April twenty-fourth, when a state forestry agent who was investigating the epidemic of arson met a youth armed with a rifle. Twenty-year-old John Frank Melton Jr. lived in an ancient house with no bathtub, toilet or running water, on a farm that lay in the proposed park area. Melton had told his neighbors that he wasn't fixing to let the Government "act like Communists and take my land." His mother had urged him to cool down. Yet when Melton met the forestry agent in the woods, he accused the agent of trespassing—they were on state property—and flicked off the safety of his rifle. Their words grew hotter. Melton swung his rifle and struck the agent's head, opening a gash and inflicting a concussion of the brain. Melton's rifle fired. The stunned agent returned two pistol shots. One entered the ground; the second killed young Melton.

"Like many folks around here," a neighboring lawyer told me, "the boy didn't differentiate between the Federal Government and a state conservation officer. They figure one Government man is as bad as another. There's no doubt that Melton's fear of the national park is really what killed him."

The boy was, of course, the victim of his own fanaticism, but it appears that his neighbors were sympathetic to his cause. A few days after the killing a coroner's jury of Melton's Shannon County neighbors, unswayed by the forester's evidence of self-defense, brought in a finding of felonious homicide. The wounded conservation agent was charged with manslaughter. Later a judge from another county dismissed the charge.

The war in the Ozarks—pitting the tradition of the Nineteenth Century pioneer against the Twentieth Century notion of progress—has been fought on many battlegrounds in the 250-mile-wide spread of mountains across south-central Missouri and north-central Arkansas.

Three years ago, old-timers in Stone County, Arkansas, hooted in protest—and a few fanatics set the woods aflame—when the first paved road pierced the western half of the county. They feared that paved roads would bring in game wardens to interfere with free hunting and fishing. They were right. And when the wardens came, more forests blazed.

Today's battleground is centered about 150 miles south of St. Louis in the Missouri counties of Shannon, Carter, Ripley and Oregon. Through this area flow the Current River—which the United States Geological Survey has called "the most beautiful small river in America"—and its tributaries, the Eleven Point and Jacks Fork rivers. Their banks, rich in oak and hickory, shortleaf pine and sweet gum trees, abound as well in wild turkey, green heron, white-tailed deer, gray and

Mountaineers fear that the national park proposed for the Ozarks area circled above will jeopardize their independent way of life.

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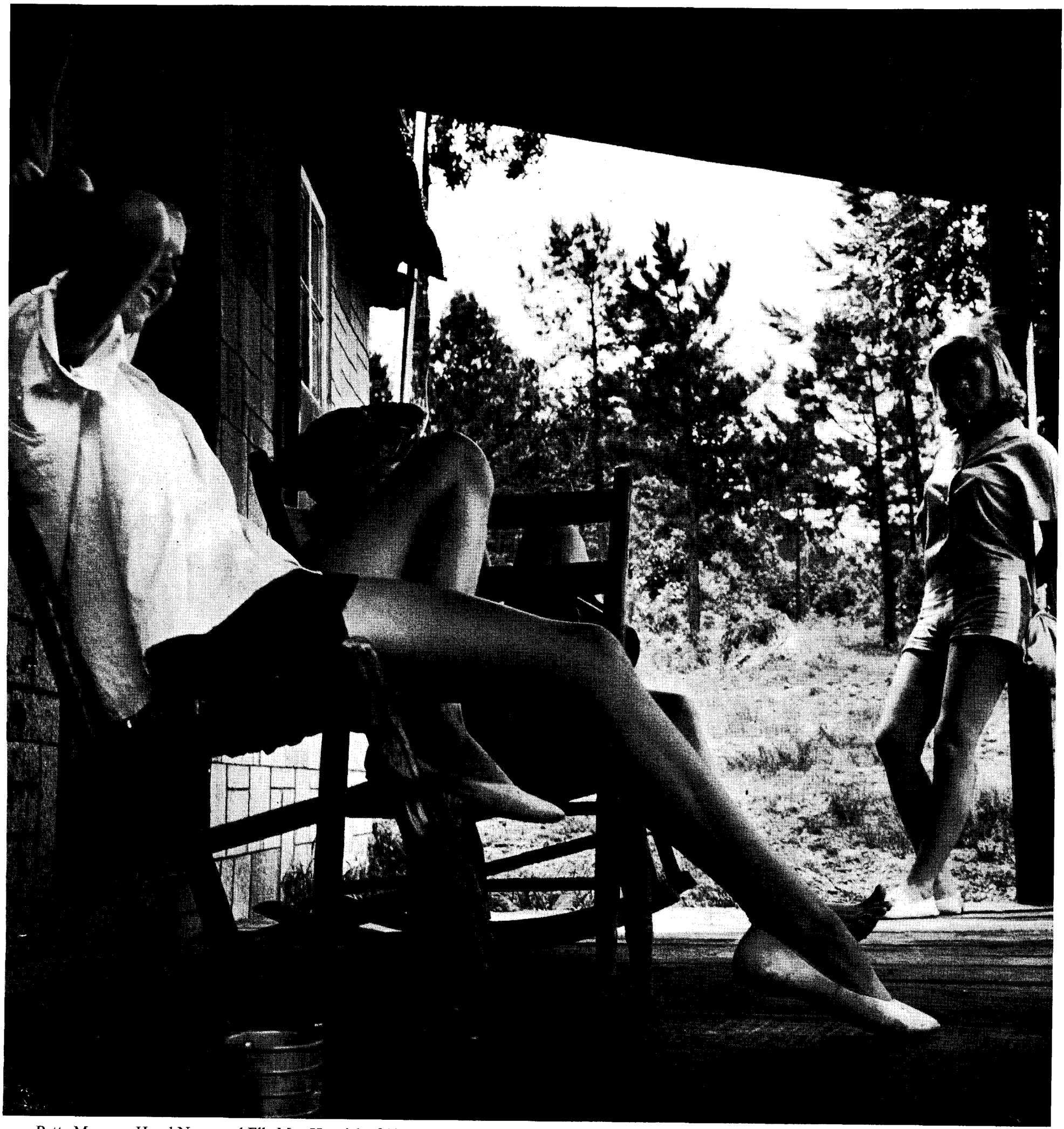
For over a century the proud Ozark mountaineer fiercely resisted change. Now he's being modernized out of existence.



Betty Mooney, Hazel Nonn and Ella Mae Hornick of Shannon, Missouri's poorest county, from which most youngsters flee to the cities for jobs.

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fox squirrels, even the rare species of red wolf.

These natural riches have remained largely unspoiled, but so many hunters and fishermen are discovering them that the balance of nature is threatened. To save the area, Missouri's two senators, Stuart Symington and Edward V. Long, and the district's congressman, Richard H. Ichord, introduced bills early this year that would enshrine the rivers and their banks as the Ozark Rivers National Monument. The bills would permit residents of the riverbanks to occupy their homes for the rest of their lives, but give the National Park Service immediate control of the streams and woodlands.

Opposition runs highest in the small town of Eminence, the seat of Shannon County.

"Why should we take some outsider's word that something has to be done?" asks Leroy Lewis, the physical-education teacher at Eminence's high school. "The people along these rivers may not be rich, but they earn a livelihood. They don't want to see the Government taking their land just to make a playground. The riverland is the best we've got. If the Government takes it, that land will go off the tax rolls, and our counties will be broker than they are now."

Local people talking to me almost always described the Government as "taking" the land, never buying it. The bills, however, provide $6,000,000 for buying 113,000 acres of narrow river-front strips. For two years the Government would repay the counties for lost taxes. Within five years, according to National Park Service estimates, the park would attract 800,000 new visitors a year who would spend $5,500,000 in motels, restaurants and gasoline stations. Private investors would build these facilities, adding $10,000,000 to the assessed value of county tax rolls. These estimates are supported by the experience of national parks virtually everywhere.

In Eminence such arguments fall on deaf ears. "Outsiders don't understand," Lewis explained, as we chatted in a dimly lighted café. "We have what you might call a special culture here. You can call us hillbillies if you want, but we enjoy it. Put a park in here, and it will tear our way of life all to pieces."

What are the ingredients of this endearing way of life? When I asked this question, Lewis hailed an elderly, spry man in overalls from another table. He was Leonard Bolin, operator of the local lumberyard.

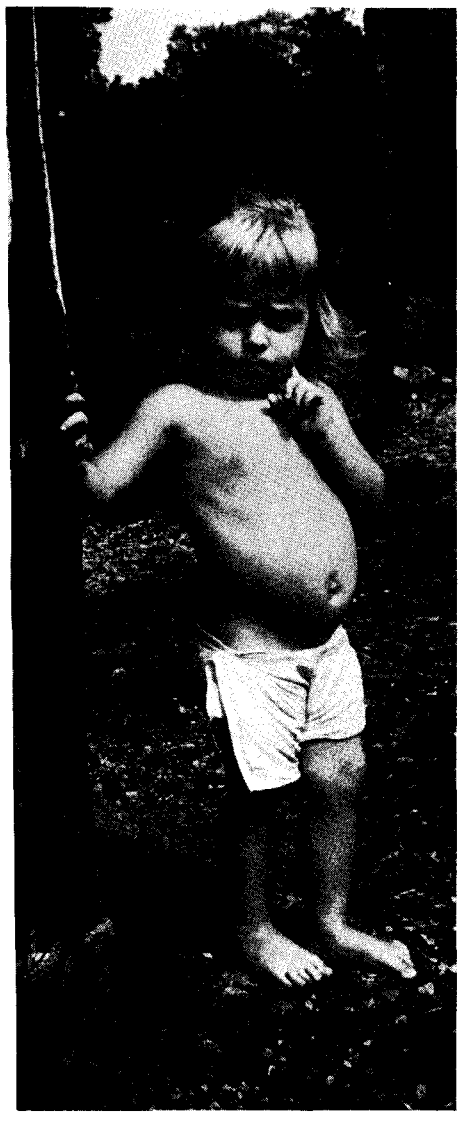
"There's a friendliness in these hills that's so satisfying words can't describe it," Bolin said. "Stop two fellows in the street, and you can bet that the grandfather of one shot squirrels with the grandfather of the other. Three years ago my mother had a heart attack. For sixty-nine days and nights she was in a coma. But every single one of those nights—not one exception—there was a neighbor sitting by her side all night. The doctor gave us glucose for seventy-five cents a bottle and said, 'Here, save some money. Inject it into her arm yourself.' Where else do people treat you like that?"

Overlooking the country doctor's dubious kindness, this was, without question, neighborly love that money can't buy. In fact, in the counties aroused about the Ozark Monument, money has bought very little. In two homes out of three there is no bathtub, toilet or running water. In eight out of ten homes, heating and cooking depend on wood-burning stoves. Fewer than 20 per cent of farm homes have telephones. Forty per cent of the farm families earned less than $1000 a year in 1955.

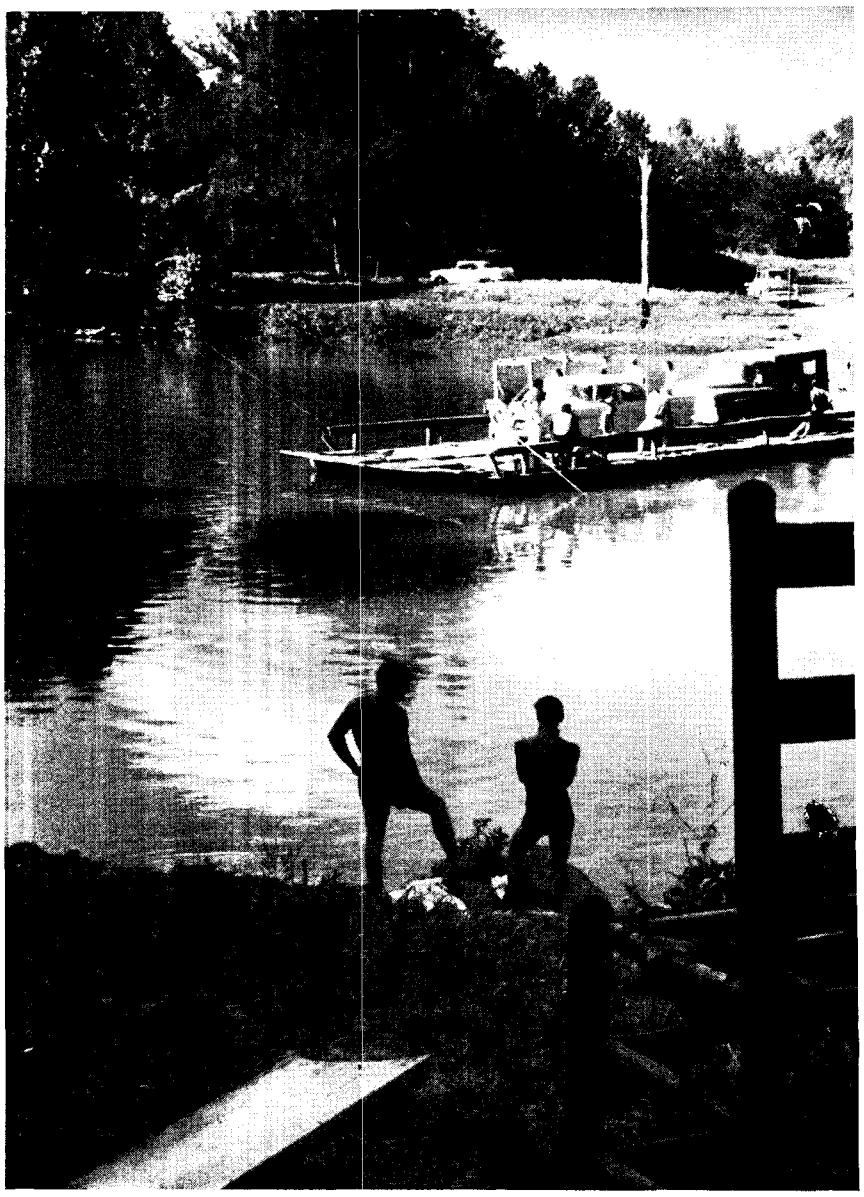
In another town along the rivers a county judge expanded on the region's "way of life," after making me promise not to use his name.

"These people are long on individuality—personal rights," he said. "This is still a frontier. There's very little enforcement of hunting and fishing laws, because there's not much the enforcers can do. The people and police know just how far they can go with each other. There's more law violation here than anywhere in the country. The people don't want to give up their ways on the Government's say-so, or anybody else's."

City dwellers are inclined to snicker at the Ozarkian's independent ways, forgetting that he is made in the image of the pioneer, whose culture has been preserved by isolation. Today's Ozarkian is no more ornery than his great-grandfather who hit the Wilderness Road from Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky in the 1820's and 1830's, when "those hills were getting so crowded you could hear the crowin' of your neighbor's roosters." It was this kind of independence that helped the United States expand across the continent. In jealously guarding his privacy the Ozarkian is trying to preserve the freedom and space won by his ancestor, who is still worshiped as though he were the first astronaut. But the outsider, made impatient by the Ozarkian's fear of change, derides him as backward.



Shannon County will spend only $270 a year to educate this child; in the suburbs of St. Louis the figure is $700.



In Shannon there is just one way to get a car across the Current River—this ferry. Bridges may soon open up this isolated region.

As the town of Eminence is the center of opposition to the Ozark Rivers National Monument, so Van Buren, Missouri, the seat of Carter County, is the center of its support. This attitude is traceable to one of Carter County's natural endowments, Big Spring, which pours more than 250,000,000 gallons of cool, clear water a day into the Current River. The spring attracts a moderate number of tourists, and Van Buren, four miles away, has benefited by the money they spend. The townsfolk would like more.

Leo Anderson, a reflective elder who runs a museum of Indian relics near Big Spring, believes the region's hope of prosperity rests on building a tourist industry.

"Some people have talked for years about bringing factories in here, but hardly any seem to come," says Anderson. "They talk about timber, but if there's timbering, it'll be for the profit of some big man in St. Louis. They talk about farming on the riverbanks, but the topsoil has already floated down the rivers to Arkansas, leaving us sand and rocks. It seems all we got a lot of is scenery, but some of us are too close to that to see it."

Despite this pessimism, there's a brightness about Van Buren. Its homeowners and storekeepers seem to have discovered the charms of fresh paint. Because it keeps itself ready to receive company, Van Buren has a look of self-respect that sets it off from nearby towns.

It even has an inviting motel, with modern furnishings, a swimming pool, room radios. True, in almost any county seat a weary traveler can find a place that's clean and tolerably comfortable, but there are very few which seem inviting to an outsider used to urban niceties. I assumed that Marlin McClintock, the owner of Van Buren's Hawthorne Motel, was a canny investor from St. Louis who saw opportunity in the sticks. But he is a native Ozarkian who has lived in Van Buren for thirty-one of his thirty-two years.

"The reason that motels, restaurants, even brand-new signs around here always look so drab and old-fashioned," he said, "is because they are put up by old people. They do things in old people's ways. Young people don't start businesses, because they know from the time they are little kids that as soon as they finish high school they'll leave. There's nothing here to support them."

As the young and productive have fled to the cities for jobs, the economic noose on the region has tightened and the population dwindled. Many of those left behind are on the welfare rolls. "We don't have a medical doctor or a dentist in the county," says McClintock, "only an osteopath. If we keep getting smaller and poorer, how are we ever going to get one?"

McClintock has two children and worries about the schooling they'll receive. Throughout the region the amount spent on education is pitifully low. Tax collections are so meager that the state must pick up most of the bill. With fewer young people, fewer children are born, so state aid to the schools keeps diminishing.

"Last year," McClintock says, "the school here dropped music and industrial arts. Before that, we lost our science teacher. The law requires the teaching

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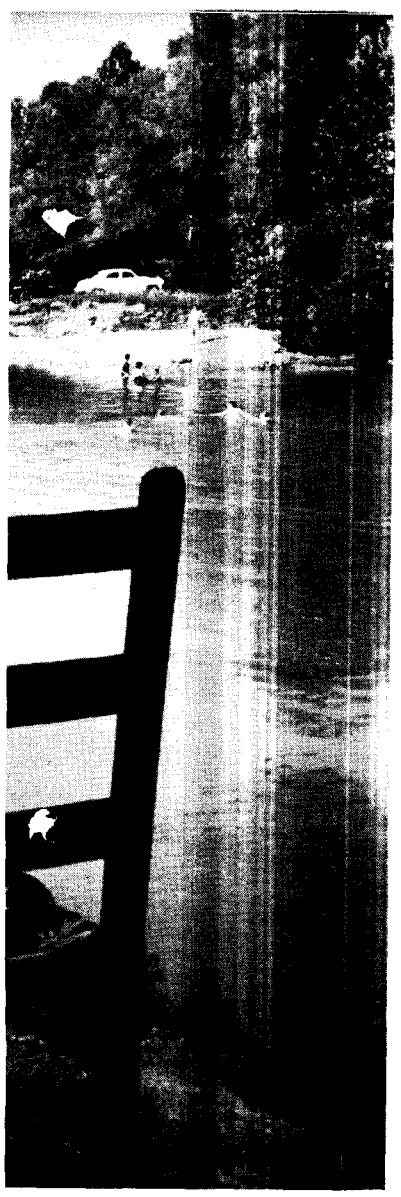


homes and businesses, more than quadrupled. Before the dams were built, some local citizens protested that lands lost under water would represent tax losses to the counties. But the value of land skyrocketed. In nearby hills Ozark families still live by many of their old traditions, but their children are no longer handicapped by impoverished schools.

Across the state line at Mountain Home, Arkansas, near Bull Shoals dam, Neil Nelson recalled for me the days of 1941, when the western Ozarks were darkened by fear. The Government was planning to build the dams and drown out hundreds of old homesteads.

"My wife's granddad owned one of the farms that would be flooded," Nelson said. "He had no complaint about the price the Government was going to pay for his lands, but he was scared anyhow. He kept saying, 'I was born here, and my mother and father always lived here. Where'll I go?' It was hard for those folks. Well, some people took their money and bought other farms. Granddad retired here in town. He still lives here. The disaster never came.

"When I pass my father's country store, I think of the old way of life and, frankly, I have no hankering to go back to it. All I think of is how difficult it was."

Another native Ozarkian with no illusions about the old days is Tom Dearmore, coeditor of the *Baxter Bulletin*, Mountain Home's weekly newspaper. Last year he went to Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship. Now in his thirties, he is a devoted student of his region.

"Today's mountaineer," Dearmore told me, "is a poor imitation of his grandfather. The old Ozarkian was proud and self-sufficient. He asked nothing and expected to give nothing. Today he can't exist without asking for something—his old-age pension, for example—and he knows he has to pay a tax to retire a school bond. Of course, his grandfather had no social consciousness and never would have voted the bond issue in the first place. Maybe the grandson is more commendable in that respect. The old mountaineer was what they called 'a hell of a feller.' It's sad to see him go, but there's no saving him."

Dearmore reached into his bookcase, drew out a volume and flipped the pages until he found Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*. Then he read aloud:

They shot the railway-train when it
first came,
And when the Fords first came, they shot
the Fords.
It could not save them. They are
dying now
Or being educated, which is the same.
One need not weep romantic tears
for them,
But when the last moonshiner buys
his radio,
And the last, lost, wild-rabbit of a girl
Is civilized with a mail-order dress,
Something will pass that was American
*And all the movies will not bring it back.**

THE END

*©1927, 1928 by Stephen Vincent Benét. ©1955, 1956 by Rosemary Carr Benét. By permission of Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.

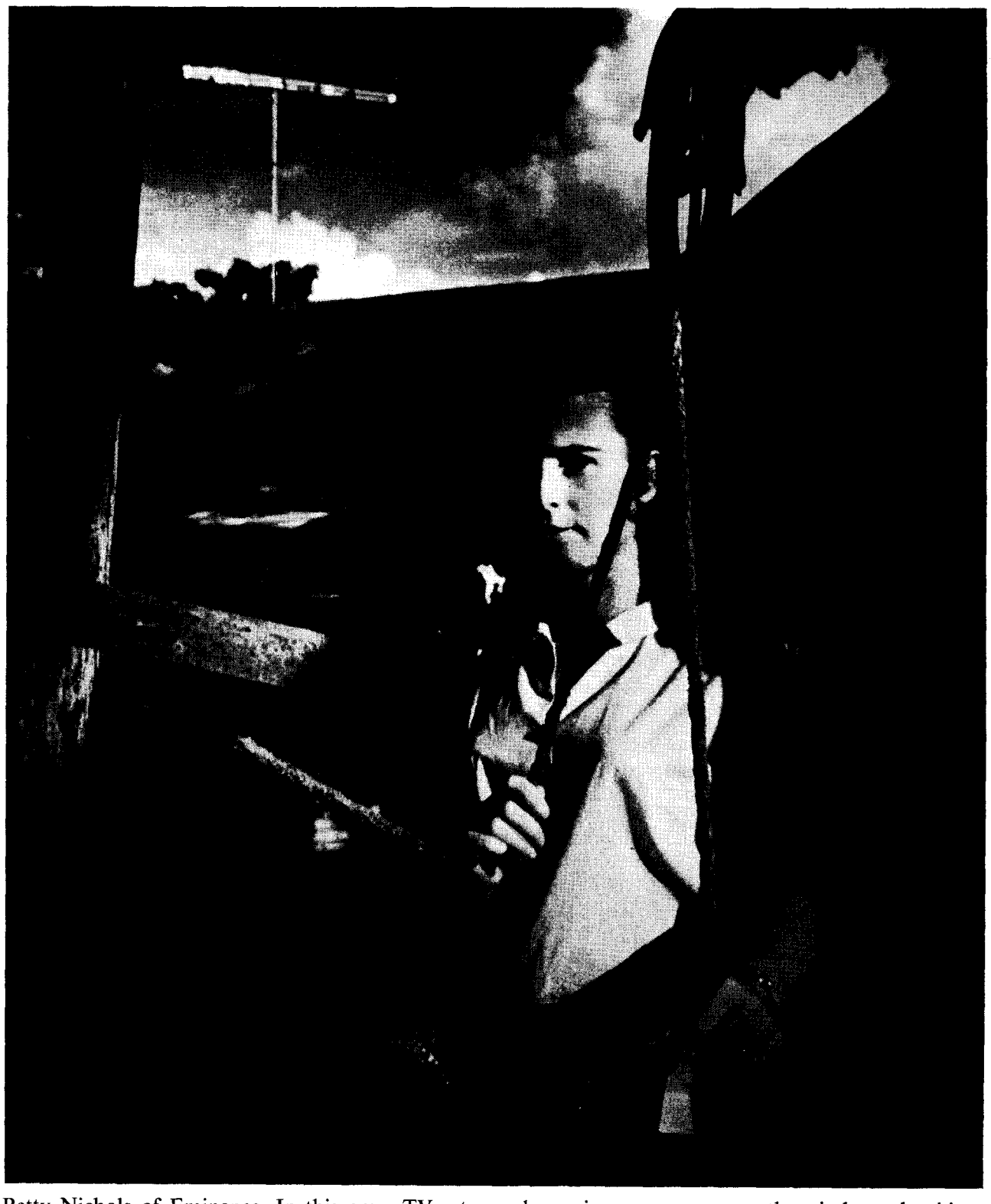
of science, so our kids have to take it by correspondence course.

"I suppose I could take the attitude that I don't need the Ozark Monument to help me make a living. During the tourist season, I fill up my place every night. A national park is sure to bring in new motels, new competition. But that's just what I want. My competitors will help me support the town. It's the only hope we have as far as I can see."

The loss of young people to the cities is happening, of course, in rural counties everywhere. But, while it appears to be inevitable that you can't keep 'em down on the farm, it does not always follow that you can't make them productive and prosperous in their home county. A case in point is Taney County, Missouri, on the Arkansas border in the western Ozarks, made famous by Harold Bell Wright's classic tale of mountain hardship, *The Shepherd of the Hills*. Of all the counties in the Arkansas and Missouri Ozarks, it was the only one to grow in population between 1950 and 1960. Its largest town is Branson, a community of nearly 2000 on Lake Taneycomo.

The Shepherd of the Hills people once dwelt in brambled isolation. Then, twenty years ago, Congress authorized the building of Table Rock, Bull Shoals and Norfork dams, chiefly for flood control and power generation and incidentally for recreational advantages. The dams backed up huge lakes covering more than 150,000 acres of Arkansas and Missouri. Ten years ago these lakes, stocked with fish, began to lure tourists.

Bank deposits in the area leaped from $2,400,000 in 1950 to $9,000,000 in 1960. Bank loans, reflecting investment in new



Betty Nichols of Eminence. In this area, TV sets are becoming more common than indoor plumbing.

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WE TALK TOUGH BUT STEP UP SALES TO THE RED EMPIRE

At the height of the latest manifestation of the Berlin crisis the Associated Press sent out from Washington a news story by Frank Cormier in which it was stated that "the volume of American goods licensed for shipment to Communist countries increased by more than 800 per cent in the three weeks following President Kennedy's address to the nation on Berlin." Although the Battle Act is supposed to prohibit export to iron-curtain countries of goods calculated to increase their warmaking potential, goods which may be legally licensed for export included rubber, industrial instruments, chemicals, rail equipment and carbon black. Earlier this year the severest pressure by Sen. Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut was necessary to prevent issue of an export license for ball-bearing-making machines considered essential for the Soviet missile program and unobtainable elsewhere.

One piece of leverage that might have been used to retaliate against Khrushchev's squeeze on Berlin was a crackdown on this trade. It was not used. The loosening of restrictions upon trade with Communist countries, which had been going on steadily under the New Frontier and earlier, was supposed to help "reduce tensions" and create a saner attitude in the Communist countries by promoting their economic well-being. Such hopes were based on a completely false analysis of Communist objectives and methods. As Senator Dodd pointed out in the Senate during debate on one of the proposals to ease tensions, "When we aid a Communist government anywhere we are aiding an avowed enemy and at the same time depriving our friends and allies of assistance which could otherwise have gone to them."

The easing-tensions fallacy died hard, for right in the middle of the Berlin crisis Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges urged reporters to treat the subject with care because "we must keep flexible the whole question of relationships." The relationships, it is to be assumed, are those with the British, who, while not so concerned as we are with the relaxation of tensions, are very much concerned with trade. Secretary Hodges said later at a press conference that the figures had been exaggerated and that his department was "leaning over backward" to prevent war materials from being sent to Communist countries. He added that our allies were sending the Reds much more stuff than we were. Nevertheless it would appear that the law needs stiffening.

If the Administration is moving behind the scenes to discourage shipments from this country and to persuade the British and other Allied traders that there isn't much sense in supplying the Communist gravedigger with spades for burying us, that is welcome news indeed. In any event attention might be given to the views on this subject of the present attorney general, Robert F. Kennedy. When he was counsel for the Senate Committee on Permanent Investigations, Mr. Kennedy wrote a letter to *The New York Times* (March 13, 1956) in which he cited a long list of machines, metals and other items which, he charged, had been downgraded to permit their export to Communist countries. He conceded that this trade might be profitable to those engaged in it, but added: "The profits that came from the sale of scrap steel to Japan were undoubtedly economically helpful to some of our citizens. The lives that that economically profitable trade cost the United States during the Nineteen-Forties should have taught our allies and ourselves a lesson."

So it should.

FLUNKING OUT OF COLLEGE NEEDN'T BE THE END OF THE WORLD

By CAROL SPICER

"I regret to inform you that, after a careful review of your academic record for the past semester, the Administrative Board of the College has voted to ask you to withdraw."

This communication, or one closely resembling it, is received at every semester's end by thousands of students in the better universities and colleges of our higher-education-conscious land. To the students, and to their bewildered parents, flunking out of college is the end of the world.

But for many of these so-called failures, a request to withdraw is salutary. A good many schools give their flunkees a second chance to make good. The University of Colorado and the University of Washington allow the student to return after he has achieved respectable grades in university extension courses. Some, like the University of Wisconsin, have built-in systems which allow the student to re-enter after a year's absence. The semester or the year of exile is a rare opportunity in a young person's pell-mell race toward a college degree to ask himself, "Is this really for me?"

If it really *is*, the student will come back—a soberer and wiser person after the banishment—and attain the degree. Although there are no national statistics for those who do return, we can take as a fairly typical large institution of learning the University of Michigan's "lit" school—more formally known as the College of Literature, Science and the Arts. According to James Robertson, associate dean of the school and the man most concerned with grades, out of the 13 or 14 per cent who are weeded out in this fashion, some 50 per cent petition for readmittance and make the grade.

"There is no question," states John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, "that they can profit by continued education." He goes on to say, in his recently published book, *Excellence*, "Because college has gained extraordinary prestige, we are tempted to assume that the only useful learning and growth come from attending such an institution, listening to professors talk from platforms and reproducing required information on occasions called examinations. This is an extremely constricting notion." He cites the many opportunities for learning and growth for the boys and girls who leave the formal educational system: the training programs within the various branches of Government and industrial corporations; the night classes, the TV classes, the special schools of art and music and nursing, and the jobs themselves.

Despite the national "On to College" war cry and regardless of parents—who want their children to go to college because they did, or because they *didn't*—a college degree is not always the answer. Non-college graduates like Danny Kaye and Norman Rockwell and Moss Hart and Eleanor Roosevelt would say "Amen" to that.

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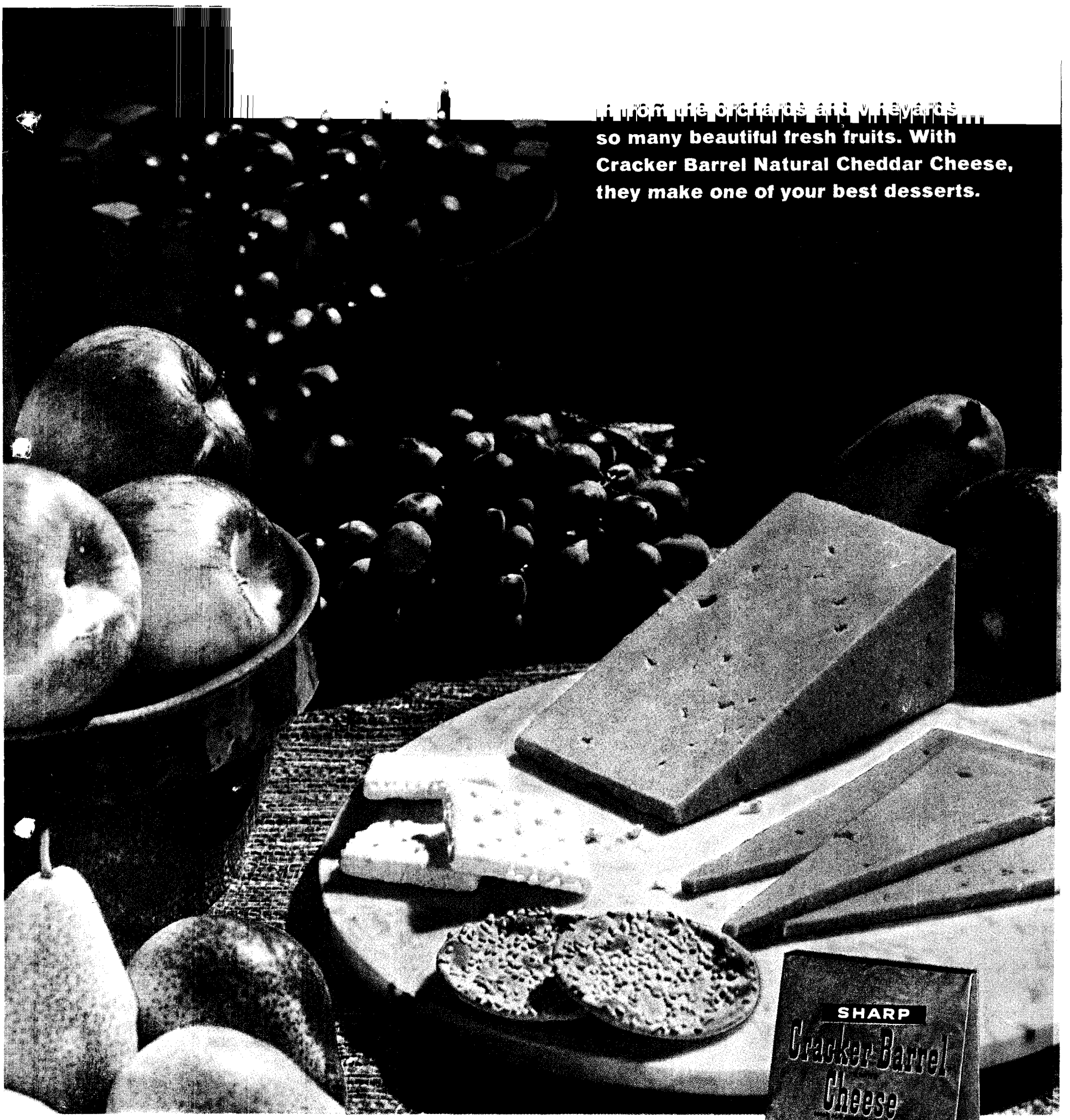

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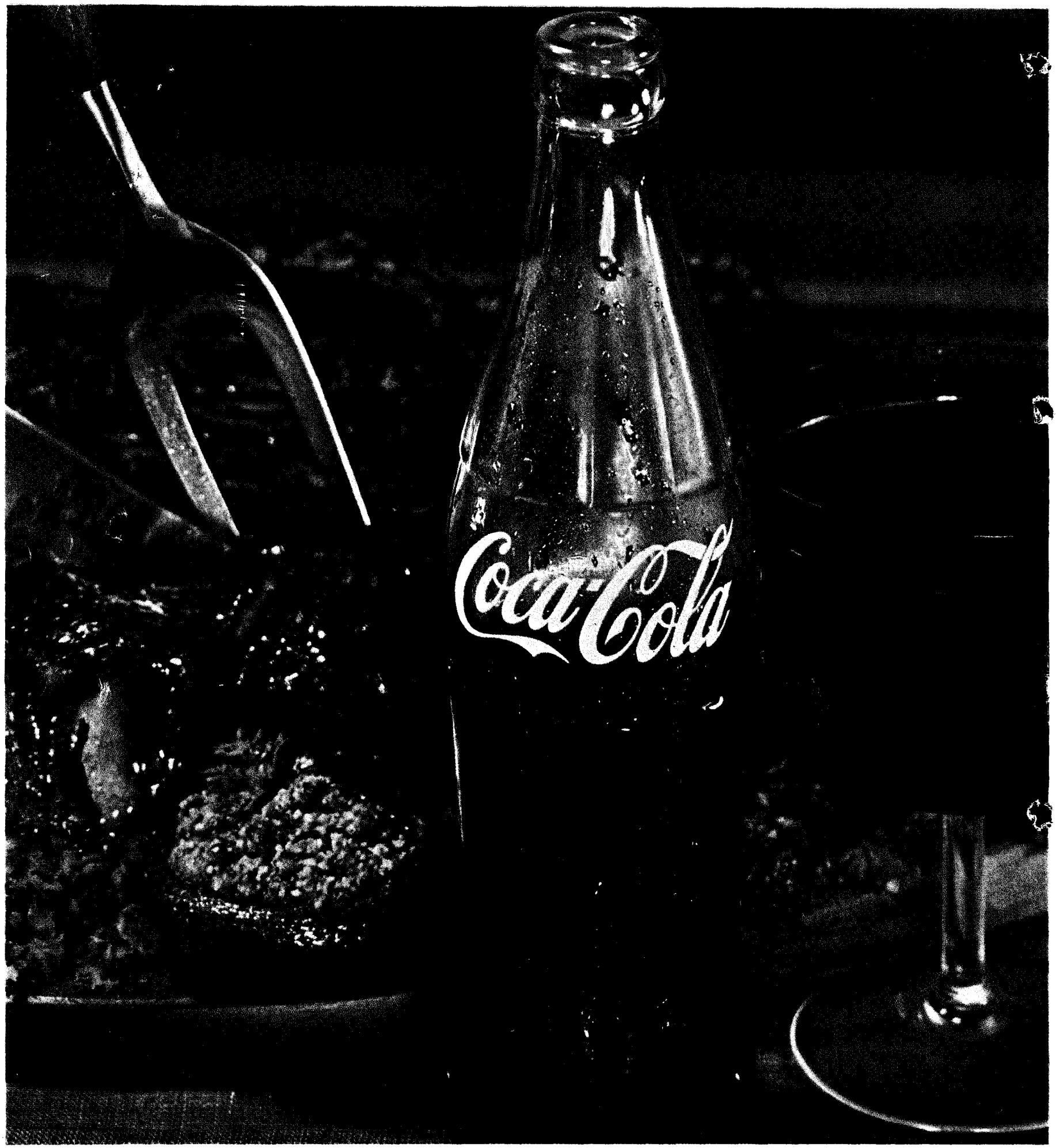

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